

OCTOBER

TEN CENTS

THE MUNSEY



THE FRANK A. MUNSEY COMPANY, 175 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

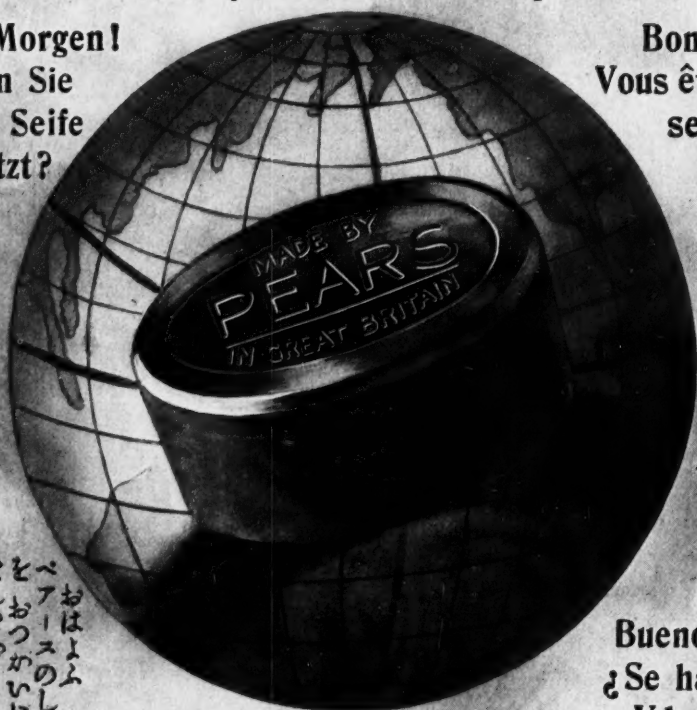
PEARS' SOAP

AP PEARS EVERYWHERE

Good morning!
have you used Pears' Soap?

Guten Morgen!
Haben Sie
Pears' Seife
benutzt?

Bon jour!
Vous êtes-vous
servi de
Savon
Pears?



Ohayo
"Pears"
no Shabon
wo otsu-
kaini nari
mashi-
taka?

おはよう
ふ
のしやばん
を
おつかい
な
り
まし
たか

Buenos días!
¿Se ha lavado
Vd. con el
Jabón de Pears?

Pears' Soap is used all over the civilized world -
wherever people are careful of their face, hands
and complexion, - wherever cleanliness is a virtue.

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.

"All rights secured."



Makes not only the daintiest of breakfasts,
but the most delicate and delicious desserts.

It is simple to cook, looks good, tastes
good, **is** good. It appeals to the capricious
or hearty appetite.

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The New Beauty-Culture

Means Beauty Protection All Fall and Winter Long

THE time to prevent the harmful effects of the changing seasons upon the complexion is before the season's change.

Fall breezes and Winter blasts are pretty sure to prove unkind to tender skins.

And the toilet soap which you use either helps or hinders these ill effects.

That is why careful women regard as vitally important the selection of a soap that will not permit extremes of wind or weather to roughen, redden, crack or chafe.

—A soap that will keep the hands and cheeks soft and beautiful despite exposure.

It's the wise woman who relies upon the protection of Pond's Extract Soap at this time.

A refined, soothing, rich, lathering cleanser—it possesses all the virtues that its name implies.

Contrast the condition, the feeling of the skin after the use of ordinary toilet soap with the effect produced by Pond's Extract Soap.

With ordinary soap merely the outer dirt is removed, the inner impurities are glossed over, the pores remain closed, the skin becomes dry, rough to the touch, coarse-fibered.

After the use of Pond's Extract Soap, note the skin—how soft and clear and pleasantly a-tingle; note how the pores are cleansed and opened and how the gentle oils that lubricate the skin are liberated.



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Armour & Company

That is how the New Beauty Culture provides beauty protection.

Pond's Extract Soap is just the soap to speed the change of the outing girl's complexion from bronze to creamy white on her return to town.

But do not get the notion that Pond's Extract Soap is only for special times or special purposes.

It is for everybody's every use, in toilet and bath.

The most economical soap because of its superior cleansing power, and because it wears to a wafer.

Be on your guard against substitution. There are many so-called "witch-hazel" soaps, artificially colored green, offered as "just as good." Pond's Extract Soap is pure white. The name appears upon cake and container.

Pond's Extract Soap

Miss Grace Truman-Hoyt, the eminent New York specialist, has written four books of instruction that give the secrets of the New Beauty Culture.

No. 1—The Complexion

No. 2—The Bath

No. 3—Baby's Bath

No. 4—Handsome White Hands

Any or all of these books will be sent free on receipt of postage.

Armour & Company

Sole Licensee from Pond's Extract Company

Chicago

New York

London

Paris

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

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Drawn by George Wright and printed in colors

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Issued Monthly by THE FRANK A. MUNSEY COMPANY, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York

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MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE—ADVERTISING SECTION.

ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

writes in the September issue of McClure's Magazine on

"My Conversion to Life Insurance"

of which the following is an excerpt

" For a first confident matter, I discovered that Life Insurance has been brought to a science. Every chance has been measured and accounted for; every last possibility eliminated of the company breaking down. The process of Life Insurance, as practiced by The Prudential for example, is mathematically exact, and as certain in its results as two and two are of making four. Given a policy plus death, the death-loss is paid, and that promptly.

True, my doubtful friend, all things of this world are liable to fail or to fade. Crowns rust, thrones decay, and the sponge of time wipes nations from the map. And yet, as men use the word, such companies as The Prudential are *sure*; since they found themselves on investments that are as the blood and sinew of the country. The government must fall before they fall; and the policies they issue, and the promises they make, have all the vital enduring qualities of a government bond.

The Prudential, that Gibraltar of Life Insurance, attracted me. I had heard it best spoken of. Besides, its controlling spirit was Senator Dryden—whose intelligence had been its architect, just as his integrity was and is its corner-stone."

This article, a most interesting and valuable exposition of Life Insurance, should be read from start to finish. A copy of it will be sent free of charge to any reader of this magazine who will write the Company

The Prudential

issues all desirable plans of Life Insurance suitable for varying conditions and at reasonable premium rates

PROTECTION

SECURITY AND

PROFIT FOR

POLICYHOLDERS

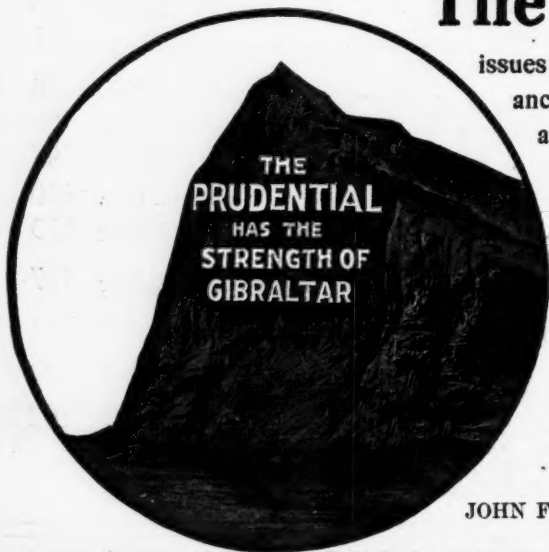
Write now to Dept. 84.

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Insurance Co. of America

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the
State of New Jersey

JOHN F. DRYDEN
President

HOME OFFICE
NEWARK, N. J.



MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE—ADVERTISING SECTION.

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Pure



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Fabrics

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Toilet
and Bath



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by teaching them how to plan, prepare and manage trade-pulling advertising.

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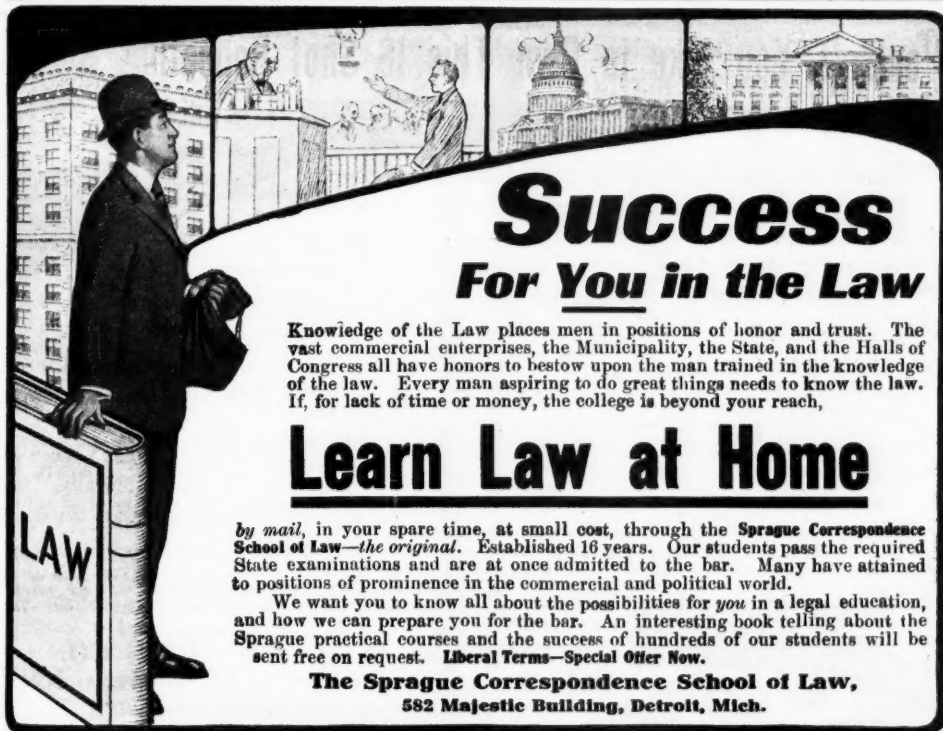
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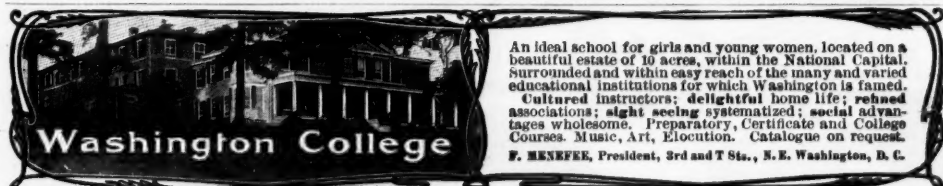
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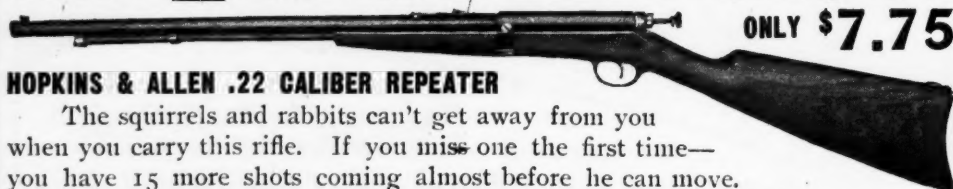
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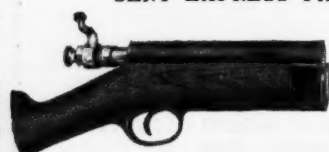
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Hair Switch



A Floor of Beauty



is the floor treated with I.X.L. Floor Finish. For smoothness, lustre and wearing quality it is superior to any other dressing for beautifying hard wood floors.

I.X.L. Floor Finish

is the product of seventy-nine years' experience in varnish making. It is the one floor finish that does not make your hard wood floor a constant care. When it is on, it is there to stay, is not easily scarred, proof against water and hardens over night.

For all other interior wood-finishing insist on

I.X.L. PRESERVATIVE COATING

"Rules for the Preservation of Hardwood Floors" sent free on request if you mention your dealer's name.


EDWARD SMITH & CO., 45 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

"70 YEARS' EXPERIENCE IN EVERY CAN"






"70 YEARS' EXPERIENCE IN EVERY CAN"





Something New



Something Good

CALOX cleans and whitens the teeth and purifies the whole mouth, not by strong oils, carbolic acid, or other objectionable compounds, but by generation of nature's innocent germicide—**OXYGEN**. The milk-of-lime formed at the same time neutralizes the tooth-destroying acids and relieves any sensitiveness of the teeth or gums. The oxygen liberated from Calox destroys any little particles of fermented food between the teeth and leaves the mouth in a most delightfully clean condition.



CALOX

THE OXYGEN TOOTH POWDER

Our book on Oxygen and Calox tells you all about dentifrices, what to avoid and what to choose—why highly flavored dentifrices and pastes are objectionable, how to prevent decay and how to whiten the teeth. We send it free on request with a sample of Calox sufficient for several days' trial.

Our name guarantees the product.

The only Tooth Powder with Oxygen in it.

McKesson & Robbins
91 FULTON STREET
New York

\$7⁸⁵ DRESSES

Any Man



With an All-Wool Made-to-Measure Suit or Overcoat of Nobby Material

Fall and Winter Storm Coat, Extra Pair of Trousers. **FREE** High Grade Sweater

An Iron-clad Guarantee Sent With Each Garment

Suits made to measure by experienced tailors, durably trimmed, for \$7.85, equal to any tailor's \$15.00 suit.

A Fall or Winter Storm Coat or A PAIR OF EXTRA TROUSERS like suit, a fancy pattern if desired, besides **Free** high-grade Sweater

You take no chance dealing with us, as you do business with a house that bears reputation. Perfect fit guaranteed, or you don't take the goods.

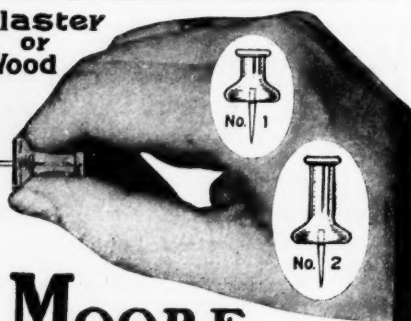
Just send us your name and address and we will send you free samples of our Fall and Winter cloth, measurement blank and tape line. **SEND NO MONEY, BUT WRITE TO-DAY.**

MARKS & LEE CO. (Incorporated)

TAILORS TO THE CONSUMER

185-191 Adams Street, Dept. 207, CHICAGO, ILL.

Plaster or Wood



MOORE PUSH-PINS

Once Tried Become a Necessity

For hanging up CALENDARS, small pictures, draperies, posters, match-scratchers, tooth-brushes and innumerable other things without disfiguring wood or plaster walls like tacks. Allowed in hotels and schools where tacks are prohibited.

NO HAMMER NEEDED.—Easily inserted with the fingers; can be withdrawn and used over again. Made with fine tempered **STEEL** points and polished transparent **GLASS** handles. Strong and ornamental.

Sold at stationery, house-furnishing, notion and photo-supply stores or mailed prepaid for 10c. per packet of one-half dozen or 20c. per box of 1 dozen, No. 1 and No. 2 like cuts.

MOORE PUSH-PIN CO.

103 S. 11th Street

Philadelphia, Pa.



CAN YOU DRAW?

Illustrators and Cartoonists

Earn from \$25 to \$100 a Week

We teach illustrating and cartooning by mail. We sell our students' work. Women succeed as well as men. Send for our free booklet, "Money in Drawing," tells how.

THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION
111 The Baldwin Indianapolis, Ind.

STAMMERING

Stammering and similar affections arise from a wrong use of usually perfect and healthy organs of speech. These defects can be cured by proper treatment. They can also be made worse by some of the methods now offered as "sure cures." Send ten cents for "Causes and Treatment of Stammering," a pamphlet giving the views and some suggestions for home treatment of a physician who has made the cure of nervous defects of speech a specialty for more than twenty-five years. Pupils this year from India, England, Germany, Norway, Bahama Islands, West Indies, and all parts of the United States and Canada. Those interested should call or write without delay. **FRANK A. BRYANT, M.D., 62A West 40th St., New York.**

HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SELL?

HAVE you an automobile, a gas engine, a musical instrument, a stamp collection, or any other personal property that you would like to sell or exchange?

Have **you** real estate, either in your own or other cities, for which you haven't been able to find a purchaser locally?

Are **you** going to move to another city, in another climate, making it desirable for you to sell your present home, or, perhaps exchange it for one in the State to which you are planning to go?

Do **you** want to sell your business, or exchange it for another in some other locality?

Do **you** want agents, or salesmen, to sell your goods, or represent you otherwise?

Finally, do **you** want to open correspondence with anybody, on any legitimate subject, in any State or Territory of the United States, or in the Dominion of Canada?

If any one of these questions hits **you**, write us a postal asking for our free booklet, which describes fully the opportunities offered by the new Classified Advertising Department in MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, and shows how **you** can take advantage of them. Address

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING DEPT., MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, 947 Broadway, New York City.

When You Look in Your Mirror Are You Satisfied?

**Any Woman Can Have
Good Health, a Refined
Face and Good Figure**

You will doubtless take up some special study this year—why not study to make yourself perfect in health and figure with a clear brain that you may be useful, attractive and a source of pleasure to your family, to your friends and to yourself? Many a woman has surprised her husband and friends by giving 15 minutes a day in the privacy of her own room to special directions which I give her for the care of health, face and figure.

I study each woman's case just as a physician studies it, the only difference being that I strengthen and put in place weakened organs by exercise for nerves and muscles controlling such organs, bring a good circulation of warm, pure blood which I purify by teaching correct breathing and by prescribing the special diet, bathing, etc., adapted to each individual. I strengthen all your vital organs, lungs, heart, nerve centers, and send your blood bounding through your veins as when a child, so that your food digests and assimilates, and all waste matter is relieved from your system naturally without the use of liver tablets or cathartics. I develop or reduce your figure to correct proportions. I teach you to stand and to walk with an ease and dignity which at once bespeak culture and refinement.

My Method difference being that I strengthen and put in place weakened organs by exercise for nerves and muscles controlling such organs, bring a good circulation of warm, pure blood which I purify by teaching correct breathing and by prescribing the special diet, bathing, etc., adapted to each individual. I strengthen all your vital organs, lungs, heart, nerve centers, and send your blood bounding through your veins as when a child, so that your food digests and assimilates, and all waste matter is relieved from your system naturally without the use of liver tablets or cathartics. I develop or reduce your figure to correct proportions. I teach you to stand and to walk with an ease and dignity which at once bespeak culture and refinement.

Every figure can be rounded out symmetrically unless bones are missing or tissues entirely wasted away, and the woman who carries from 20 to 100 pounds of superfluous flesh every time she moves has my sympathy—but she does not need to do so—and surely it is every woman's privilege and duty to keep herself attractive and pleasing.

You Can Be Well Without Drugs

Drugs may relieve pain but they do not remove the cause of your difficulty.

As women approach or pass middle life, they need more care in keeping a good circulation and the use of every faculty, so they may be useful and a pleasure to self and family. I have hundreds of pupils over 70 and a few over 80. Here are a few extracts from my morning's mail:

I Keep Women Young

Here are a few extracts from my morning's mail:

What My Pupils Say of My Work

"My weight has increased thirty pounds."
"I could not ask for more conscientious work, Miss Cocroft, in the care of my physical ailments, than you have given me."
"My eyes are stronger and I have taken off my glasses."
"You have done more for me than doctors have done in 20 years."
"I weigh 83 lbs. less, and have gained wonderfully in strength."
"I am delighted with the effect of the exercise upon my catarrh."
"Have grown from a nervous wreck into a state of good, quiet nerves."

I will send you my little booklet on how to stand and to walk, free—every woman should have this, and if you will fill out the enclosed coupon, I will tell you what I can do for you, and I will send you extracts of letters from my pupils if I have helped similar cases. I do not give the name of a pupil unless she has given me permission to do so; every woman's letter is held in strict confidence. I will not work with you unless I feel I can help you. My advice and information in regard to my work are free. I wish you could read the reports from my pupils for one day—they would do your heart good, as they do mine.

My Booklet Free

MISS COCROFT AT HER DESK

SUSANNA COCROFT, Dept. 7, 57 Washington St., Chicago

NOTE: Miss Cocroft, as President of Physical Culture Extension Work in America, needs no further introduction.

For details about

MY PERSONAL INSTRUCTION

Write me which of the following ailments apply to your case. ON YOUR LIST mark with (XX) opposite the points MOST IMPORTANT in your case and mark (X) opposite those which also interest you. If you are suffering from any other ailment or if there are any particulars in regard to your case which I should know, write about them fully and I will frankly tell you, without charge, what I can do for you.

Dept. 7

Too short
Too thin
Thin chest
Thin arms
Thin neck
Round shouldered
Superfluous flesh
Prominent hips
Height
Weight
Do you stand correctly
Complexion
Do you walk gracefully
Weakness
Lame back
Dullness
Irritable
Nerves
Headaches
Catarrh
Dizziness
Indigestion
Bilious
Is the waste of the system fully eliminated?
Lungs
Heart
Throat
Colds
Rheumatism
Circulation
Blood
Is your health, or figure imperfect in any way not mentioned here?
Occupation?
What is your age?
Married or Single?

Give me your full name and address, writing very clearly, please.

Write me TODAY!

Baked Beans are never Sold in Tins



BAKED Beans would not KEEP for a week in tins. That's why positively NONE are canned.

Besides BAKED Beans are too rich for the average digestion—too "short," oily, and full of Gas, for health.

Beans, you know, though very nutritious, are naturally bitter, and very rich in Sulphur.

The Sulphur turns into Sulphureted Hydrogen Gas when the beans are eaten.

It is this Sulphur that thus causes colic, flatulence, "wind on the Stomach."

That's what the Snider People think, anyhow.

It took Sniders several years to find out how to eliminate these Bean faults.

But the years of experiment were not wasted.

In learning how to make FINER food of Beans a way was discovered to make them much more DELICIOUS also.

When a Snider salesman goes to a Grocer to sell him Snider Beans, he doesn't TALK, he just ACTS.

He buys a tin each of the best kinds of Pork and Beans that Grocer sells, opens them up on the counter, and asks the Grocer himself to LOOK at them, and TASTE them.

Then he opens up a tin of SNIDER Pork and Beans beside them, and asks the Grocer to compare and taste THESE also.

This selling method almost NEVER fails.

Because the Beans in every tin of SNIDER'S are found whole, white, and dainty to the eye, as shown in the lower photograph herewith.

Other Beans are often (and many kinds are always) found (as in two upper tins) split, squashed, soupy, discolored, and of "beany" instead of "fine" flavor.

Snider Beans are found firm, but cheesy to the tooth, with a delicious mellow flavor.

This mellow, cheesy condition of Snider Beans, which makes them so agreeable to the tooth, also makes them absorbent as little sponges.

And THAT is why they soak themselves through with the tart-sweet, spicy, flavor of Snider's delicious Tomato Catsup with which they are generously surrounded.

This Snider Catsup is made only from ripe red Tomatoes, seasoned with SEVEN spices, instead of with the Single Cayenne Pepper spicing of other Catsups.

You will never know how DELICIOUS Pork and Beans CAN BE until you've tried your first tin of SNIDER'S.

And here is an offer which will now enable you to test them at OUR risk.

When you buy your FIRST tin of Snider's Pork and Beans you can get your money back if YOU don't find them finer flavored, finer looking, and more delicious than any you have ever eaten before.

Show this advertisement to your grocer NOW, as authority for this trial offer.

THE T. A. SNIDER PRESERVE CO.
CINCINNATI, OHIO



FREE BOOK ON Photography

If you want to learn, or improve your knowledge of practical photography, write for this book now.

Our home study courses, which it describes, cover every feature of camera work. The cost of learning is paid by the saving of plate and material waste we teach you to effect.

State whether beginner's, amateur, or professional instruction is desired.

Camera and Photo Supply
Buyers save money by
sending 10c. postage for
our Big Stock Catalogue.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF ART
AND PHOTOGRAPHY,
225 Washington Ave., Scranton, Pa.

J. B. SCHRIEVER, Pres.



Fame and Fortune in Fiction

NOTHING PAYS LIKE SUCCESS IN WRITING
FICTION—1c. to 5c. A WORD.

We sell stories and book **MSS.** on commission; we criticize and revise them, and tell where to sell them. **Story Writing and Journalism** taught by mail. Our free booklet, "**Writing for Profit**," tells how and gives the proof. **Thornton West**, Editor-in-Chief. Estab. 1895.
THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION
111 The Baldwin, Indianapolis, Ind.



I Teach Sign Painting

SHOW-CARD Writing or Lettering by mail and guarantee success. Only field not overcrowded. My instruction is unequalled because practical, personal and thorough. Easy terms. Write for large catalogue. **CHAS. J. STRONG, Pres.**

DETROIT SCHOOL OF LETTERING,

Dept. 38, Detroit, Mich.

"Oldest and Largest School of Its Kind."

CAN I BECOME AN ELECTRICIAN?



Write for our free illustrated Book.

How to Become an Electrical Engineer, Mechanical or Steam Engineer. We teach Electrical Engineering, Mechanical Engineering, Steam Engineering, Electric Lighting, Electric Railway, Mechanical Drawing, at your home by mail. Facilities conducted by **Thos. A. Edison and others, ELECTRICAL ENGINEER INSTITUTE**, Dept. E, 240 A W. 23d St., New York.



Send for **FREE** trial lesson, explaining practical methods for home cure. Awarded Gold Medal at World's Fair. Largest and most successful institute for stammerers in the world. Accommodation for one hundred students. Large lecture halls. Spacious gymnasium. Pleasant parlors. Surroundings homelike. Cures lasting and permanent. My 200-page book "**The Origin and Treatment of Stammering**" sent **FREE** to any address. Answer at once. **Geo. A. Lewis**, 10 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

STAMMER

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS

Earn from
\$25 to \$100
a Week



The question with every man whether he owns a business or is employed at a salary is "**HOW CAN I INCREASE MY INCOME?**" If he possesses common-sense and has a common-school education, the question can quickly be solved, providing he will look into the matter intelligently. It doesn't cost anything for you to find out **THE VALUE TO YOU OF A PAGE-DAVIS ADVERTISING COURSE**; to find out why hundreds of men and women who were working for as small an amount as \$12.00 a week are to-day, after **COMPLETING A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE WITH THE "ORIGINAL SCHOOL,"** making \$2,000 and \$3,000 A YEAR.

Our course in advertising by correspondence has the commendation and confidence of the most successful and prominent advertising men in this and foreign countries. It will help you to earn from \$25.00 to \$100.00 per week. A common school education is sufficient.

With our help you can increase your income as did **J. C. Leeming**, to-day advertising manager for **Crutcher & Starks**, Louisville, Ky., at \$30.00 per week—a year ago he never thought it possible.

Mr. R. C. Combs, President of the **Germo Mfg. Co.**, says: "I have applied enough **Page-Davis** instructions so far to boost our sales to \$500.00 a day."

Mr. A. A. Armstrong, a country school teacher, secured the splendid position of Advertising Manager with the great **McCarthy Dry Goods Co.**, at more than double his former pay as a teacher.

Mr. J. B. Westover, **Mr. Jas. A. Fisk**, **Mr. C. C. Braendle**, **Mr. C. R. V. Fullenwider**—these and hundreds—yes, thousands of others, left ordinary clerkships and stepped into advertising positions at double and treble their former salaries.

PAGE-DAVIS men are the level-headed type that do not hesitate to prepare for advancement when all the evidence points to this being the one road to success.

We prepare you by **correspondence** thoroughly and practically for the best business in the world.

Write for our large new prospectus. It will be sent to you **FREE**.

Sign your name and address, and send this coupon now.

Send me, without cost, your Prospectus.

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

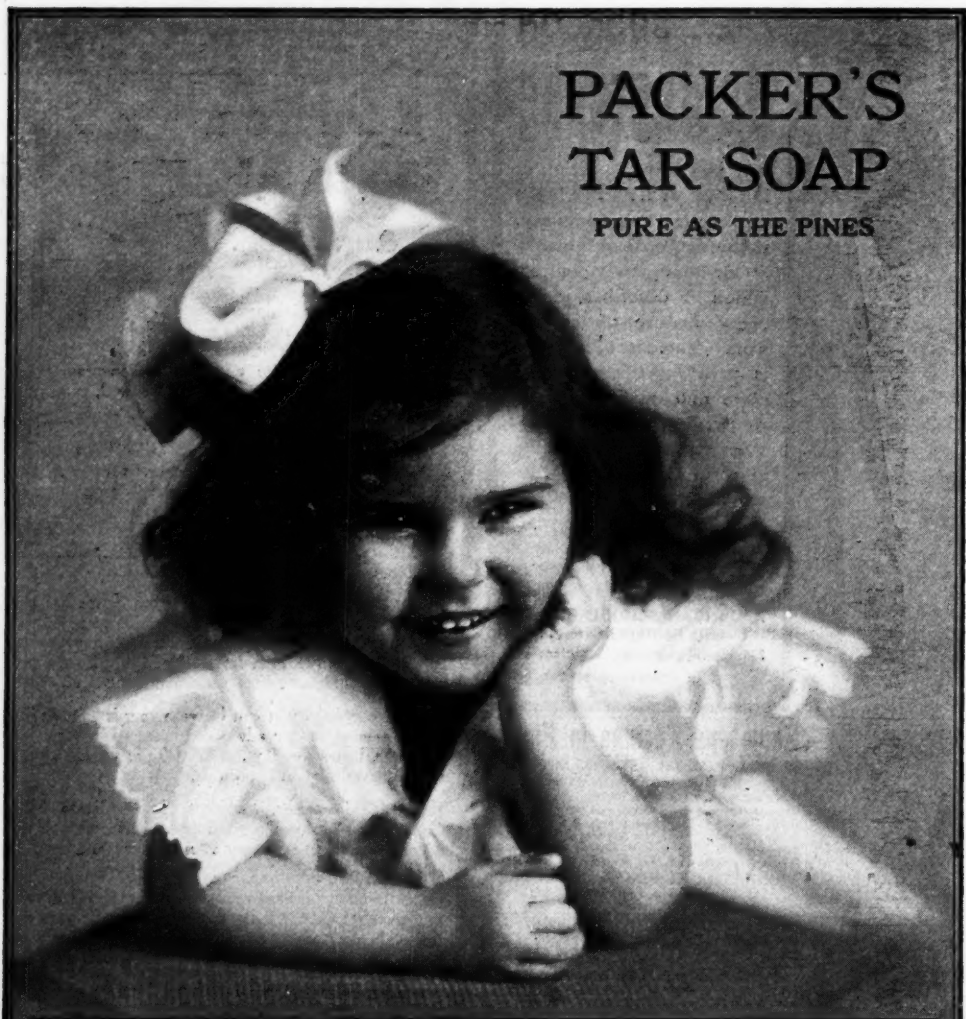
STATE

PAGE-DAVIS COMPANY

Address Dept. 1014, 90 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO
Either Office Dept. 1014, 150 Nassau St., NEW YORK

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

PURE AS THE PINES

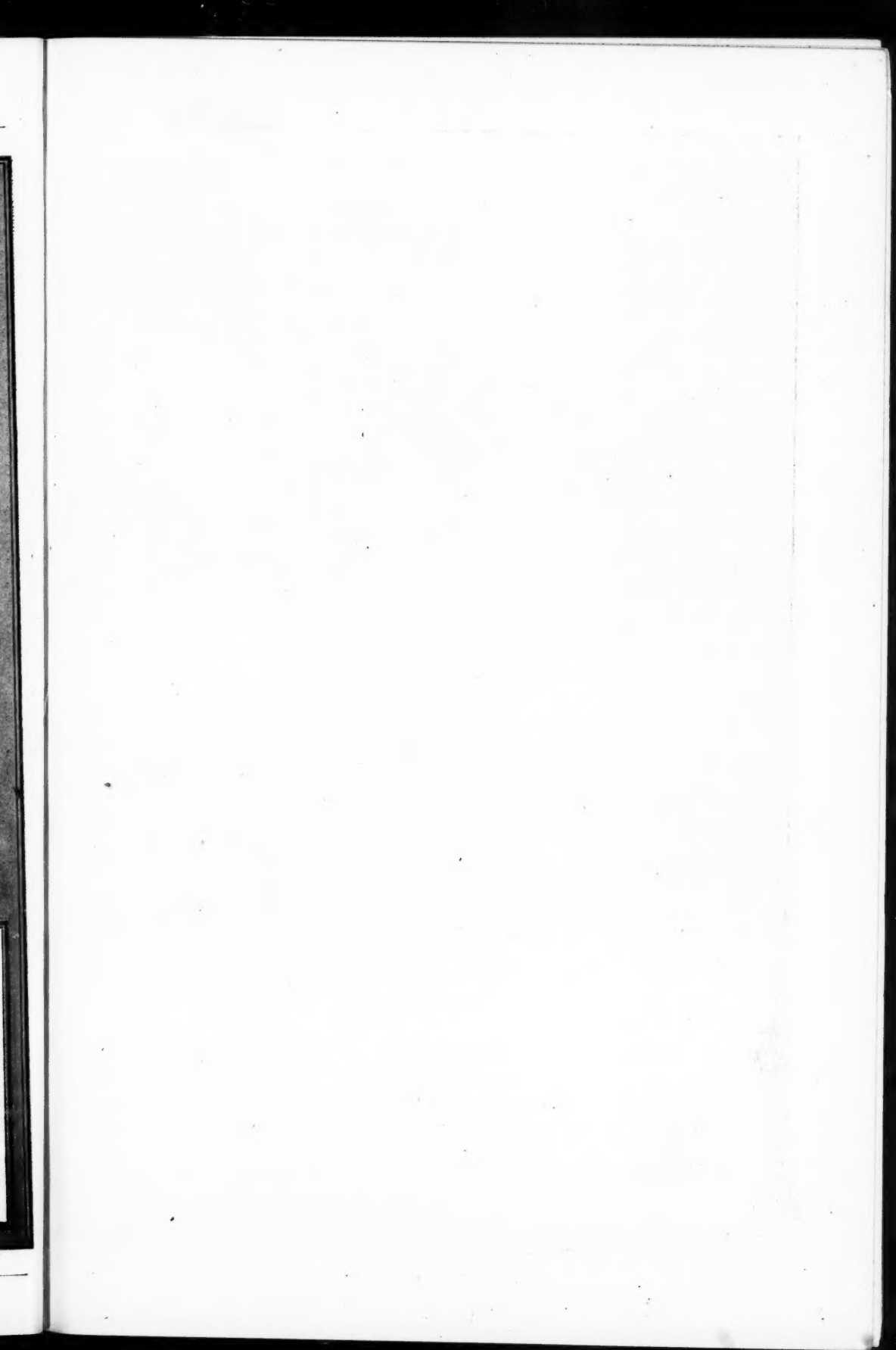


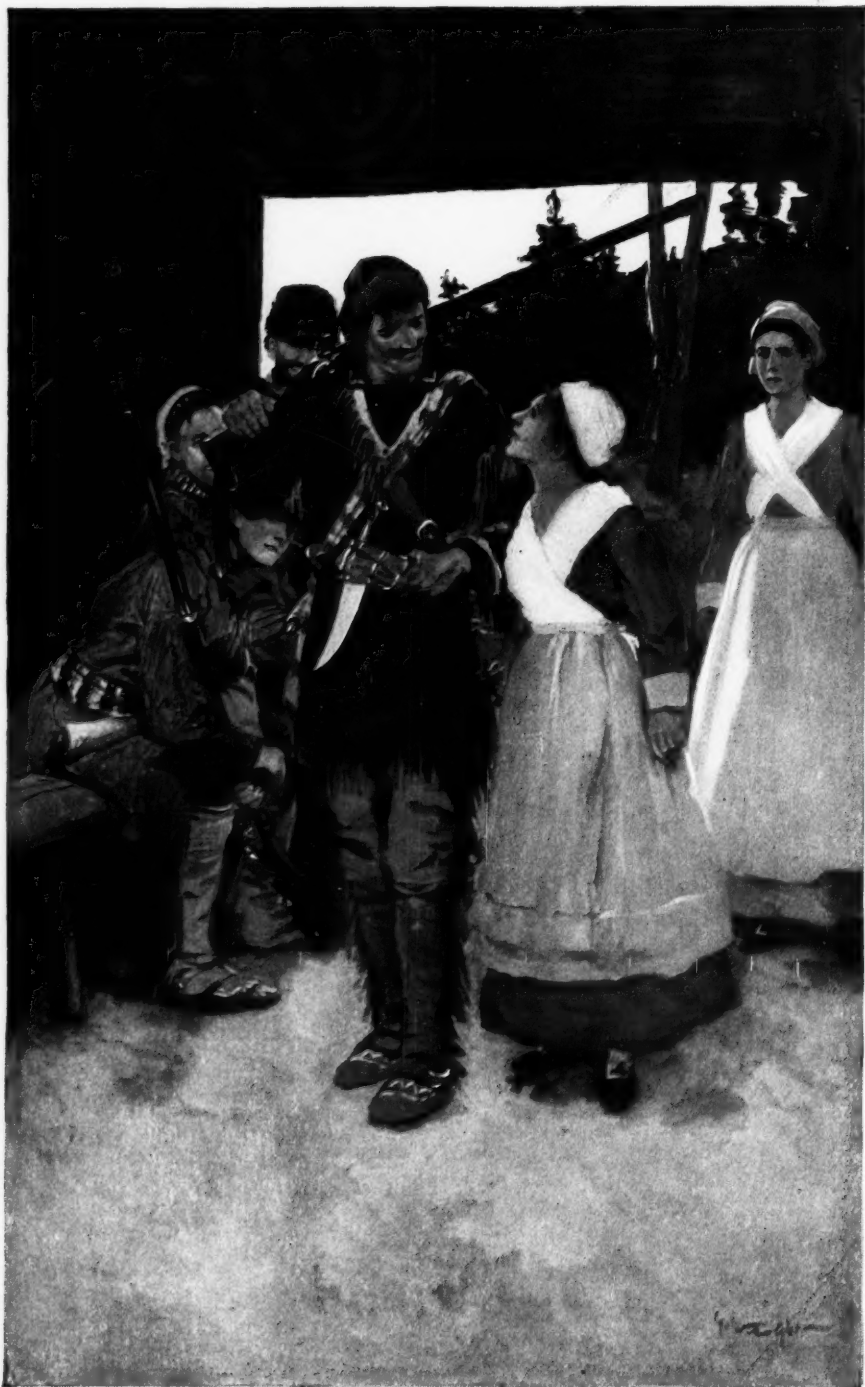
Packer's Tar Soap is the child of the pine forest.
Its distinctive properties and effects make it

The Best Soap for the Nursery

It cleanses delightfully, and soothes and heals the little irritations of the child's delicate skin. Mothers and children have pleasant thoughts for "Packer's."

THE PACKER MFG. CO., 81-83 FULTON ST., NEW YORK.





MARIE LE BAULT MET HIM SOMETIMES AT THE GREAT GATE AND WALKED OPENLY WITH HIM,
THROWING BACK HER SPARKLING LAUGH AT THE SMILES OF THE MEN
AND THE HINTS OF THE MATRONS

[See "The Story on the Factor's Book," page 48]

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

Vol. xxxvi.

October, 1906

Number I



"THE RIVA"—ONE OF THE VENETIAN SERIES, KNOWN TO COLLECTORS AS "RIVA NUMBER TWO"
By courtesy of M. Knoedler & Company from the etching by Whistler

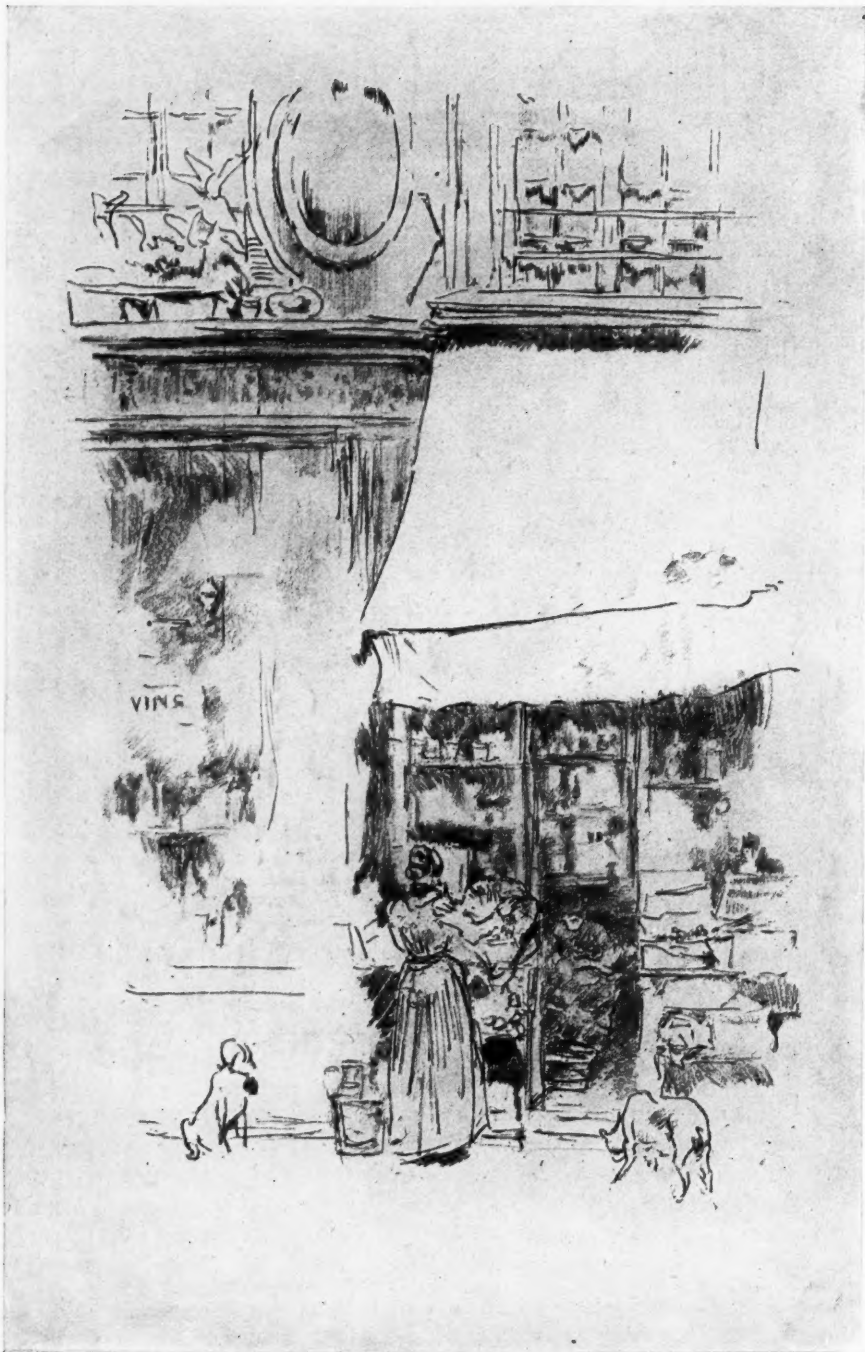
WHISTLER FROM WITHIN

BY CHRISTIAN BRINTON

AN INQUIRY INTO THE INNER SIGNIFICANCE OF THE ART OF THE GREATEST AMERICAN PAINTER AND ETCHER OF HIS DAY—THE CONSISTENCY OF HIS DEVELOPMENT FROM JOYOUS REALISM TO THE SHADOWY NUANCES OF A SPIRITISTIC POINT OF VIEW—FIRST AND LAST, A MAN OF HIGH PRINCIPLE

LET us for the moment put aside all previous ideas of Whistler. Let us forget all the vapid stories, grotesque theories, and clumsy misconceptions with which he has so long been surrounded. It is time for his work to speak for

itself in its own incomparably subtle and persuasive language. It is enough if he stand there in the dim studio prompting now and again, or pointing the way as he might once have done with his un-failing clarity and enthusiasm.



"LA FRUITIÈRE DE LA RUE DE GRENELLE"—A VIEW OF A PARISIAN FRUIT-STORE

By courtesy of M. Knoedler & Company from the lithograph by Whistler

Why has this man who took such deliberate pains to explain himself remained a puzzle, an enigma? How is it possible that he should have eluded not only a

lies in the fact that Whistler has invariably been approached from without instead of from within. Nothing could be more dissimilar than the Whistler of tra-



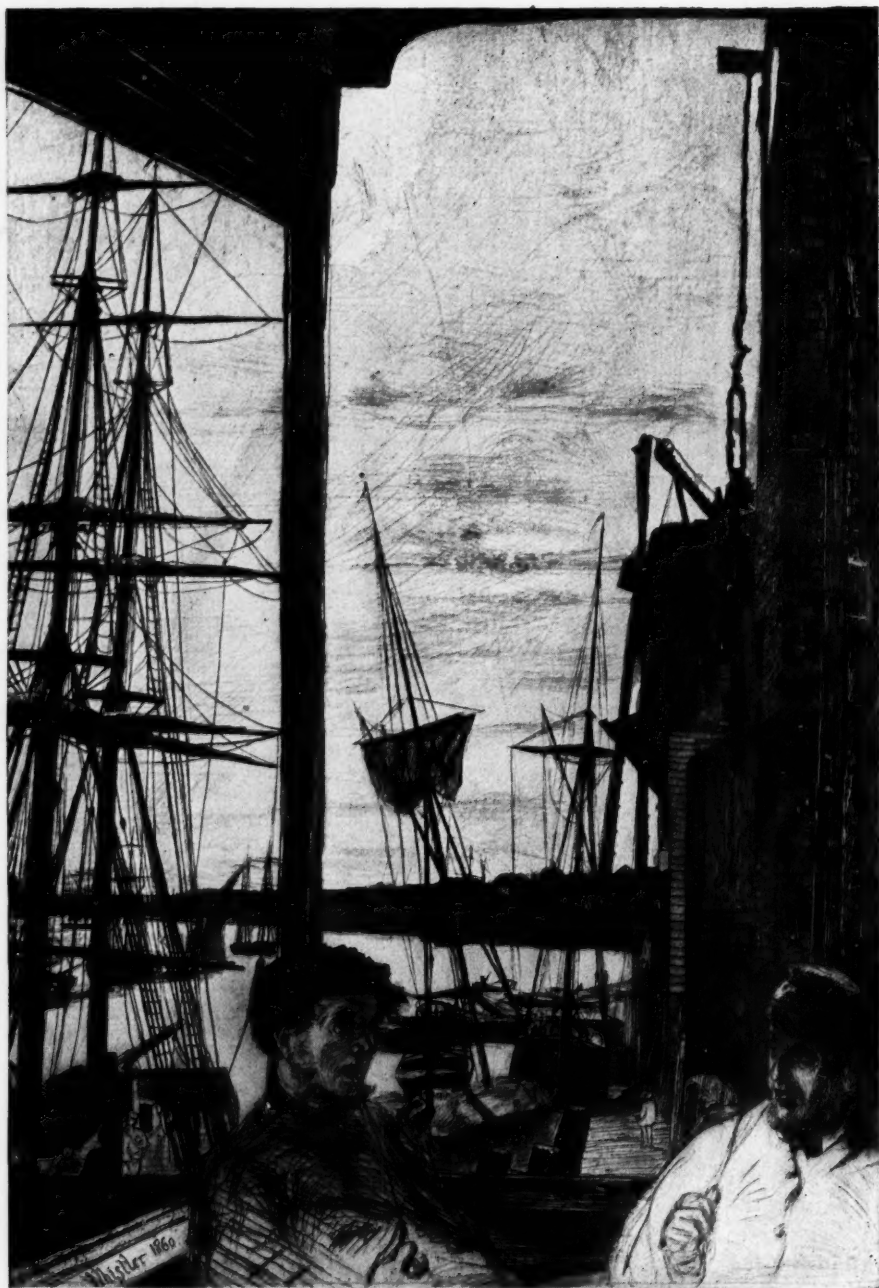
JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER

By courtesy of Frederick Keppel & Company from the soft-ground etching by Paul Adolphe Rajon

vast inquisitive public, but his friends and followers as well? Why does he always retreat nimbly as you advance, gliding farther and farther into the distance just as his portraits seem to dissolve into their vague backgrounds, their matchless envelope of mystery?

The answer is simplicity itself. It

dition and the Whistler of truth. Stripped of all that has been foisted upon them of specious and foreign, of malicious or frivolous, the man and his message shine forth full of spontaneous unity. Instead of being a clever mountebank, he was in reality a mystic and a martyr. Instead of being careless and



"ROTHERHITHE"—ONE OF THE THAMES SERIES. IN THE LATER ETCHINGS FIGURES ARE NOT SEEN AT CLOSE RANGE LIKE THESE TWO FISHERMEN

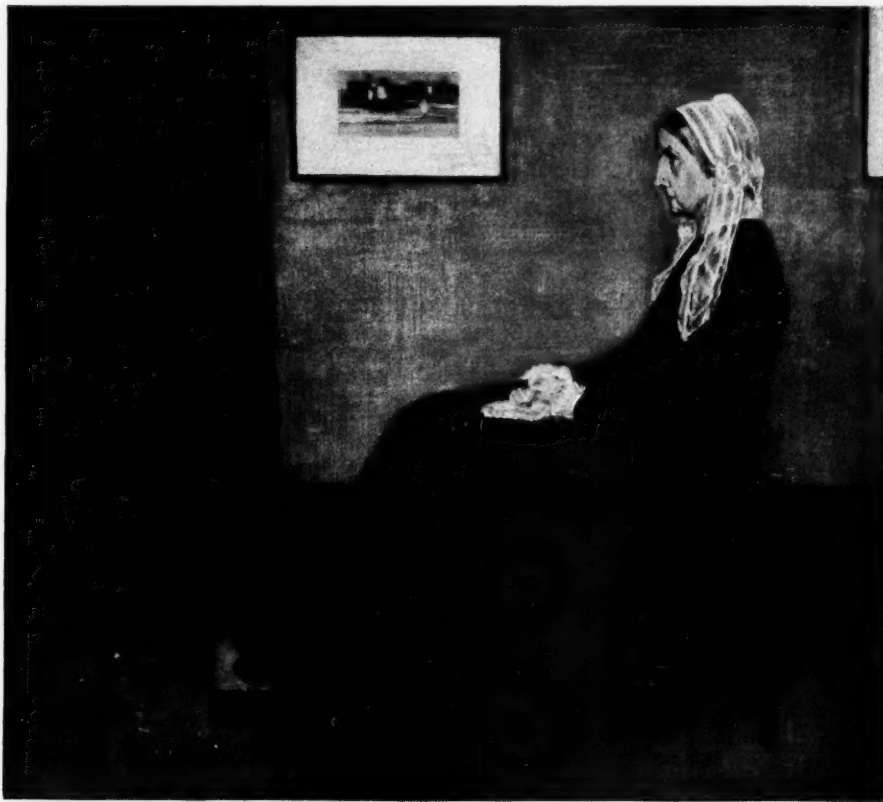
By courtesy of Frederick Keppel & Company from the etching by Whistler

inconsequent, he was one of the most how this slender, tenuous creature sur-
 scrupulous embodiments of the esthetic lived those weary years of opposition
 conscience ever known. It is marvelous and obloquy, and that subsequent period

of adulation and over-praise. He succeeded in doing so only because his was the life of the spirit, because he possessed the calm austerity of an Emerson, the lofty self-detachment of a Swedenborg.

You will perhaps think that all this

From the outset his practise was to eliminate, to simplify. He began with rich, almost robust qualities; he loved form, color, and contour, yet one by one he renounced what are usually deemed the essentials of pictorial representation. Little



"MY MOTHER"

From the portrait, by Whistler, in the Luxembourg Gallery, Paris

sounds ecstatic; you may doubtless find it difficult to associate such ideas with the Whistler of convention, the nonchalant Whistler whose existence seemed to his contemporaries so aimless, and who left behind so much that appears transitory or experimental. In the interest of verity let us, however, judge this eager, zealous being according to his own standards; let us measure him by his own restrained and aristocratic accomplishment.

No man in the history of graphic expression presents a more intense and exalted example of artistic purification.

by little his art became fastidious and evanescent, the merest phantom suggestion of fact. It passed through a continual process of etherealization.

THE PUREST ALCHEMY OF ART

Do those later portraits, lingering so far back in their black or dull gold frames, depict actual men and women, or are they eloquent, disembodied souls? Are these luminous nocturnes bits of Venice and the Thames, or are they but the magic record of vagrant impressions? Is this fleeting glow the radiance of nature or the powdered dust blown from

countless fairy butterfly wings? You cannot form a valid reply without bearing in mind that Whistler began a realist and ended a spiritist, that what he achieved was the purest alchemy of art.

Let us, then, follow him from those

cedents and youthful associations. From the beginning he displayed a haughty contempt for externals. It was the idea which attracted him, seldom the fact. When, after a whimsical militant experience, he arrived in Paris, it was the



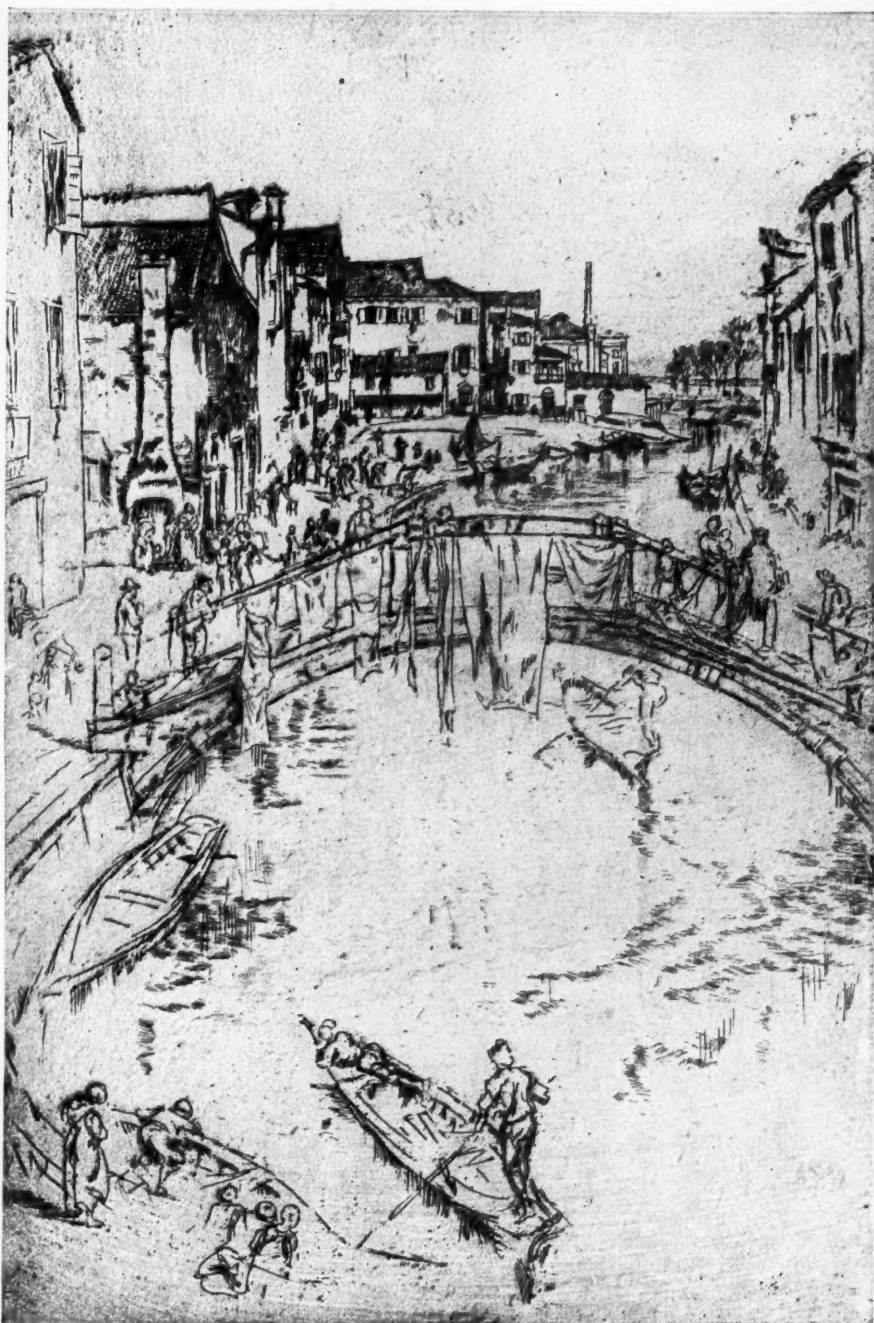
"THE TIRESMITH—CHELSEA"

By courtesy of M. Knoedler & Company from the lithograph by Whistler

early Paris days, when he saw so vividly and so joyously, to the deepening twilight of that last quiescent hour in Chelsea when all he had seen and dreamed melted into the great, encircling infinity.

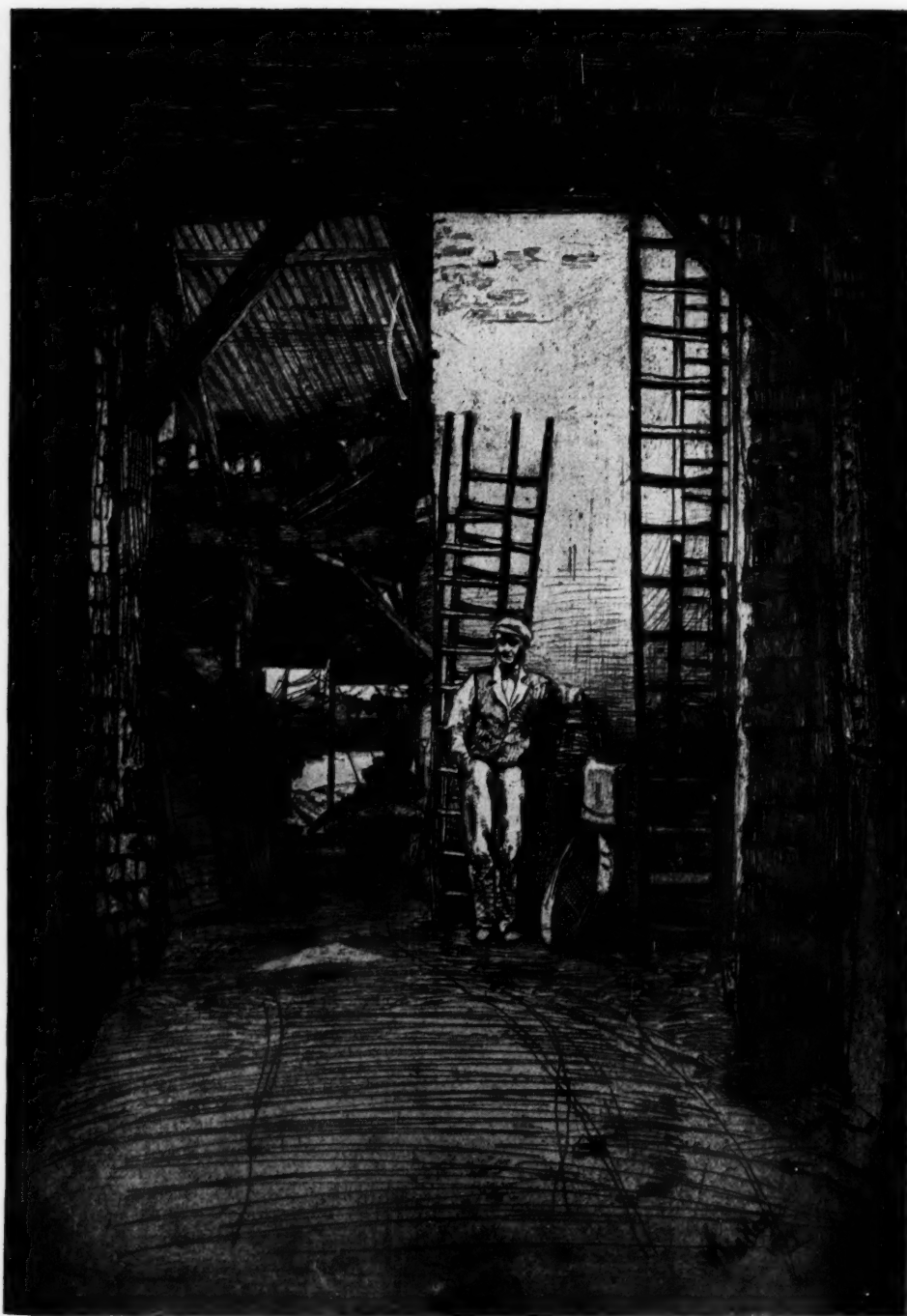
With an instinctive knowledge that details in themselves signify little, Whistler adroitly rebuffed the prying nobodies who industriously delved into his ante-

theory of realism in which he became absorbed, not its practise. It is true that under the direct influence of Rembrandt he painted certain vigorous portraits, notably the one of himself with the hat, which clearly recall the great Dutchman's plastic energy and heavy, oily palette. It is equally obvious that the rugged Courbet is reflected in his "Coast



"THE BRIDGE" — ONE OF THE VENETIAN SERIES, SHOWING THE GRADUAL ETHEREALIZATION
OF WHISTLER'S STYLE

By courtesy of Frederick Keggel & Company from the etching by Whistler



"THE LIME-BURNER" — ONE OF THE THAMES SERIES

By courtesy of Frederick Keppel & Company from the etching by Whistler

of Brittany" and the clairvoyant Manet in his "Thames in Ice"; yet this phase was transient, and bears little relation to his subsequent work.

WHISTLER'S FRIENDSHIP WITH FANTIN

His favorite counselor and companion was Fantin, the gentle visionary who gazed at simple interiors, at young girls reading or embroidering, at the whole subdued intimacy of daily life, through the tenderest, most pervasive soul-mist that art has thus far known. They first met in the Louvre, and then and there began the friendship which proved so stimulating to both, especially to the student from oversea. There was always a deep mental as well as artistic affinity between the two men. Though Whistler shortly crossed the Channel, the inspiration of Fantin persisted, subtly helping him to paint his "At the Piano," so full of rich and quiet tonality, so infused with the permeating limpidity of atmosphere, the beauty of sentiment, and the suggestion of softly played melody. From Fantin, too, perhaps, came also the idea of those later and still more insinuating harmonies and symphonies; for Fantin was already dreaming of transposing to black and white the throbbing utterances of Wagner, Schumann, Brahms, and Berlioz. The whole influence of Fantin was in the direction of a rhythmic, appealing eloquence, a psychic radiation through which were to emerge the beseeching shapes of an ever-present spirit-world.

Yet it need not be assumed that the



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"THE LITTLE ROSE OF LYME REGIS"

From the Copley print of the portrait, by Whistler, in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts

Whistler of this formative period was in any degree lacking in a proper sense of actuality or definition. Utterly without academic leanings or reverence for the schools, he declined to pass his time copying old masters in the Louvre, but went inquisitively about the bright streets and squares of Paris, or strolled along the Thames water-front, selecting here and there whatever impressed him as being picturesque and refreshing. The etching needle was used with transcend-



"AT THE PIANO"—A PORTRAIT OF WHISTLER'S SISTER, LADY HADEN, WIFE OF THE FAMOUS ENGLISH ETCHER, SIR FRANCIS SEYMOUR HADEN, AND HER DAUGHTER, MISS ANNIE HADEN

From the painting, by Whistler, in the possession of Mr. Edmund Davis

ent fluency and charm, whether in catching the quaint, thoughtful profile of "Bibi Lalouette" or a 'longshoreman seated in his slowly drifting scow. It is the etched portraits, such as those of "Becquet," "Drouet," and his own youthful countenance crowned with masses of wavy hair, which particularly enriched this early French series; for when he moved to London humanity was subordinated to those incomparable views of wharves and warehouses, swaying masts and tall chimneys standing sharp against the sky, which characterize the Thames set. Just as he rarely, for color or movement, duplicated the vividness and sweeping vigor of "The Blue Wave" breaking on the shore of Biarritz, so he never again attempted the accurate, net-like tracery of "Billingsgate" or "Black Lion Wharf." They are unique, these plates, in the field of etching. One after another they reveal the clearest vision and the surest hand that ever chose the needle and copper surface as a means of expressing nature's baffling intricacy.

Years later, in Venice, when he turns

to etching once again, Whistler is a different man. He has ceased to care for the same effects. You cannot put your finger on the walls or crumbling cornices of these palaces along the Grand Canal. They appear before you phantom-like and ephemeral, or stretch in slender lines across the distant, iridescent horizon. You never see the figure at close range, like the two rivermen comfortably puffing their clay pipes in "Rotherhithe." Infinitesimal specks of personality flit by the Riva; gondolas glide to and fro in the twilight; here rises a campanile, there looms the swelling dome of La Salute; all is magical in its delicacy, its feather lightness of touch. Now and then you pause before an entrance or glance into a garden or courtyard, merely, it seems, the better to realize the contrasting vagueness and remote, illusory splendor of this city by the sea.

THE KEENNESS OF HIS OBSERVATION

Do not imagine, because Whistler transcribed less and less at each stage of his development, that he saw less, that



"MISS ALEXANDER"

From the painting, by Whistler, in the possession of Mr. W. C. Alexander

his power of observation in any degree diminished. The truth is that he kept discerning more and more; he discovered nuances which were indescribably diffi-

He was accomplishing, indeed, with his etcher's needle just what certain simpler folk near by were doing. He was attaining the dexterity of those lace-



"BECQUET" — A PORTRAIT OF WHISTLER'S FRIEND, BECQUET, THE SCULPTOR

By courtesy of Frederick Keppel & Company from the etching by Whistler

cult to perceive, and these he recorded with matchless freedom and vivacity. With each step forward he acquired increased facility and precision of pattern.

makers he must often have seen bending over their work in some sunlit doorway or seated at a quiet window.

The Whistler of the etchings, litho-



"THOMAS CARLYLE"—ONE OF THE PAINTINGS THAT MARK THE CLIMAX OF THE ARTIST'S AUSTERITY OF STATEMENT

From the portrait, by Whistler, in the Glasgow Art Galleries

graphs, and pastels will always remain the Whistler for those of minute, attenuated artistic perceptions. It is the author of the "Mother," "Carlyle," and "Miss Alexander" who attracts broader, more explicit minds. In painting he passed through the same process of renunciation as in the strictly graphic arts. Yet during the period when he was feeling his way with tragic eagerness, he was not above accepting assistance from the outside. Behind the tremulous aspiration of "At the Piano," Fantin, as

we know, nods in grateful recognition and approval. Beside the "White Girl" and the "Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine" lingers the luxuriantly sensuous Rossetti, while over those two maidens in a "Symphony in White, No. 3," Albert Moore cast a spell of that same classic immobility and mellowness which was wafted from the shores of Sicily and the gleaming isles of the Egean. From print or shop front Whistler caught bewitching glimpses of Japan, and in the Louvre stood transfixed



"BLACK LION WHARF"—ONE OF THE THAMES SERIES, SHOWING THE CHARACTERISTIC FIGURES IN THE FOREGROUND

By courtesy of Frederick Keppel & Company from the etching by Whistler

before the sweeping line and silver gray vibrancy of Velasquez. Each separate factor contributed to his esthetic maturity. He selected this, he assimilated that, blending all into his own innately personal and exclusive vision.

HIS SUPREME ARTISTIC RESTRAINT

Nothing is more illuminating than to note how through an almost frenzied self-chastisement he rose to spiritual height and the supreme artistic restraint of the "Mother" and the "Carlyle." Before long he shrank in disgust from the stolid truculence of Courbet; he even left behind without a pang of regret the full-keyed brilliance of "The Music Room" with its exquisite, instantaneous figures, simple reading-lamp, flowered chintz curtains, and porcelain vase reflected in the clear mirror.

It was doubtless with somewhat easier conscience that he forsook such elaborate Japanese arrangements as "The Golden Screen," "Lange Leizen of the Six Marks," and "On the Balcony," which had never meant more to him than studies in decorative distribution. The balcony on which these fragile creatures were grouped was, in point of fact, the bal-

cony of his own house. He did not even add an imaginary profile of Fuji towering in the distance, but let us see the winding river with its dimly outlined warehouses and scattered shipping. And after all it mattered little, for he soon cleansed himself of an effete, exotic orientalism. He soon began to look within, to express things in their briefest terms, to paint, as it were, with the penetrant intensity of thought alone.

A MAN OF LOFTY PRINCIPLES

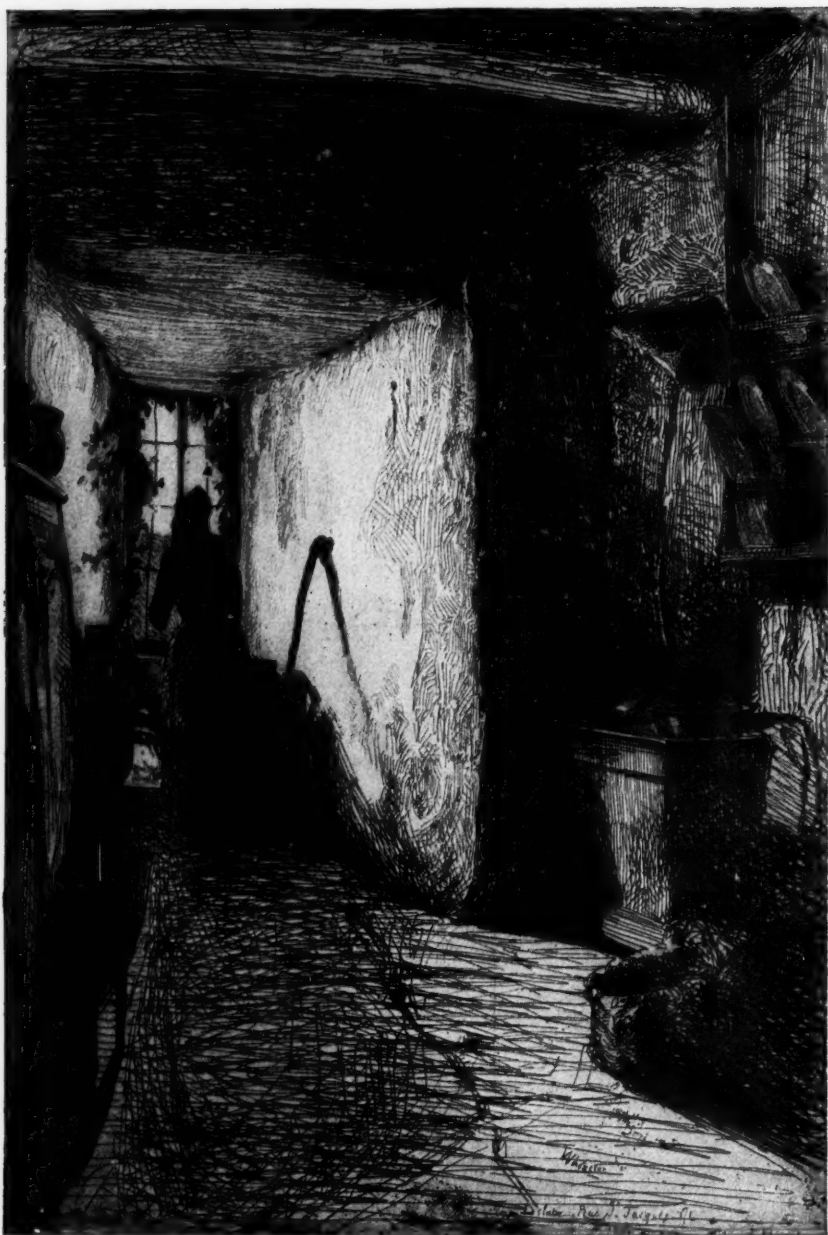
It was not through gifts wholly esthetic that Whistler was able to conceive the "Mother" and the "Carlyle," but also by grace of qualities distinctly intellectual and moral. In all matters he was essentially a purist. His numerous quarrels were questions of principle, not merely the splenetic vagaries of a tantalizing egotist. Art was his religion, and for his artistic creed he was ready to make any sacrifice. You cannot gaze at these two canvases without feeling that they represent the sovereign force of pure mentality as well as finely attuned sensibilities. The abstract reasoning of his engineer-mathematician father and the exalted piety of his mother were curi-



"BIBI LALOUETTE" — THE CHILD OF WHISTLER'S LANDLORD IN PARIS

By courtesy of Frederick Keppel & Company from the etching by Whistler

ously blended in Whistler's making. The "Mother," seated in that subdued room, her hands peacefully folded, her eyes fixed intently upon the world invisible, seems the incarnation of Puritanism. It is easy to imagine her having written in



"THE KITCHEN"—ONE OF THE FRENCH SERIES

By courtesy of Frederick Keppel & Company from the etching by Whistler

her diary, during those diverting St. Petersburg days, after her sons had been up late the night before watching the illuminations:

My boys did not take their breakfast till

noon Friday; this is surely not keeping the straight and narrow way.

Although strangely puzzled at times in later years, she must have felt that her "darling Jimmie" was, after all, keep-

ing with infinite precision the straight and narrow way.

You will as readily agree that no one who was not himself something of a Covenanter could have painted the "Carlyle" as you will that no one whose sympathies were not of the most exquisite fiber could have revealed to us little "Miss Alexander" waiting there in delicate white and gray, a black bow in her hat, a black ribbon in her hair, a pair of butterflies flitting above her blond head, and a cluster of daisies peeping out of the corner. Nothing that Whistler has ever done quite approaches this gracious, hesitant apparition. The greatest galleries of the world can show nothing more lovely, more appealing, or more sensitive. All that Whistler had been striving for was there at last. All that he had written to Fantin in despair of ever achieving had been achieved. With a line as sure as that of Velasquez, and a surface as smooth as the finest lacquer, he imprisoned at the moment and for all time this modern *infanta*, this slender slip of latter-day culture and civilization. Though the "Mother" and the "Carlyle" mark the climax of Whistler's austerity of statement, his complete surrender to the spiritual, rather than the material, little "Miss Alexander" seems to pause wistfully on the threshold of this kingdom where actuality was almost to attain the vanishing-point. She suggests, indeed, both prophecy and regret. Perhaps she is even pleading with the painter not to step farther into shadowland.

THE CHILDREN OF BRAIN AND NERVE

However that may be, he was not to heed her warning. Never again do we see such pearl-like luminosity of tone and such caressing certainty of outline. Black, the universal harmonizer, herewith begins to breathe its somber, aristocratic allure over figure and background. Henceforth we move silently into a realm of half lights, of suggested color, and undefined form. Mutely resigned, "Rosa Corder" stands tall and impassive, her plumed hat hanging at her side, her body turned more than half around—black, in an atmosphere almost as black. Slipping on her glove ready to depart, "Lady Archibald Campbell" smiles im-

perceptibly as she blends into the enfolding gloom. Amid poetic nothingness, "Comte Robert de Montesquiou-Fezensac" recites verses quite as impalpable, while from the near-by music-room float the strains of "Sarasate's" violin.

They are children of the brain and creatures of the nerves, these beautiful, hesitant beings. Resemblance counts for little, and yet each is definitely individualized, each vibrates with life and truth, a truth not so much of the world physical as of the world psychic. As you look intently from one to another the body appears to recede, the soul to glide forward, inviting confidence and understanding.

THE FINAL PHASE OF WHISTLER'S ART

On approaching the final phase of Whistler's art it is necessary to renounce all conventional conceptions of painting. Subject, direct representation of nature, and what is called incident, rapidly disappear. A chance mood, a momentary impression, an evasive allusion, these are all that remain. Along the river bank in "Pink and Gray Chelsea" pass and repass vague, detached silhouettes. A few scattered, spectral figures flit about the "Cremorne Gardens," listening to the music and watching the flicker of countless lights; but soon you are alone with naught save the mystery and the magic of night. And yet this turquoise blue immensity is never quite without its note of contrast, its touch of emotional relief. You can literally hear long waves breaking on the shore, see the distant gleam from ships riding softly at anchor, or watch for an instant the suspended incandescence of a bursting rocket.

A CONSUMMATE PAINTER OF NIGHT

Here, too, no one has attempted effects so subtle, so illusive. As a painter of night, Whistler never had a kinsman save perhaps Hiroshige, in far Japan. It is only when you consider the infinite penetration of vision and deftness of stroke which these little panels exact that you begin to understand how really consummate an artist Whistler was. Nothing seemed to baffle him, nothing escaped his incredible refinement of perception and supreme power of suggestion.

Reviewing in turn this succession of nocturnes, harmonies, symphonies, and arrangements, so full of suppressed color and almost audible melody, so intangible, so subliminal, it is difficult not to feel that Whistler enlisted qualities hitherto unknown to painting. Instinctively you recall his enthusiasm for the stories of Poe. Spontaneously the mind travels back to those early London days, and to the tiny cottage in Walham Green where he used to busy himself with table-turning and spirit-rapping, or to sit up all night discussing with Rossetti things which lie just across the border-line of consciousness.

INDIFFERENCE TO THE MATERIAL WORLD

His habits were singularly abstemious, his nature was deeply ascetic, and as he drifted through the increasing years he resolutely put aside all that appeals directly to the lust of the eye and the

pride of life. He grew indifferent to the world of pleading reality which lay always about him; he even forgot the red-gold hair, green eyes, and infectious laugh of "Joe." He came to see everything through the gray fogs of London and the veiled mists of the brain. As he pressed lightly and eagerly onward, peering forward into the unknown, he simply jotted down what he found in this uncharted land.

It is easy to maintain that the arabesques which he so delicately traced are impersonal, that this art is immaterial, isolated, and lacking in human application. It is impossible, however, to hold that it is ever wanting in sheer beauty or persuasive evocation. And above all it is impossible not to realize that before he passed away that lingering summer afternoon he had with his sensitive, nervous fingers unlocked a new and secret chamber of the soul.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This article is one of a series suggested by the death, within a remarkably brief space of time, of a number of the most famous artists of their generation—among them Bouguereau, Bréton, Gérôme, and Henner, in France; Lenbach and Menzel, in Germany; the English Watts and the American Whistler. A paper to be published next month will deal with the life and work of Henner; those already printed were on Gérôme, in the June number of this magazine, and on Lenbach, in the September issue.

THE LOST WINGS

"Know you where it was I lost my wings?"

"Oh, poet, at the Mart of Sordid Things,

Where the merchants strive and barter all day long,

Where the clamor of the huckster drowned your song—

Oh, poet, at the Mart of Sordid Things!"

"Know you where it was I lost my wings?"

"Oh, poet, at the House of Pleasing Things—

At the place of noisy laughter, where the mirth

Of wine and feasting dragged your song to earth—

Oh, poet, at the House of Pleasing Things!"

"Know you where it was I lost my wings?"

"Oh, poet, at the Place of Trifling Things;

The little scorn, the spite, the lesser love—

These maimed your song and killed the sweets thereof;

Oh, poet, at the Place of Trifling Things!"

"Where, then, shall I find my wings again?"

"Oh, poet, in the Prison House of Pain—

From the silence, from the anguish, from the night,

Shall the sudden song of singing thrill to flight;

Oh, poet, in the Prison House of Pain!"

Theodosia Garrison

TO HIM THAT HATH*

A STORY OF PRESENT-DAY LIFE AND ITS PROBLEMS

BY LEROY SCOTT

Mr. Scott's striking novel will run serially through this and the following issues of Munsey's Magazine. That it is sure to arouse unusual interest will be plain to all who read the first instalment

THE Rev. Philip Morton, head of St. Christopher's Mission, had often said that, in event of death or serious accident, he wished David Aldrich to be placed in charge of his personal affairs; so when at ten o'clock of a September morning the janitor, at order of the frightened housekeeper, broke into the bath-room and found Morton's body lying white and dead in the tub, the housekeeper's first clear thought was of a telegram to David.

The message came to David while his pen was racing hotly through a new story. He glanced at the telegram; then his tall figure sank back into his chair, and he stared at the yellow sheet. Never before had death struck him so heavy a blow. The wound of his mother's death had come in quick-healing childhood; and though his father, a Western mining engineer, had died only seven years before, David had known him chiefly as the remotely placed giver of an allowance. But Morton had long been his best friend—almost his only friend. For a space the blow made him stupid; then the keen pain of his personal loss shot through him, and after it a sense of the vast loss of the people about St. Christopher's.

But there was no time for inactive grief. He quickly threw a black suit and a week's linen into a traveling-bag, and within an hour after the New York train pulled out of his New Jersey suburb, he stood across the street from St. Christopher's Mission—a chapel of red brick, with a short spire rising above the tenements' flat heads, and adjoining

it a four-story club-house in whose windows greened forth boxes of ivy and geraniums. The doors of the chapel stood wide, as they always did for whoso desired to rest or pray; but the doors of the club-house, usually open, were closed against the casual visitor by the fluttering seal of death.

David held his eyes a moment on the fourth-story windows, behind which he knew his friend lay; then he crossed the street and rang the bell. He was admitted into the large hallway, hung with brown prints of masterpieces, and cut with numerous doors leading into club-rooms. Instantly he was struck by the emptiness, the silence, of the great building—the strange childlessness.

As he started up the stairway he saw at its head a tall young woman, dressed in black. He flushed, and his mounting steps quickened.

"Miss Chambers!" he cried.

She swept down toward him with effortless grace, smiling, her hand outheld. He trembled as he heard his name in her rich, soft voice, as he clasped her hand, as he looked into the sincerity, the dignity, the rare beauty of her face.

"I happened to be in town for a few days," she said, with eager gravity. "I hurried here as soon as I learned of Dr. Morton's death to see if I couldn't be of service. But Bishop Harper has sent Dr. Thorn, and Mrs. Humphrey told me you were coming, so I am useless."

"What caused his death?" asked David. "I've had only a bare announcement."

* Copyright, 1906, by Leroy Scott

She gave him the details. "His doctor told me he had a weak heart," she added. "In all likelihood, the doctor said, the shock of the cold bath had caused heart failure. Perhaps the seizure itself was fatal; perhaps it was recoverable, but while helpless he drowned."

A few minutes later she passed on. David followed her with his eyes. This was but the second time he had seen her since her mother's death, six months before; and her beauty, all in black, was still a fresh marvel to him. When the door closed upon her he mounted stairs and passed through hallways, likewise hung with brown prints and opening into club-rooms, till he came to the door of Morton's quarters.

Mrs. Humphrey, the housekeeper, answered his ring, and her eyes flowed fresh grief as she took his hand and led him into the sitting-room, walled with Morton's books.

"The noblest, the ablest, the kindest of men—gone—and only thirty-five!" she said, between her sobs. "Millions might have been called, and no difference; but he was the one we couldn't spare. And yet God took him!"

The same cry against God's injustice had been rising from David's own grief. Mrs. Humphrey continued her lamentations, but they were soon interrupted by the entrance of a clergyman, whom she introduced as Dr. Thorn. Dr. Thorn explained that Bishop Harper, knowing Morton had no relatives, had sent him to take charge of the funeral arrangements; and he went on to say that if David had any wishes he would be glad to carry them out. It was a relief to David to be freed of the business details of his friend's funeral. He replied that he had no suggestions, and Dr. Thorn withdrew, taking with him Mrs. Humphrey.

Alone, memories of his friend lying in the next room rushed upon him. After a time he moved to a window and looked out over the geraniums and ivy into the narrow street, with its dingy, red-faced tenements zigzagged with fire-escapes. His mind slipped back six years to the time when Morton took charge of St. Christopher's, which then occupied merely an old dwelling, and when he, a boy

of twenty, had first visited the neighborhood. It was then a crowded district forgotten by those who called themselves good and just, remembered only by landlords, politicians, and saloon-keepers—grimy, quarrelsome, profane, ignorant of how to live. Now decency was here. There was still poverty, but it was a respectable poverty. Men brought home their pay, and fought less often. Shawled wives went less frequently with beer-pails to the side entrances of saloons. It was becoming uncommon to hear a child swear.

David's mind ran over the efforts by which this change had been wrought—Morton's forcing the police to close disorderly resorts; his eloquent appeals to the public for fair treatment of such neighborhoods as his; his unwearied visiting of the sick, and his ready assumption of the troubles of others; his perfect good-fellowship, which made all approach him freely, yet none with disrespectful familiarity; his wonderful sermons, so simple, direct, and appealing that there was never an empty seat. He was sympathetic, magnetic, devoted, brilliant. Thus he had won the people; not all, for many still sneered at him, though even these were bettered by the changes he had brought about; but in three or four hundred families he was God.

David turned from the window. Mrs. Humphrey had asked if she should not take him in to see Morton, but he had shrunk from having eyes upon him when he entered the presence of his dead friend. He now moved to the door of Morton's chamber, paused chokingly, then stepped into the darkened room. On the bed lay a slender, sheeted figure. For the first moment awe at the mystery of life rose above all other feelings. On Monday he had seen Morton, strangely depressed, to be sure, but in his usual health; this was Saturday, and there he lay!

His emotions trembling upon eruption, David crossed slowly to the bed, with fearing hand drew the sheet from the face, and for several minutes gazed down at the fine, straight nose, at the deeply set eyes, and at the high, broad forehead, the most spendid he had ever seen, with the soft hair falling away from it against

the pillow. Then suddenly he sank to a chair, and his grief broke from him.

Soon his mind began to dwell upon the contrast between Morton and himself—what a great light was this that had been stricken out, what a pitiable candle-flame was this that had been left burning. In the presence of these dead powers he felt how small his literary achievement was, how small his chance of future success, how comparatively trivial that success would be, even if gained. David had felt to its full the responsibility of life; he had longed, with a keenness that was at times actual physical pain, to make his life count for good. But he realized now, as he gazed at the white face on the pillow, that here also his achievement was nothing.

At this moment of stress it did not occur to him that perhaps his was a delayed fruitage; he could see only his barrenness. He burned with a sudden rush of shame that he was alive, and he clenched his hands and in tense whispers cried out against the injustice of God in taking so useful a man as Morton and leaving so useless a cumbrance as himself. But this defiance soon passed into a different mood. He slipped to his knees, and a wish sobbed forth from the bottom of his heart that he might change places with the figure on the bed.

The wish was present in his thoughts all that evening and the next two days, as he did his part in the sad routine of the funeral arrangements. The service was set for the evening, so that the people of the neighborhood could be present without difficulty or loss. At the hour of beginning, the chapel was packed to the doors. David learned afterward that as large a crowd stood without, and that many notables who had come at the appointed time were unable to get in.

Bishop Harper himself was in charge, and about him were gathered the best-known clergymen in the city—a tribute to his dead friend that quickened both David's pride and grief. The bishop was ordinarily a pompous speaker of sonorous platitudes, ever conscious of his high office. But to-night he had a simple, touching subject; he forgot himself and spoke simply, touchingly. When he used

an adjective it was a superlative, and yet the superlative did not seem to reach the height of Morton's worth. Morton was "the most gifted, the most devoted" man of the bishop's acquaintance, and the other clergymen by their looks showed complete and unjealous approval of all his praise.

David's eyes flowed at the tribute paid Morton by his peers; yet he was far more moved by the inarticulate tribute of the simple people who crowded the chapel. Whatever was good in their lives, Morton had brought them; and now, mixed with their sense of loss, was an unshaped fear of how hard it was going to be to hold fast to that good without his help. Never before had David seen anything so affecting; and even in after days, when he saw Morton's death with new eyes, the picture of the love and grief of this audience remained with him, unsoiled, as the strongest, sincerest scene he had ever witnessed. The women—factory girls, scrub-women, hard-working wives—wept with their souls in their tears and their moans; and the men—laborers, teamsters, and the like—let the tears stream openly down their cheeks, unashamed. The chapel was one great sob, choked down at times, at times stopping the bishop's words. It was as if they were all orphaned.

All through the service, one cry rose from David's heart, and continued to repeat itself while the audience, and then the crowd in the street, filed by the open casket—and still rose as, later, he sat with bowed head in a front pew beside the coffin:

"If only I could change places, and give him back to them!"

II

DAVID was sitting in Morton's study, looking through the six years' accumulation of letters and documents, saving some, destroying others, when he came upon a dusty snap-shot photograph. Hands and eyes were arrested; Morton sank from his mind. Four persons sat in a little sailboat; their faces wore blinking sun-smiles; about and beyond them was the broad, white blaze of the Sound. The four were Miss Chambers and her mother, Morton, and himself.

The day of the photograph ran its course again, hour by hour, in David's mind, and slowly rose other pictures of his acquaintance with Helen Chambers—of their first meeting, three years before, at a dinner at St. Christopher's Mission; of later meetings at St. Christopher's, where she had a club, and where he was a frequent visitor; of the spring passed at St. Christopher's two years before, during the early part of which he, in Morton's stead, had aided her in selecting furnishings for a summer house given by her father for the mission children; of two weeks at the end of that summer which he and Morton had spent at Myrtle Hill, the Chamberses' country home on the Sound.

In moments when his courage had been high and his fancy had run riotously free, he had dared to dream wild dreams of her; but now, as he gazed at the photograph, he sighed. In place and fortune she was on the level of the highest; he was far below—still only a struggler, obscure, barely keeping himself alive.

Yes—he was still only a struggler. He nodded as his mind repeated the sentence. Now and then his manuscripts were accepted—but only now and then. His English was admirable, this he had been often told. But there was something lacking in almost all he wrote; and this, too, he had often been told. David had tried to write of the big things, the real things—and of such a man cannot write convincingly till he has thought deeply or traveled in person through the deep places. David's trouble was that he did not know life—but no one had told him this. So in his ignorance of the real difficulty, he had thought to conquer his unsucccess by putting forth a greater effort. He had gone out less and less often; he had sat longer and longer at his writing-table; his English had become finer and finer. And his people had grown more hypothetical, more unreal. The faster he ran, the farther away was the goal.

He sighed again. Then his square jaw tightened, his eyes narrowed to grim crescents, his clenched fist lightly pounded the desk; and to a phalanx of imaginary editors he announced with slow defiance:

"Some of these days you'll all be

camping on my door-step. You just wait!"

He was returning to the sifting of the letters when the bell of the apartment rang. He answered the ring himself, as Mrs. Humphrey was out for the afternoon. He opened the door upon a shabby, gray-haired man with a beery, cunning smile. His manner suggested that he had been there before.

"Is Mr. Morton at home?" the caller asked.

"No," David answered shortly, not caring to vouchsafe the information that Morton was two days buried. "But I represent him."

"Then I guess I'll wait."

"He'll not be back."

The man hesitated, then a dirty hand drew an envelope from a torn pocket. "I was to give it only to him, but I guess it'll be all right to leave it with you."

David closed the door, ripped open the envelope, glanced at the note, turned abruptly and reentered Morton's study, and read the lines again:

You paid no attention to the warning I sent you last Friday. This is the last time I shall write. If I don't get the money today, the letters will be given out.

L. D.

He was clutched with a vague fear. Who was "L. D."? And how could money be thus demanded of Morton? His mind was racing away into wild guesses, when he observed there was no street or number on the note. In the same instant it flashed upon him that the strange message must be investigated, and that the address of its writer was walking away in the person of the old messenger.

He caught his hat, rushed down the stairs, and came upon the old man just outside the club-house entrance.

"I want to see the writer of that note," he said. "Give me the address."

"Do better'n that. I'll go with you. I'm the janitor there."

David was too agitated to refuse the offer. They walked in silence for several paces; then the old man said, jerking his head toward the club-house and winking knowingly:

"Lucky they don't know where you're goin'. But I'm safe. Safe as a clam!"

He reassured David with his beery smile; but the vague dread increased.

"What do you mean?"

"Innocent front! Oh, you're a wise one, I see. But you can trust me. I'm safe!"

David was silent for several paces. "Who is this man 'L. D.'?"

"This man!" he cackled. "This man! Oh, you'll do!"

David looked away in disgust; the old satyr made him think of the garbage of dissipation. During their fifteen-minute ride on a street-car, his indefinite fear changed from one dreadful shape to another. After a short walk the old man led the way into a small apartment-house, and up the stairs.

He paused before a door. "Here's your man," he said, nudging David and giving his dry, throaty little laugh.

"Thanks," said David.

But the guide did not leave. "Ain't you got a dime that's makin' trouble for the rest o' your coin?"

David handed him ten cents. "Safe as a clam!" he whispered, and went down the stairs with a cackle about "the man."

David hesitated awhile, with high-beating heart, then knocked at the door. It was opened by a colored maid.

"Who lives here?" he asked.

"Miss Lillian Drew."

David stepped inside. "Please tell her I'd like to see her."

The maid ushered him into the parlor, and went out. The room was showily furnished with gilt, upholstery, vivid hangings, painted bric-à-brac—all with a stiff shop-newness that suggested recently acquired funds. David had no more than seated himself upon a surface of blue chrysanthemums and taken in this impression, when the portières parted, and between them appeared a tall, slender woman in a trained house-gown of flowered silk, with pearls in her ears and a handful of rings on her fingers. She looked thirty-five, and had a hard, finely wrinkled beauty.

David rose. "Is this Miss Drew?"

"You are from Phil Morton?" she asked in a voice that had a strain of coarseness.

He shivered at the familiarity with Morton. "I am."

She crossed to a chair, and, as she

seated herself, spread her train fan-wise to its full display. "Why didn't he come himself?" she demanded, her quick, brilliant eyes directly upon David.

It was as her note had indicated—she didn't read the papers. Obeying an unformed policy, David refrained from acquainting her with the truth. "He's not at home. I've come because his affairs are left with me."

Her eyes gleamed. "So he's run away from home!" she said with a sneer in which there was disappointment. "That won't save him." She paused an instant. "Well, what're you here for?"

"I told you I represent him."

"You're his lawyer?"

"I'm his friend."

"Well, I'm listening. Go on."

The fear had taken on an almost definite shape. David shrank from what he was beginning to see; but it was his duty to settle the affair, and settle it he could not without knowing its details. "To begin with, I shall have to ask some information from you," he said with an effort. "Mr. Morton left this matter entirely in my hands, but he told me nothing concerning its nature."

She closed her eyes to gleaming slits, and regarded David intently. "You brought the money?" she asked abruptly.

"No."

"Then he's"—she made a grim cipher with her forefinger, and stood up. "If there's no money, good afternoon!"

David did not rise. He guessed her dismissal to be a bit of play-acting. "Whatever comes to you must come through me," he said, "and you of course realize that nothing can come from me till I understand the situation."

"He understands it. That's enough."

"Oh, very well, then. I see you want nothing." David determined to try play-acting himself. He stood up. "Let it be good afternoon."

She stopped him at the portières, as he had expected. "It's mighty queer, when Morton's been trying hard to keep this thing between him and me, for him to send a third person here."

"It may be queer—but it's true," he returned with a show of indifference.

"But how do I know you really represent him?"

"You must take my word for it. Or

you can telephone St. Christopher's and ask if David Aldrich is not in charge of his affairs."

She eyed him steadily for a space. "You look on the square," she said abruptly; then she added with an ominous look: "if there's no money, you know what'll happen!"

David shrugged his shoulders. "I told you I know nothing."

She was silent for several moments, while obstinacy and caution struggled against greed and pride in her conquests. Her quick, bold eyes looked him over, noting that he was tall and straight, square of shoulder, good-looking. These physical points were an element in the contest; his masculinity piqued her.

Greedy and pride won. "Well, if you want to know, come back," she said.

David resumed his seat. She stood thinking a moment, then went to a writing-desk. For all his suspense, David was aware that she was trying to display her graces and her gown. She rustled to his chair with the unhinged halves of a gold locket in her hand. "Suppose we begin here," she said, handing him one half of the locket. "Perhaps you'll recognize it—though that was taken in eighty-five."

David did recognize it. It was Lillian Drew at twenty. The selfishness and the hardness of the Lillian Drew at thirty-five were there, but covered to a fair softness by the flesh of youth. It was a bold, striking, luring face—a face of strong appeal to man's baser half—telling of a girl who would make advances if the man held back.

David felt that she waited for praise. "It's a handsome face."

"Many men have said so," she returned proudly.

She let him gaze at the picture a full minute, keenly watching his face for the effect. Then she continued: "That is the picture of a girl in Boston. And this"—a jeweled hand gave him the locket's other half—"is a young man in Harvard."

David knew whose likeness was in the locket, yet something snapped sharply within him when he looked upon the boyish face of Morton at twenty-two. It was the snap of suspense. His fear was now certainty.

"She probably wouldn't have suited you"—the tone declared she would—"but Phil Morton certainly had it bad for four or five months!"

David forced himself to his duty—to search this relationship to its limits. "And then—he broke it off?" he asked, with a sudden desire to make her smart.

The question stung her pride. "No man ever threw me down—not in those days," she returned harshly, her dry cheeks flushing. "I got tired of him; a woman soon gets tired of a mere boy like that. And he was repenting about a third of the time, and preaching to me about reforming myself. To live with a man like that—it's not living. I dropped him."

"But all this was fifteen years ago," David said, calm by an effort. "What has that to do with your note?"

She sank into a chair before him, and ran the tip of her tongue between her thin lips. She leaned back luxuriously, clasped her hands behind her head, and regarded him amusedly through half-closed eyes. "A woman comes to New York about four months ago. She is—well, she could use money. After a month she learns a man is in town she had once—temporarily married. She hasn't heard anything about him for fifteen years. He is a minister, and has a reputation. She has some letters he wrote while they were—such good friends. She guesses he would just as soon the letters should not be made public. I have a talk with him; I find I guessed right. Now you understand?"

David leaned forward, his face pale. "You mean he had been paying you—to keep still?"

She laughed softly. She was enjoying this display of her power. "He has paid me the trifling sum of five thousand in the last three months." David stared at her. "And he's going to pay me a lot more, or—the letters!"

His head sank before her bright, triumphant eyes, and he was silent. He was a confusion of thoughts and emotions, amid which only one was distinct—to protect Morton if he could. He tried to push all else from his mind and think of this alone.

A minute or more passed. Then he

looked up. His face was still pale, but set and hard. "You are mistaken in at least one point," he said.

"And that?"

"About the money you are going to get. There'll be no more."

"Why not?" she asked with amused superiority.

"Because the letters are valueless." He watched her sharply to see the effect of his next words. "Philip Morton was buried two days ago."

Her hands fell from her head and she stood up, suddenly white. "It's a lie!"

"He was buried two days ago," David repeated.

Her color came back, and she sneered. "It's a lie. You're trying to trick me!"

David rose, drew out a handful of clippings he had cut from the newspapers, and silently held them toward her. She glanced at a head-line, and her face went pale again. She snatched the clippings, read one half through, then flung them all from her, and abruptly turned about—as David guessed, to hide from him the show of her loss.

In a few moments she wheeled round, wearing a defiant smile. "Then I shall make the letters public. I'll let those people"—she threw a hand toward the clippings on the floor—"see what kind of a man their saint was!"

David stepped squarely before her; his tall form towered above her, his dark eyes gleamed into hers. "You shall do nothing of the kind," he said harshly. "You are going to give the letters to me."

She did not give back a step. "Oh, I am, am I!" she sneered. At this range he caught wine upon her breath.

"You certainly are! You're guilty of the crime of blackmail. You've confessed it to me, and I have your letter demanding money—there's proof enough. The punishment is a good many years in prison. Give me those letters, or I'll have a policeman here in five minutes."

She was shaken, but she forced another sneer. "To take me to court is the quickest way to make the letters public," she returned. "You're bluffing."

He was—but he knew his bluff was a strong one. "If you refuse me the

letters," he went on grimly, "you give me a choice between two methods of their becoming public. Either you, unharmed, may give them out, or they may come out in the course of a trial that will send you to prison. I choose the latter. Morton is dead; the letters can't hurt him now. And I'd like to see you suffer. The letters, or prison—take your choice!"

She slowly drew back from him, and her look of defiance gave place to fear. She stared without speaking at his square face, fierce with determination—at his roused, dominating masculinity.

"Which is it to be?"

She did not move.

"You choose prison, then. Very well, I'll be back in five minutes." He turned abruptly and started to leave the room.

"Wait!" He looked back and saw a thoroughly frightened face. "I'll get them."

She passed out through the beflowered portières, and in a few minutes returned with a packet of yellow letters, which she laid in David's hand.

"These are all?" he demanded.

"Yes."

There was an unnatural note in her voice that might have prompted a more experienced investigator to pursue his question further; but David was satisfied, and did not mark a cunning look as he passed on.

"Here's another matter," he said threateningly. "If ever a breath of this comes out, I'll know it comes from you, and up you'll go for blackmail. Understand?"

Now that danger was over, her boldness began to flow back into her. "I do," she said lightly.

He left her standing amid her crumpled, forgotten train, and started out. As he was passing into the hall, she called to him:

"Hold on!" He turned about. She looked at him with fear, effrontery, and admiration of his masculinity. "You're all right!" she cried. "You're a real man!"

As David came into the street, his masterful bearing fell from him like a loosened garment. There was no dis-

believing the prideful revelation of Lilian Drew—and as he walked on he found himself breathing, "Thank God for Philip's death!"

Had Philip lived, with that woman dangling him at the precipitous edge of exposure, life would have been only misery and fear—and sooner or later she would have given him a push and over he would have gone. Death comes to some men too late for their best fame, and to some it comes too early. To Philip Morton it had come in the nick of time.

One thought, which at first had been only a vague wonder, grew greater and greater till it fairly pressed all else from David's mind—where had Philip got the five thousand dollars for which Lilian Drew had sold him three months' silence? He knew that Morton had not a cent of private fortune, only his income as head of the mission; and that of this income not a dollar had been laid by, so open had been his purse to the hand of distress. Morton could not have borrowed the money in the usual manner, for he had no sufficient security to give; and sums so great as this one are not blindly loaned with mere friendship as the pawn.

David entered Philip's study with this new dread pulsing through him. It was his duty to his friend to know the truth; and, besides, his suspense was too acute to let him remain in passive ignorance. He locked the study door and began seeking evidence to dispel or confirm his fear. He took the books from the safe—he remembered the combination from the summer he had spent at the mission—and turned them through, afraid to look at each new page. But the books dealt only with small sums for incidental expenses; the large bills were paid by the treasurer of the board of trustees. There was nothing here. He looked through the papers in the desk—among them no reference to money. He scrutinized every page of paper in the safe, except the contents of one locked compartment. No reference. He examined Morton's private bank-book—a record of the monthly check deposited and numerous small withdrawals—that was all.

And then he picked up a note-book that all the while had been lying on the

desk. He began to thumb it through, not with the hope of discovering a clue, but merely as a routine act of a thorough search. It was half engagement-book, half diary. David turned to the page dated with the day of Morton's death, intending to work from there backward—and upon the page he found this note of an engagement:

5 P.M.—At Mr. Haddon's office—first fall meeting of Boys' Farm Committee.

He turned slowly back through the leaves of September, August, July, June, finding not a single suggestive record. But this memorandum, on the 15th of May, stopped him short:

Boys' Farm Committee adjourned to-day till fall, as two members go to Europe. Money left in Third National Bank in my name, to pay for farm when formalities of sale are completed.

Instantly David thought of an entry on the 1st of June recording that, with everything settled save merely the binding formalities, the farmer had suddenly broken off the deal, having had a better offer.

Here was the money, every instinct told David. But the case was not yet proved; the money might be lying in the bank, untouched. He grasped at this chance. There must be a bank-book and a check-book somewhere, he knew; and as he had searched the office like a pocket, except for the drawer of the safe, he guessed they must be there. After a long hunt for the key, he found a bunch of keys in the trousers Morton had worn the day before his death. One of these opened the drawer; and sure enough, here were check-book and bank-book.

David gazed at these for a full minute before he gained enough mastery of himself to open the bank-book. On the first page was this single line:

May 15. | By deposit | 5,000

This was the only entry, and the fact gave him a moment's hope. He opened the check-book—and his hope was gone. Seven stubs recorded that seven checks had been drawn to "self," four for five hundred dollars each, and three for one thousand.

Even amid the chill of horror that now enwrapped him, David clearly un-

derstood how Morton had permitted himself to use this fund. Here was a woman with power to destroy, demanding money. Here was money for which account need not be rendered for months. In Morton's situation, a man of strong will, of courageous integrity, might have resigned and told the woman to do her worst. But David suddenly saw again Morton's dead face upon the pillow, and he was startled to see that the mouth was small, the chin weak. He now recognized, what he would have recognized before had the fault not been hidden among a thousand virtues, that Morton did not have a strong will. He recognized that a man might have genius, and all the virtues save only courage, and yet fail to carry himself honorably through a crisis which a man of merest mediocrity might weather well.

If exposure came—so temptation must have spoken to Morton—all that he had done for his neighbors would be destroyed, and with it his power for future service. He could take five hundred dollars, buy the woman's silence, and somehow replace the money before it would be necessary to account for his trust. But she had demanded more, and more, and more; and once involved, his only safety, and that but temporary, was to go on—with the terror of the day of reckoning before him.

And then, while he sat chilled, David's mind began to add mechanically three things together. First, the engagement Philip had on the day of his death with the Boys' Farm Committee; at that he would have had to account for the five thousand dollars, and his embezzlement would have been laid open. Second, the certainty of exposure from Lillian Drew, since he had no more money to ward it off. Third, was it not remarkable that Morton's heart trouble, with fifteen hundred minutes in the day in which to strike, had selected the single minute he spent in his bath?

As David struck the sum of these, there crawled into his heart another awful fear. Would a man who had not had the courage to face the danger of one exposure, have the courage to face a double exposure? Had Morton's death been natural, or—

Sickened, David let his head fall for-

ward upon his arms, folded on the desk—and so he sat, motionless, as twilight, then darkness, crept into the room.

III

DAVID was still sitting bowed amid the darkness when Mrs. Humphrey knocked and called to him that dinner waited. He had no least desire for food, and as he feared his face might advertise his discoveries to Dr. Thorn and Mrs. Humphrey, he slipped out of the apartment and sent word by the janitor that he would not be in to dinner. For an hour and a half he walked the narrow, tenement-cliffed streets, trying to force his distracted mind to deduce the probable consequences of Morton's acts.

At length one result stood forth distinct, inevitable—Morton's death was not going to save his good name. In a few days his embezzlement would be discovered. There would be an investigation as to what he had done with the money. Try as the committee might to keep the matter secret, the embezzlement would leak out and afford sensational copy for the papers. Lillian Drew, out of pure malevolence, would manage to triple the scandal with her story; and then some one would climax the two exposures by putting one and one together, as he had done, and deducing that Morton's lamented death was suicide. In a week, perhaps in three days, all New York would know what David knew.

He was reentering the club-house, shortly after eight o'clock, when the sound of singing in the chapel reminded him that the regular Thursday evening prayer-meeting had been turned into a neighborhood memorial service for Morton. He slipped quietly into the rear of the chapel. It was crowded as at the funeral. Dr. Thorn, who was temporarily at the head of the mission, was on the rostrum, but a man from the neighborhood was in charge of the meeting. The order of the service consisted of brief tributes to Morton, brief statements of what he had meant to their lives. As David listened to the testimonies, uncouth in the wording, but splendid in feeling, the speaker sometimes stopped by his own emotion, sometimes by sobbing from the audience—his tears loosened and flowed with theirs.

And then came a change in his viewpoint. He found himself thinking, not of Morton the individual, Morton his friend, but of Morton in his relation to these people. What great good he had brought them! How dependent they had been on him, how they still clung to him and were lifted up by his memory! And how they loved him!

But what would they be saying about him a week hence?

The question plunged into David like a knife. He hurried from the chapel and up-stairs into the dead man's study. Here was the most ghastly of all the consequences of Morton's deeds. What would be the effect of such a revelation on these people? They were not discriminating, could not select the good, discard and forget the evil. He still loved Morton. Impregnable at all other points, temptation had assailed his one weakness, conquered him, and turned his life into complete disaster. But David realized that the neighborhood could not see Morton as he saw him. They could see only the evil result of his one weakness, see him only as guilty of larger sins than the most sinful of themselves—as a libertine, an embezzler, a suicide.

There was no doubt in David's mind of the effect of all this upon them. The words of an old woman who had given tribute in the chapel stayed in his memory. "He has been to me like St. Christopher, what this place is called from," she had quavered. "He holds me in his arms and carries me over the dark waters." Exactly the case with most of them, David thought. Morton, who had lifted them out of darkness, was supporting them over the ferry of life—till a few days ago by his presence among them; now and in the future by the powerful influence in which he had enarmed them. Once they saw their St. Christopher as baser than themselves, they would call him hypocrite, despise his support, and turn from the shore whither he carried them; his strength to save them would be gone, and they would fall back into the darkness out of which they had been gathered.

David's concern was all for these unsuspecting hundreds mourning and praising Morton in the chapel. Presently, through the chaos in his mind, one clear

thought arose—if the people were kept in ignorance, if Morton were kept pure in their eyes, would not their love for him, the saving influence he had set about them, remain just as potent as though he were in truth unspotted? He answered yes. And then this question asked itself—could they be kept in ignorance? Yes, if the embezzlement could be concealed—for Morton's relations with Lillian Drew, and his suicide, would come before the public only by being dragged, as it were, by this engine of disgrace.

David's whole mind, his whole being, was suddenly gripped by the thought that by concealing the embezzlement he could save these people from falling back into the abyss. But how conceal it? The answer was ready at his mind's ear—by replacing the money. But he was practically penniless, he had hardly a friend in New York; where could he get five thousand dollars? Again the answer was ready—take some rich man interested in the mission into the secret. There must be some one who would furnish the money rather than have St. Christopher's dishonored.

David rapidly filled in the details of his plan. At half past nine he left the study and descended the stairs, with the decision to complete the details of his scheme that night, leaving only the getting of the money for the morrow. As he passed into the never-quiet street he saw the crowd filing from the chapel. He stepped back into the shadow of the club-house entrance and watched them, till the last was out, with a tingling sense of saviorship.

Half an hour later he was standing before the apartment-house he had visited that afternoon. A dull glow through Miss Drew's shades informed him that she was at home; and, glancing through the open basement window into the janitor's apartment, he saw his guide of the afternoon lying on a shabby lounge. He was not proud of the part he was about to play; but for Lillian Drew to remain in town—there was danger in this that must be avoided.

That afternoon he had noticed that there was a telephone in the house. He now walked a block or two till he found a public telephone. He closed himself in the booth, and a couple of minutes

later had Lillian Drew on the wire. "This is a friend with a tip," he said. "I just happened to overhear a man ask a policeman to come with him to arrest you."

"What was the man like?" came tremulously from the receiver.

David began a faithful description of himself, but before he was half-way through it he heard the receiver at the other end of the wire click into place upon its hook. He walked back to where he had a view of the entrance of the apartment-house, and almost at once he saw Lillian Drew come hurriedly out. He then walked over to Broadway, where he found a policeman, asked that a woman be arrested upon his complaint, and led the officer to the apartment-house.

He rang the janitor's bell, and after a minute it was answered by his "safe" friend. He put on his most ominous look. "Is Lillian Drew in?" he demanded.

"No; she just went out," the janitor answered with a glance of fear at the policeman.

The officer stepped forward and gave him a shove. "You take us up, you old booze, and we'll find out for ourselves."

They searched the flat, followed about by the frightened black maid, but found no Lillian Drew. As they were leaving the house David again directed his ominous look upon the janitor. "Don't you tell her we were here," he ordered; and then he whispered to the policeman, but for the janitor's ears, "I'll get her in the morning."

He walked away with the officer, but quickly returned to where he could watch the entrance of the house. He saw the janitor come furtively out and hurry away, and in a little while he saw Lillian Drew enter—and he knew that the janitor, who had summoned her, had told her of her narrow escape and of the danger in which she stood.

He wandered about, passing the house from time to time. Toward twelve o'clock, when he again drew up near the door, the great van of a storage warehouse stood before it, and men were carrying out furniture. Beside the van stood an express wagon in which was a trunk, and coming out of the doorway

was a man bearing on his back another trunk, from the end of which dangled a baggage-check. As the man staggered across the sidewalk, David stepped behind him, and read the tag by the light that streamed from the entrance. The trunk was checked to Chicago.

Lillian Drew would make no more trouble for the present. One part of his plan was completed. Half an hour later he was back in Morton's study, beginning another part of his preparation. It had occurred to him that the Boys' Farm Committee, when it discovered the replaced money, might have its misgivings roused by Morton's drawing this sum, and in fractions, for no other conceivable purpose than merely to have it by him. So David, to prevent this suspicion, to make it appear that the drawing of the fund was no more unbusinesslike than many people might expect from a clergyman, had determined to surround the presence of the money in the safe with the formality of an account. At the head of a slip of paper he wrote, "Cash Account of Boys' Summer Home," and beneath it, copying from the stubs of the check-book: "June 7, Drawn from bank, five hundred dollars"; and beneath this, under their respective dates, the six other amounts. Then, at the foot, he wrote under date of September 15, the day before Morton's death, "Cash on hand, five thousand dollars."

These items he set down in a fair copy of Morton's hand—not a difficult mimicry, since their writing was naturally much alike, and had a further similarity from their both using stub pens. He wrote with an ink which he had secured for the purpose on his way home, and which dried as dead a black as if it had been put on the paper weeks before. He put the slip, with the bank-book and check-book, into the drawer of the safe. To-morrow the five thousand dollars would go in there with them, and Morton's name, and the people of St. Christopher's, would be secure.

He had not yet disposed of the letters Lillian Drew had given him. He carried the packet into the sitting-room, tore the letters into shreds, and heaped them in the grate between the brass andirons. Then he touched a match to the yellow pile, and watched the destroying flames

spring from the record of Morton's unholy love—as if they were the red spirit of that passion leaping free. He sat for a long space, the dead hush of sleep about him, gazing at the place where the heap had been. Only ashes were left by those passionate flames—a symbol of Morton, thus it struck David's fancy. Just so those flames had left of Morton only ashes.

The next morning David had before him the task of getting the money. He had determined to approach Mr. Chambers first, and he was in the great banking-house of Alexander Chambers & Company, in Wall Street, as early as he thought he could decently appear there. He was informed that Mr. Chambers had gone to a directors' meeting—not very surprising, since Mr. Chambers was a director in half a hundred companies—and was not expected back till after lunch.

He went next to the office of Mr. Haddon, treasurer of the mission and of the Boys' Farm Committee, and one of the largest givers—a watchful, precise man of money, naturally suspicious and of little sympathy. Mr. Haddon, he was told, had left an hour before for St. Christopher's.

David hurried back to the mission, wondering what Mr. Haddon's errand there could be, hoping to catch him before he left. As he was starting up the stairway the janitor stopped him.

"Mr. Haddon was asking for you; and Miss Chambers, too," the janitor said. "I think she's in the reception-room."

David turned back, walked down the hall, and entered the dim reception-room. He paused at the door. Helen Chambers was sitting in a Flemish oak settle near a window, her hands clasped upon an idle book in her lap, her eyes gazing fixedly into the street between the barely parted hangings. The dress of mourning fitted into the shadow; her face alone, softly leaned against by the light, had distinctness. He drew a deep breath. So much dignity, sincerity, maturity of conscience, in one of twenty-three, and no loss of the heart-lightness that belongs to twenty-three!

She rose with a start as his feet crossed the bare floor. "I came down this morning on an errand about the

Flower Guild," she said in her low, vibrant voice, giving him her hand. "I'm going back to the country this afternoon, so I waited to see you for a minute."

They sat down on the settle. Now that he looked squarely into her face, into her deep brown eyes, he saw there repressed anxiety.

"There's one thing in particular I want to tell you," she went on with an effort. "Something about Mr. Morton. Oh, it's nothing definitely wrong," she said quickly, noticing that David had paled. "It's just something—a little strange. Since I was here, I wanted you to learn it from me, so that, if anything did develop, it wouldn't be a complete surprise to you."

David's pulses stopped. "Yes?" he said tensely. "Yes?"

She was white, and the hands in her lap gripped each other tightly. "The day before yesterday morning Mr. Haddon went to the Third National Bank to arrange for withdrawing the Boys' Farm fund, which he had deposited in Mr. Morton's name. He found—Mr. Morton had withdrawn it."

"Yes?"

"It's strange—but we don't think there can be anything wrong," she said, trying to lighten the blow she felt she was inflicting on David. "Of course Mr. Haddon acted immediately. He called a meeting of the committee; they decided to make a quiet investigation at once. Father told me about it. But the worst part is, the newspapers have somehow learned that five thousand dollars is missing from the mission. It would be a terrible scandal for such a sum to disappear in connection with a place like this. Several reporters were here just a little while ago. I sent them up-stairs to Mr. Haddon."

He stared at her dizzily. His plan had come to naught. Morton's shame was about to be trumpeted over the city. The people of St. Christopher's were about to topple back into the abyss.

"What is Mr. Haddon doing up-stairs?"

"It occurred to him that possibly Mr. Morton had put the money in the safe in his study. Mr. Haddon's up there with a safe-opening expert."

For a moment he sat muted by the impending disaster. Then he rose. "Come, let's go up!" he said.

They mounted the stairs in silence, and in the corridor leading to Morton's apartment passed half a dozen reporters. David unlocked the apartment with his latch-key, led the way to Morton's study, and pushed open its door. Before the safe sat a heavily spectacled man, carefully turning its dial-plate and knob. On one side of him stood Dr. Thorn, very pale, and on the other side gray-haired Mr. Haddon, his hard, lean face, milled with financial wrinkles like a dollar's edge, as expressionless as if he was in the midst of a Wall Street crisis.

Mr. Haddon recognized the presence of David and Miss Chambers with a slight nod, but Dr. Thorn stepped to David's side.

"You've heard about it?" he asked, in an agitated voice.

"Yes—Miss Chambers has told me."

At that moment the safe door swung open. "There you are," said the spectacled man, with a complacent little grunt.

Mr. Haddon dismissed the man and knelt before the safe, Miss Chambers and Dr. Thorn leaned over him, and David, still stunned by the suddenness of the catastrophe, looked whitely on from behind them. A minute, and Mr. Haddon's search was over. He looked about at the others.

"It's not here," he said quietly.

A noise at the door caused all to turn in that direction. There stood the reporters; they had edged into the apartment as the safe expert had gone out.

"Will you gentlemen please wait outside?" said Mr. Haddon sharply.

"Can't you give us the facts now?" one spoke up. "You've got 'em all—I just heard you say the money wasn't here."

"I'll see you all in a few minutes," said Mr. Haddon, and pressed them before him out into the corridor. "There's absolutely no keeping this from the papers," he remarked when he reentered the study.

"Isn't there still another place the money might be?" asked Miss Chambers.

"I've investigated every other place," returned Mr. Haddon. "The safe was the last possibility."

All three stared at one another. It was Dr. Thorn that spoke the thought of all. "Then the worst we feared—is true?"

Mr. Haddon nodded. "It must be."

David could not speak, nor think—could only lean against the desk. The exposure of Morton—and a thousand times worse, the ruin of St. Christopher's—both inevitable!

"Won't you please look again?" Miss Chambers cried, with desperate hope. "Perhaps you overlooked something."

Mr. Haddon knelt once more, and slowly fluttered the pages of the books and scrutinized each scrap of paper. Soon he paused, and studied a slip he had found. Then he rose, and David saw at the head of the sheet, "Cash account of Boys' Summer Home." It was the paper he had prepared to hide Morton's embezzlement.

Mr. Haddon's steady eyes took in David and Dr. Thorn. "Could anybody have been in the safe since Mr. Morton's death?"

"It's hardly possible," returned Dr. Thorn. "Mr. Aldrich has been in the study almost constantly."

Mr. Haddon's eyes fastened on David; a quick gleam came into them. David, unnerved as he was, could not keep his face from twitching.

There was a long silence. Then Mr. Haddon asked quietly: "Could you have been in the safe, Mr. Aldrich?"

David did not recognize whither the question led. "Why, yes," he said mechanically.

Mr. Haddon held out the slip of paper. "According to this memorandum in Mr. Morton's hand, the money was in the safe the day before his death." His eyes screwed into David. "Perhaps you can suggest to us what became of the money."

David stared at him blankly.

"The money—was there—when he died!" said Dr. Thorn amazedly. He looked from one man to the other. Then understanding came into his face. "You mean—Mr. Aldrich—took it?"

"I took it?" David repeated stupidly. He turned slowly to Miss Chambers.

Her white face, with its wide eyes and parted lips, and the look of fear she held upon him, cleared his head, made him see where he was. "I did not take the money!" he cried.

"Who else could have?" returned Mr. Haddon grimly.

"If I'd taken it, wouldn't I have disappeared? Would I have been such a fool as to stay here to be caught?"

"If you'd run away that would have fastened the guilt on you at once. You remained here, hoping to throw suspicion on Mr. Morton. It was the cleverest course."

"I did not take the money!" he cried desperately. "It's a lie!"

Miss Chambers moved to his side. "I believe you," she said. He thanked her with a look. "It must have been Mr. Morton," she said.

The words first thrilled him; then suddenly they rang out as a knell. If he threw off the guilt, it must fall on Morton; if Morton were publicly guilty, then the people of the mission—

"Mr. Aldrich must have taken it," broke in the grim, cold voice of Mr. Haddon.

David looked at Mr. Haddon, looked at Miss Chambers. And then the great

Thought was conceived, struggled dizzily, painfully, into birth. He stood shivering, awed, before it.

He slowly turned and walked to a window, where he gazed down into the street, filled with children hurrying home from school. The Thought spoke to him in vivid flashes. He had no relatives, almost no friends. He loved Helen Chambers; but he was nobody and a beggar. He had not done anything—perhaps could never do anything—and even if he did, his work would probably be of little worth. He had wanted his life to be of service; had wanted to sell it, as it were, for the largest good he could perform. Well, here were the people of St. Christopher's toppling over the edge of destruction. Here was his Great Bargain—the chance to sell his life for the highest price.

As to what he had done with the five thousand, which of course he would be asked—well, an evening of gambling would be a sufficient explanation. He turned about.

"Well?" said Mr. Haddon.

David avoided Miss Chambers' look. He felt himself borne upward to the apex of life.

"Yes, I took it," he said.

(To be continued)

THE SAGE-BRUSH

GENTLY astir with breeze from snow-peaks yon
Where rosy day is born;
Dew-drenched and sweet, its glad herds wending on—
Such is the sage at morn.

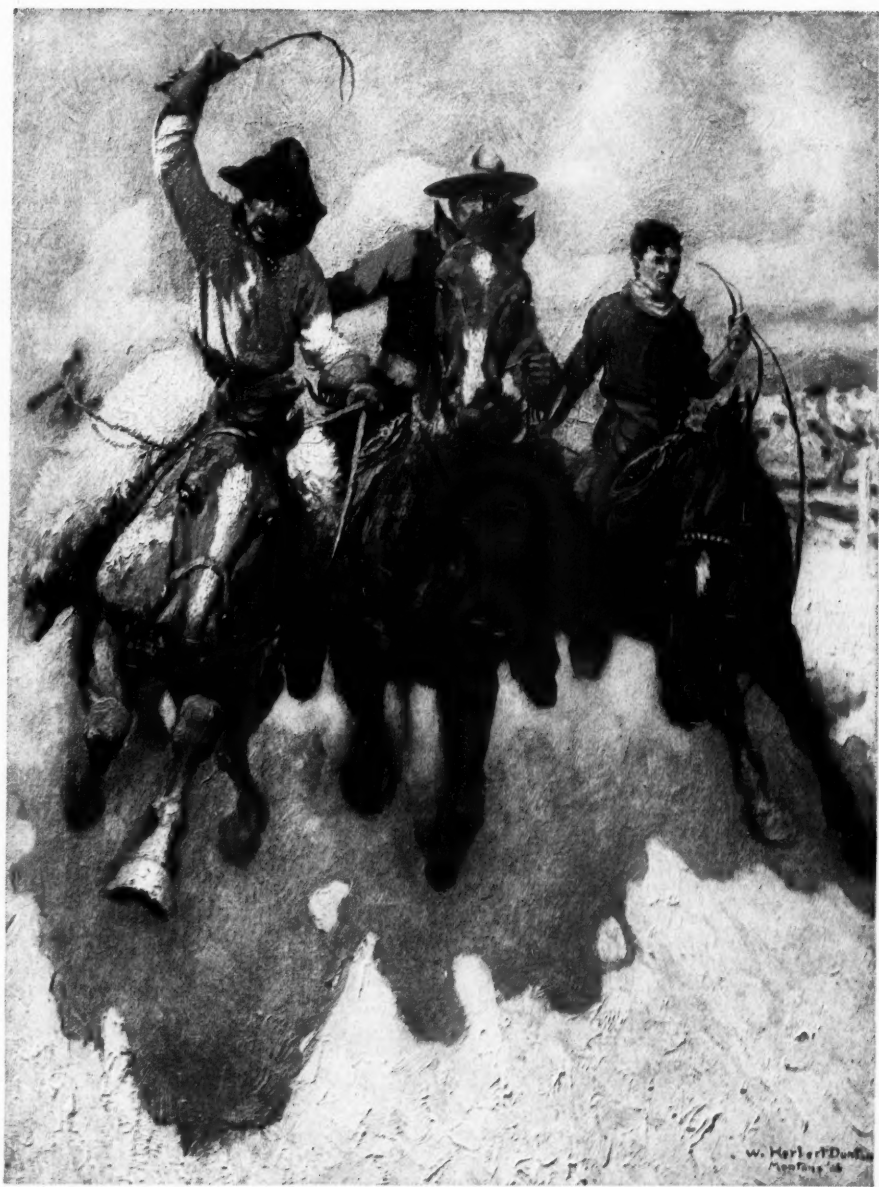
Drowsy and still beneath the flawless sky,
While the hot mesas swoon;
A black-winged buzzard circling o'er it high—
Such is the sage at noon.

Bathed in a golden halo from the sun,
Waiting the dew's reprieve;
While home fare bird and flock, their long day done—
Such is the sage at eve.

Swimming with glamorous and misty beams,
Shadowed, and vaguely white;
Thronged with a host of lurking shapes and dreams—
Such is the sage at night.

Beauteous always—oh, so calm and wide,
Wrapped in its silver gray,
Wafting its pungent summons, turquoise-skied,
Breathing the open way!

Edwin L. Sabin

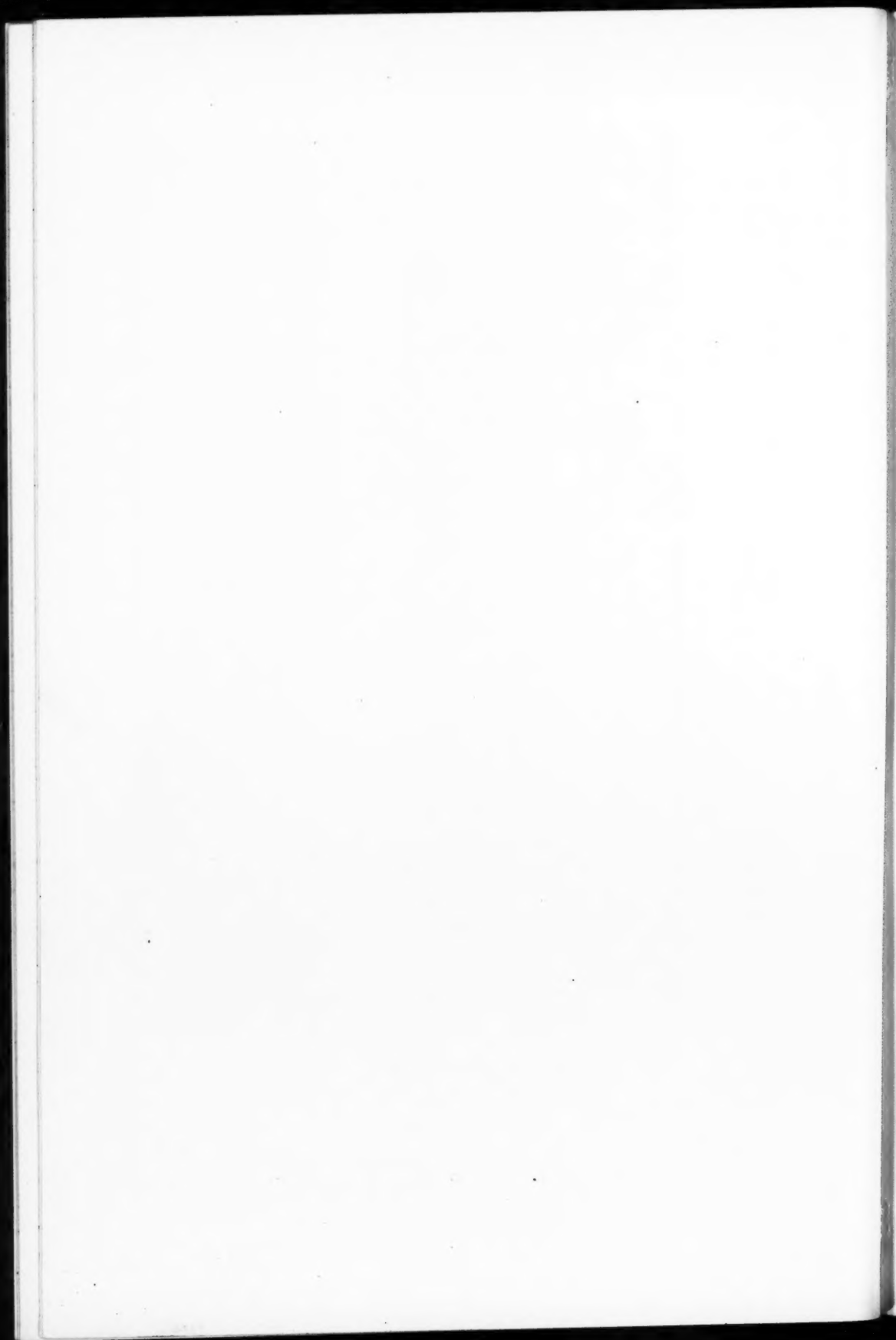


THE RIDERS

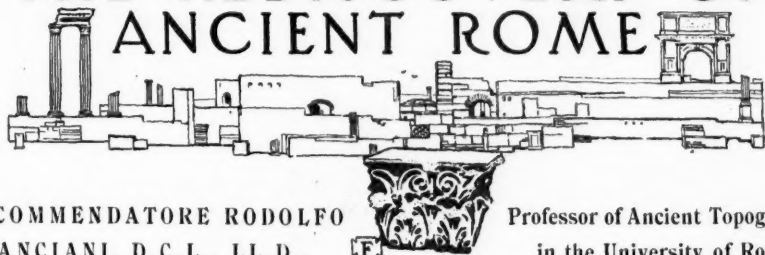
ONE-EYED Pete an' Mike an' me
 Knows our gait, and so decides
 Which one first to Douglas rides
 Pays the freight fer the hull three.

DOWN the Trail to Cross-bar G,
 Past Three X, where Bill Smith bides,
 Kitin', like to save our hides—
 One-eyed Pete an' Mike an' me—
 That's how we rides!

John Alvin



THE REDISCOVERY OF ANCIENT ROME



BY COMMENDATORE RODOLFO
LANCIANI, D.C.L., LL.D.,

Professor of Ancient Topography
in the University of Rome

WHAT MODERN SCHOLARS AND EXCAVATORS HAVE DONE TO
UNEARTH THE ROME OF CLASSICAL DAYS, AND TO RECOVER
THE COUNTLESS TREASURES OF ART BURIED FOR MANY
CENTURIES IN THE RUINS OF THE ETERNAL CITY

I HAVE sometimes wondered whether people living in countries beyond the Alps, and beyond the seas, realize what it means to live on archeological soil, where the wonderful and the unexpected may happen at any moment.

The buying and selling of landed property, for instance, which everywhere else is a pure matter of business, with limits and consequences that are perfectly well known to the parties concerned, may have with us a far different issue. One



RUINS OF THE EMPEROR HADRIAN'S VILLA AT TIVOLI, NEAR ROME—IN THIS HUGE BUILDING, NOW THE PROPERTY OF THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT, MANY ANCIENT WORKS OF ART HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED



A RECENT VIEW OF THE WEST END OF THE ROMAN FORUM, SHOWING THE COLUMN OF PHOCAS (LEFT), THE EIGHT REMAINING COLUMNS OF THE TEMPLE OF SATURN (CENTER), AND THE THREE COLUMNS OF THE TEMPLE OF VESPASIAN (RIGHT). IN THE FOREGROUND ARE THE CARVED BALUSTRADES CALLED THE ANAGLYPHS OF TRAJAN

of the earliest recollections in my career refers to a case in point.

A peasant from Velletri, named Pietro Giuliani, having purchased at a small price a piece of land in the district called the Arriano—from the patrician house of the Arrii, which owned it in the early days of the empire—discovered, after a few weeks of toil, three statues lying at the foot of their respective pedestals. The first figure, that of a chariot-driver, was damaged in the arms and legs; but the others, representing two young athletes about to engage in a wrestling-match, were in perfect condition.

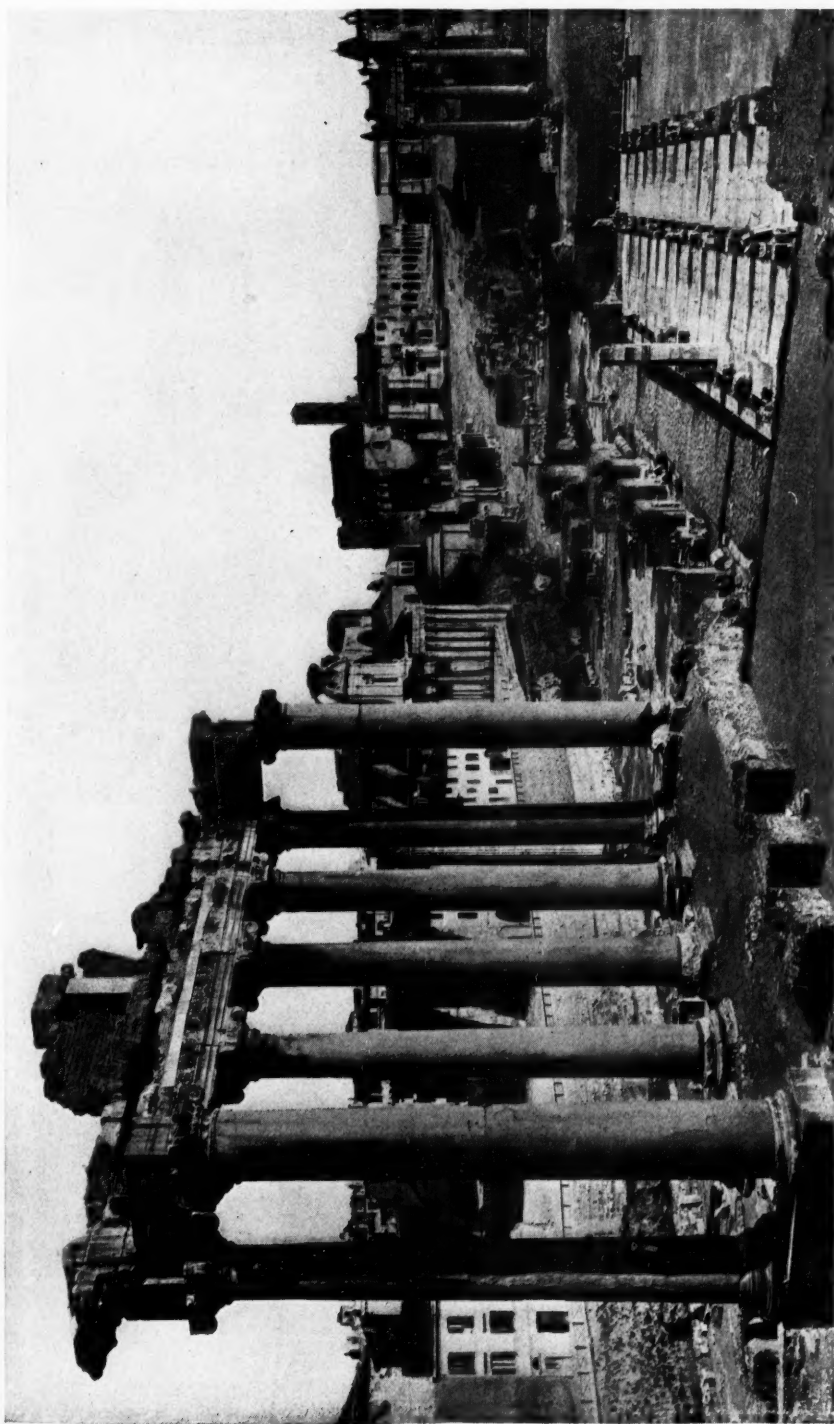
As soon as the news of the find reached the Archeological Commission, for which I was acting as secretary, I was sent to Velletri, and succeeded in purchasing the three statues. The price I paid was a moderate one, but two or three times more than the sum given by Pietro Giuliani for the whole vineyard. In this transaction the mistake had been made by the vendor, who knew very well

that this part of his land had been called from immemorial time *Le Cento Capelle*—"the hundred niches for statuary"; and he ought to have inserted in the deed of sale a clause reserving his rights of ownership, in case of valuable discoveries.

The Italian law is explicit on this point. In default of covenants to the contrary, all that lies buried underground belongs to the owner of the land. Whatever he may chance to find, from a clay lamp worth a few centimes to a bronze group that might bring a million francs, the city, the county, and the crown have no right to interfere, the only privilege claimed by the state being the right of refusal in case of a sale beyond the boundaries of the kingdom. Yet I have seen curious complications arise from such a simple state of things.

TREASURE-TROVE OF THE SHORE

The Princess Sarsina-Aldobrandini is the happy possessor of the ruins of



GENERAL VIEW OF THE ROMAN FORUM, LOOKING EASTWARD—IN THE FOREGROUND, ON THE LEFT, IS THE COLONNADE OF THE TEMPLE OF SATURN; IMMEDIATELY TO THE RIGHT OF THIS, BEYOND THE VIA SACRA, APPEAR THE COLUMNS OF THE TEMPLE OF FAUSTINA, THEN THE ROUND CHURCH OF SS. COSMA AND DAMIANO, THE COLOSSEUM (IN THE BACKGROUND), AND THE ARCH OF TITUS. NEARER, ON THE RIGHT, ARE THE THREE COLUMNS OF THE TEMPLE OF CASTOR, AND STILL NEARER, THE REMAINS OF THE BASILICA JULIA

Nero's seaside palace, which crown the cape of Antium—now Porto d' Anzio, a fishing village thirty-six miles south of Rome—and which make it one of the most picturesque headlands along the Tyrrhenian coast. These ruins, which rise from the sea, are so rich in curiosi-

of the second century B.C., must have been removed from the original sanctuary by Nero himself, together with other masterpieces which have made the ruins of Antium the dreamland of archeologists.

The beautiful priestess who, like Aphrodite, had thus emerged from the



THE ARCH OF SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS, ERECTED BY THE ROMAN EMPEROR OF THAT NAME IN 203. DURING THE MIDDLE AGES THE ARCH WAS DEEPLY EMBEDDED IN RUBBISH; IT WAS UNEARTHED BY POPE PIUS VII IN 1803

ties, such as coins, lamps, pottery, and bits of marble, of mosaic, and of stucco-work, that the local fishermen never miss searching the foot of the cliffs after a storm or a heavy rain. I myself, years ago, discovered there seventeen bronze coins and a ten-inch piece of gold chain, which had fallen into the sea. Now it happened that one stormy night in December, 1876, a whole slope of débris was washed away by the waves, and next morning the fishermen were astonished to see the front wall of the palace exposed to view in all its height and length and magnificence, with terraces and porticoes and niches for statues. At the foot of the central niche, in the shallow water, there lay a statue representing a maiden—perhaps a young priestess—in the act of making an offering to a goddess. The statue, a purely Greek work

foam of the sea, found two claimants—the Italian government, as the owner of the coast-line, and the Princess Aldobrandini, as the owner of the niche in which the statue had been standing until the night of the storm. The case was decided in favor of the princess, in whose villa at Antium the Greek maiden resided undisturbed until, not long ago, the typical American collector appeared on the scene with hands full of gold. To spare the priestess the unwelcome change from the land of sunshine and zephyrs to the storm-beaten coast beyond the Atlantic, a bill has recently been laid before the Italian parliament, authorizing the state to purchase the statue.

THE PARADOXES OF EXPLORATION

In my long experience as a seeker for hidden classic treasures, I have found

that, as a rule, the more promising an excavation appears to be, the greater are the difficulties to be encountered. Places easy of access must have been searched over and over again without our knowledge, while those lying at a greater depth, and protected by heavier strata of rubbish, sand, gravel, and volcanic or alluvial deposits, have escaped investigation. For instance, the new Palazzo di Giustizia, or law court, which is being erected in the quarter of the Prati, on the east side of the Castel Sant' Angelo, covers an area of six acres, part of which belonged in classic times to the Gardens of Domitia, the aunt of the Emperor Nero; part to the ancestral field of Cincinnatus the Dictator, which was called the Prata Quintia. There was as



BUST OF THE EMPEROR COM-
MODUS, FOUND IN THE
GARDENS OF ÆLIUS
LAMIA. IN 1874

fair and promising a field for exploration as the most exacting excavator could wish. There was a difference of only seven or eight feet between the ancient level and the modern; the ground was soft, and there were no records of a previous search; and yet the only object discovered in this great excavation was the stone coffin of Crepereia Tryphæna, interesting, but of no value.

The same experience must be recorded in connection with the treasury buildings (Ministero delle Finanze), which cover part of the most aristocratic quarter of the ancient city, north of the Baths of Diocletian. Six million cubic feet of rubbish were dug and carted away to make room for the foundations of this great structure, and yet not one single statue, or bust, or object of value was found.



A RECENT VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE COLOSSEUM, SHOWING THE EXCAVATION OF THE SUBSTRUCTURES

On the other hand, let the place for the intended excavations be beset with difficulties of every nature, let it even be unsafe for the workmen, and we may feel pretty sure of finding something valuable. We had striking evidence of this fact about three years ago, when a tunnel was bored under the Quirinal Hill, to connect the street system of old Rome with that of the newer and higher quarters. Midway between the two openings, in the very heart of the hill, where the pressure of loose strata of water-soaked earth made the poor workmen carry their lives in their hands, there appeared on the side of the boring what

proved to be the corner room of the palace of Fulvius Plautianus. An African by birth, Fulvius Plautianus was prime minister under his fellow townsman, the Emperor Septimius Severus, to whose eldest son, Caracalla, he married his own daughter Plautilla. The archeological contents of that single room were so many and so beautiful—statues, busts, medallions, friezes, bas-reliefs, columns, capitals, and so forth—that we have set apart for their exhibition one of the halls of the new Municipal Museum on the Caelian.

By probing the side of the tunnel, through the forest of timber which supported it, we found that other rooms of the palace, equally rich in works of art, extended in an easterly direction no less than sixty-six feet below the level of the gardens of the Quirinal. I need not remark that ruins lying sixty-six feet below the level of a royal garden, and embedded in muddy rubbish—which is the worst kind of material to deal with—are practically beyond the reach of archeologists.

A CACHE OF GREEK MASTERPIECES

Another instance of the perversity of fate in these matters occurred in 1885. In February of that year a laborer engaged in digging a trench for the foundations of the Teatro Drammatico Nazionale, near the Villa Colonna, on the Quirinal, came upon a bronze statue of an athlete in the full development of manhood and strength, whose features had undoubtedly been modeled from life. In fact, this was the portrait statue of some famous champion, which a Roman emperor or con-



THE EXCAVATIONS FOR THE FOUNDATION OF THE TEATRO
DRAMMATICO NAZIONALE, ON THE VIA NAZIONALE,
ROME, SHOWING A VALUABLE GREEK STATUE
IN THE POSITION IN WHICH IT WAS FOUND,
EIGHTEEN FEET BELOW THE SURFACE



GENERAL VIEW OF THE ROMAN FORUM, LOOKING WESTWARD—FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, THE CHIEF OBJECTS OF INTEREST ARE THE THREE COLUMNS OF THE TEMPLE OF CASTOR, THE ROUND ARCHES OF THE BASILICA JULIA, AND THE COLONNADE OF THE TEMPLE OF SATURN; THEN, ACROSS THE VIA SACRA, WHICH RUNS DOWN THE MIDDLE OF THE PICTURE, TWO BROKEN COLUMNS REERECTED IN 1899, THE PILLARS OF THE TEMPLE OF VESPASIAN, THE COLUMN OF PHOCAS, AND THE ARCH OF SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS

queror had removed from the Stadium at Olympia and set up in one of the baths of the Imperial City. The statue was lying on its back, between two foundation-walls of the Temple of the Sun.

The news of the find was kept secret until the following day, so that when I reached the spot the bronze figure had already been moved away, making it impossible to reconstruct the story of its concealment. A few days later, however, a second statue, representing a sitting boxer, was discovered in my presence, under the very same conditions and at the same depth—

eighteen feet below the surface. I saw that the statue had not fallen, nor had it been thrown there by accident; on the



STATUE OF A GREEK MAIDEN, FOUND ON THE SEASHORE AT ANTIUM, IN 1876

contrary, care had been taken to conceal it without injury. The figure being in a sitting posture, a marble capital had been placed under it, like a stool, to make it keep its balance. I also noticed that the well, at the bottom of which it was lying, had been filled with sifted earth, quite different in quality from the surrounding rubbish.

Here we had, therefore, the evidence of a certain number of Greek masterpieces, buried within a limited space under the fear of a great and imminent danger, probably of the barbaric inroad of the year

410. The number XXIIIX (twenty-eight), roughly scratched on the breast of the standing athlete, may perhaps



THE RIVER TIBER AND THE CASTEL SANT' ANGELO, OR TOMB OF HADRIAN. IT IS PROBABLE THAT MANY TREASURES LIE BURIED IN THE RIVER-BED ABOUT THIS POINT

indicate the number of the bronzes which the keepers of the adjoining Baths of Constantine were endeavoring to place beyond the reach of the invaders. At all events, there was a strong probability, if not a virtual certainty, that other valuable statues were lying concealed in the neighborhood; but how could we make the owners of the adjoining villas and houses share our belief, and grant us permission to cut down their trees, or to undermine their property, on a doubtful quest? The other bronzes—if the keepers buried more than two—will never again, I am afraid, see the light of day.

HOW DEEP IS ANCIENT ROME BURIED?

The experience which I have related in connection with the Quirinal tunnel is all the more surprising because, as a rule, the layer of earth in which ruins are buried is very thin on the summit of hills, though in the valleys and in the plains of the Tiber it reaches an amazing thickness. This question concerning the difference of level between the ancient and the modern city, and the depth of the accumulated soil and débris, is one of the most interesting connected with the burial of Rome. We must remember that, at the end of the third century after Christ, the Imperial City contained forty-six thousand six hundred and two tenement-houses (*insulae*) and seventeen hundred and ninety palaces (*domus*), besides a great number of temples, theaters, baths, barracks, and so forth. The tenement-houses were veritable skyscrapers. Martial speaks of a neighbor of his, a poor man, who had to mount two hundred steps to reach his garret. Juvenal mentions the case of a fire which had already attained the third floor of a building, without having been noticed by the wretched inmates of the topmost story under the roof. Tertullian compares the number of floors of an *insula* to that of the countless "zones of heaven" imagined by the Gnostics. The palace of Septimius Severus, at the south corner of the Palatine, towered two hundred and thirty feet above the level of the Via Triumphalis, which skirts the base of the hill; and the pediment of the Temple of the Sun, on the site of the present Colonna Gardens, rose two hun-

dred and forty-five feet above the level of the Forum Suarium.

Now we know from careful measurements taken in 1883-84, during the excavations of the villa of Q. Voconius Pollio, at Marino, that an ordinary Roman dwelling-house produces a layer of débris six feet thick for each thirty feet of its height; in other words, that a building about thirty feet high produces about six cubic feet of rubbish for each square foot of surface. It is easy, therefore, to imagine what must have been the results of the destruction of the fifty thousand buildings of ancient Rome.

Moreover, the increase of the Roman soil did not begin with the barbaric invasions of the fifth century after Christ. It can be traced back to the age of the kings, who filled with earth the marshy hollows of the Forum, of the Velabrum, and of the Circus Maximus. The threshold of the Tiburtine Gate (now the Porta San Lorenzo), rebuilt by Honorius in 402 A.D., lies ten feet higher than that of the original gate of Augustus. There are places where no fewer than four different buildings lie one beneath the other. For instance, under the present church of San Clements, dating from 1099, there can be traced another church of the time of Constantine, a patrician house of the time of the Antonines, and an unknown structure of the time of the republic. In 1877, when the Via Nazionale, the main artery of modern Rome, was opened through the Aldobrandini Villa, on the Quirinal, we met first with the Baths of Constantine, and, lower down, with the remains of the house of the poet Claudianus, of that of the gallant general Avidius Quietus; and, lastly, with structures dating from the Augustan age. Beneath all these layers were the trunks and roots of a prehistoric forest of beeches.

Another good example of stratigraphic exploration, as it may be called, was that of the Pantheon of Agrippa, long known as the Sphinx of the Campus Martius, because our predecessors considered it an impossible task to wrench from this famous temple the secret of its origin and transformations. The secret became ours in 1892-94, when we ascertained that the present

Pantheon is not, as formerly supposed, the work of Agrippa, but of the Emperor Hadrian, and dates from A.D. 120; that six feet below its floor there are remains of a middle Pantheon, built in the time of Domitian; and that three feet lower down there are traces of the original structure by Agrippa, which was rectangular instead of round, and faced south instead of north!

The maximum difference of level between the ancient and the modern city which I have yet ascertained is seventy-two feet. It was found in excavating the inner courtyard of the House of the Vestals, in the Forum. A pedestal inscribed with the name of Næratius Cerialis, which is set up in the wall of a municipal school at the corner of the Via Cavour and the Piazza dell' Esquilino, was found at the depth of fifty-three feet.

A WALK ALONG THE SACRED WAY

The progress made lately in the field of Roman excavation can be best appreciated by taking a walk along the Sacred Way, from its origin near the Colosseum to its end at the Capitol. The topography of this "queen of streets," a matter of discussion a few years ago, is now clearly established, and the student can follow at his leisure in the footsteps of Horace, trying to escape his pursuer by taking shelter in a side street, or of the Emperor Augustus, leading the pageant for the celebration of the Secular Games (*Ludi Sæculares*) in the year 17 B.C. The emperor was followed on that memorable day (June 3) by the consuls, by the senators, by the high priests, by the Vestal Virgins, by the commanders of the Roman legions, by one hundred and ten matrons—as many as there were years in a Roman century—and by a group of twenty-seven youths and twenty-seven maidens of patrician birth, clad in white tunics, waving branches of laurel, and led by Horace himself down the Sacred Way, singing the praises of the immortal gods, "to whom the Seven Hills were dear."

No other thoroughfare in the world has seen more history than this one; no other has withstood the action of time for a longer stretch of centuries; no other has been lined with more mag-

nificent edifices, or spanned by so many triumphal arches. Starting from that of Constantine at the east end of the line, the stranger walking in the direction of the Capitol would pass in succession those of Titus, the vanquisher of Judea; of Quintus Fabius Maximus, the conqueror of Savoy; of Augustus, under whose rule the gates of the Temple of Janus were closed for the first time; of Tiberius, in whose reign the defeat of Quintilius Varus was magnificently avenged by Germanicus; and of Septimius Severus, who subjected Parthia and Arabia to the Roman sway.

The buildings along the Sacred Way have, for the most part, been excavated and made accessible within the last thirty years. Here stands, for instance, the House of the Vestal Virgins, the classic prototype of future Christian nunneries, rebuilt by the Empress Julia Domna after the fire of A.D. 191. Its excavation has revealed to us many particulars concerning the history and daily life of the sisterhood, which dates back to prehistoric times, when each village kept a public fire burning day and night in a central hut. The care of keeping the flames alight was entrusted to young girls, because girls, as a rule, did not follow their parents and brothers to the pasture grounds, and did not share with them the fatigue of fishing or hunting expeditions. In course of time this matter-of-fact practise became a religious institution, and the fire-hut became the temple of Vesta.

The cloisters, in whose solitude six priestesses were bound to serve the goddess for the space of thirty years, became little by little a museum of statuary and a gallery of art. In the space of forty-six days (December 15, 1883, to January 30, 1884) we found, in the peristyle surrounding the garden, fifteen marble pedestals, five historical inscriptions, eleven life-size statues, nine imperfect ones, twenty-seven busts and heads, eight hundred and thirty-four silver coins, one gold coin, two pieces of jewelry, and several columns of precious marble. Fifteen years later, on December 17, 1899, a mass of gold pieces was discovered in a drain near the west corner of the peristyle. It consisted of three hundred and ninety-seven *aurei*, which must have

been thrown into that strange place of concealment in a leather bag or a roll of cloth.

THE PROBABILITY OF NEW FINDS

In conclusion, I must answer a question naturally suggested by what I have said. Is the soil of Rome and of the Campagna archeologically exhausted? Is there any possibility of further important discoveries?

Since the development of the new city began, in 1871, about four square miles have been turned up for leveling and draining streets and squares, for building houses and public offices, for laying water-pipes, gas-pipes, and so forth. Leaving aside objects scattered here and there—mere crumbs fallen from the banqueting-tables of former excavators—I have found only three places of any considerable extent which had absolutely escaped investigation.

The first is the district now occupied by the Central Railway Station, where in 1871-72 two or three Roman houses were laid bare, full of exquisite bronze objects, the market value of which was calculated at about thirty thousand dollars.

The second virgin spot was found on Christmas Eve, 1874, in the gardens of Ælius Lamia, at the southwest corner of the present Piazza Vittorio Emmanuele. There were concealed in a cellar a bust of Commodus under the attributes of Hercules, the finest ever gathered from the ruins of the ancient city; the celebrated Venus Lamiana; the statues of the Muses Erato and Polyhymnia; two figures of tritons and one of Pan, besides several busts and heads.

The third is the southern section of the House of the Vestal Virgins, of

whose yield of coins, statues, and pedestals I have already spoken.

Only three virgin spots in an area of four square miles! This fact, while it gives us an idea of the gigantic work accomplished by seekers of antiquities since the renaissance of classic studies, warns us at the same time to entertain little hope of further discoveries in the quarters of Rome built since 1870. Quite different, however, is the state of things as regards the old districts by the Tiber. Here we find, clustered around the remains of the great buildings of the Campus Martius, houses, monasteries, churches, and palaces, whose foundations, resting on ancient walls, were laid in the Middle Ages, when nobody cared to search for works of art or for the records of the past, and when ancient marbles were considered fit only for the lime-kiln or for the stone-cutter's workshop.

The archeological wealth of this region passes belief. If a proper search were made among the remains of the Porticoes of Octavia and Philippus, of the Theaters of Pompey and Marcellus, of the Forums of Augustus and Cæsar, of the Admiralty (Neptunium), of the Circus Flaminius, and other structures which have remained to the present day covered and protected by houses, churches, and monasteries, there would be no room left in our museums for the storage of the treasures that would be unearthed.

Moreover, when the sacred soil of Rome and of the Campagna shall finally be exhausted, our successors may find a mine of wealth, material as well as archeological, in the bed of old Father Tiber.

TRANSCIENCE

The song I sang but yesterday,
 Alas, I sing no more!
 Its notes have died upon my lips,
 For I have passed the door
 That opens to another day,
 Which asks an unfamiliar lay.
 No time without its music is,
 But songs and singers pass
 Like prayers unanswered by the gods,
 Like shadows on the grass.
 And yet it is a goodly thing
 To live one day, one song to sing.

Richard L. Wightman

THE STORY ON THE FACTOR'S BOOK

BY VINGIE E. ROE

WITH A DRAWING (FRONTISPIECE) BY GEORGE WRIGHT

THE books of the factor tell parts of many tales. Sometimes it is but the beginning, often it is snatches out of the middle, but seldom the ending, for that lies so frequently far in the gloom of the great woods where hangs eternal silence, or out among the pot-holes in the desolate stillness of the Ragged Lands. On a grimy, much-marred page of the great volume which never leaves the factor's desk at Fort Du Cerne (showing that the pages of many years have been filled since then) there lies the name "Polier Le Moyne," written in a bold hand, and opposite it an account with the Hudson Bay Company, an account bursting with bales of rich furs on the credit side and with a showing of riotous living on the other—but an account that was never closed.

There are many who could tell you of Polier Le Moyne, of his great height and mighty strength, of the breadth of his bulky shoulders, of his manly beauty of black eyes, rich blood-color, and gleaming teeth, of his wonderful skill at trapping and hunting, and of his absolute joy of living. Also many tales would be told of his love-affairs, for who among those that came from the far fastnesses into Fort Du Cerne stood so well with the bright-checked maids? But their stories would stop abruptly with his last going away into the untracked ways of the dim forest to the north. For the rest, there was only the open account on the factor's book.

All this was years ago, and no one ever knew that the end of the story, taken up from that last entry and carried down to a day in the still, spirit-haunted silence of the region beyond the Windage Flats, was locked forever in the uncon-

scious breast of the old woman, Olee Bouyer—Olee Bouyer, vacant of eye and mind, withered of skin and with hair white as the snow that drifted against the old stockade in the long winters. And this was the ending of the untold chronicle, could Olee have remembered it.

There is nothing prettier at a certain period of her life than a French-Canadian girl, and the old trading-post, in the high days of the fur-trade, could boast as many beauties as the town of Henriette, farther back toward civilization. There was Marie Le Bault, who could show more gifts of the fine bead-work of the Crees, which her admirers brought her, than any other; there was Aline Courier, whose pretty face had caused more than one bloody fight; and there was small, golden-haired Bertel Cardac, for whose sake the company had lost its best employee. When Father Tenau came up on certain times to hear confessions, he was burdened to the depths of his big heart with love-affairs from all save one, a tall and slender girl, silent, haughty, her head, with its shining braids of purple-black, held with the conscious pride of beauty which knows itself to be unsurpassed. From a face which held men's hearts with a yearning, tense desire, there looked a pair of eyes somber, dark, unreadable as the dreary stretches of the wind-swept flats. As far beyond the beauty of all others as the flaming lilies above the small wood-trailer, she came and went with a pride of bearing which would have been insolence in any other. And this was Olee Bouyer, only daughter of old Pierre Bouyer, trapper.

Did a party of hunters or voyageurs

drift into Fort Du Cerne, what drew them into trouble and heart-break and sent them away with a sense of loss and sadness, every one? Not the liquor, which flowed freely in those days, but the scornful eyes under the bands of Olee's black hair. Not a man at the post who did not follow the tall figure and haughty, glorious face with a nameless yearning in his heart, a heavy pumping of blood in his veins. And no one, except his own soul, ever knew why Father Tenau did the deepest penance of his blameless life in the cold, stone cell at Henriette.

All men, did I say, fell under the spell of the girl's beauty? No, not all; there was one who sent his glances everywhere save on Olee Bouyer, who went his way as if she did not exist, too proud or stubborn to follow in the common current. And this fact was the sweet morsel under the tongue of every unmarried woman at the post. One man there was among the many that knew her who did not acknowledge the supremacy of the queen. This man was Polier Le Moyne. Nor was it unnatural that these two proud hearts should stand out against each other until both were broken in the conflict. For this girl, haughty of mien and soul, Polier was the one man who appealed to every atom of her intense nature, fired her with love, hatred, and jealousy, and, by his indifference, laid on her a whip of humiliation. But of such unyielding coldness and such unmoved disdain was her bearing that the living fire in her heart sent out no banner of betrayal to the eager eyes on watch.

For Marie Le Bault, Olee felt a hatred as fierce as the dying fury of the savage beast trapped in the dark reaches of the somber forest—Marie Le Bault, who met him sometimes at the great gate and walked openly with him, throwing back her sparkling laugh at the smiles of the men and the hints of the matrons. There was a gift of hard-bought candles with the stamp of the H. B. Co. in their sides on the altar of the little church, and Father Tenau, shrewdly guessing, burned them with an added prayer.

But there came at last a time when, in the dusk of a winter's evening, in a lonely forest-way beyond the palisade of

Fort Du Cerne, the girl stood face to face with Polier Le Moyne—Le Moyne, the cold, the indifferent, the smiling. And it was only in accordance with the fate that held these two that the man, knowing the time had come, should reach out his great arms, and lift her, panting with sudden passion, to the height of his broad breast. This was a consummation—and a beginning. The surrender of both at once, and the flame that enwrapped them both from this time forth was indeed fire, as fierce, as wonderful, as appalling as the lights that shot across the black lakes on the windy nights when the trappers stayed in their cabins and the Cree runners crouched in their willow huts.

But no one knew that the water had found its level, for it was the whim of the girl that their love should be a secret, and this was a punishment for her lover's long pretense of indifference. She passed him in utter silence when they met under the eager eyes of the populace. Polier smiled as he watched her, his blood afire with the love that got no expression save in their lonely, infrequent meetings, when his eyes glowed above her head with the joy of the uncertain victor who is conquering a mighty force. She had promised to marry him in the fall, suddenly, without warning; and their secret love was to be her revenge upon Marie Le Bault and those who had smiled at her failure to win this man. In the meantime, a small cabin grew up secretly on the shore of the Black Lakes. It was two days distant, and its eerie solitude well fitted it for the part it was to play in the unfinished story on the factor's book. There was a riot of untempered joy in the strange, wild heart of Olee Bouyer, and the smoldering light in her eyes belied the cold smile on her lips.

II

It was about this time that a painter came to Henriette, a stray genius, his courtly manners strangely out of place in that rough wilderness. He had come from France, bringing across seas his own unwritten tale, to bury, in the forests of the New World, one knew not what burning memories of high estate, of love, and, mayhap, of banishment. He had brought with him, too, his art-

ist's skill. The very soul that looked out of a face looked out of it again beneath his magic brush. The rumor spread through Fort Du Cerne that this wonderful man was to come to the post for the sole purpose of painting the portrait of Marie Le Bault. But the strange part of it all was the fact that no one, not even Marie herself, so said the people, knew from whose traps were to come the furs for the fabulous price of the picture.

The painter came and began his work. A small man he was, and silent; the most adroit questioning elicited nothing. Speculation was rife. There was no living with Marie in those days, and the artist faithfully portrayed on the bit of ivory the self-complacency of her soul. If there was mystery, there was no lack of conclusions, and Olee heard a whisper that struck her dumb with a great, sickening horror of suspicion, a horror so vast, so overwhelming that she walked like one dazed through the days that followed. She never knew, nor would have cared had she known, that the watchful eyes of the painter gazed intently upon her, wherever she appeared, studying each curve, and hue, and outline, as if he would stamp her wondrous face indelibly in his memory. But at last the face of Marie was finished—an ivory miniature in a quaint gold frame—and hung in the factor's room, "awaiting further orders," as the man said who had made it; and every one came to see its dainty beauty, until one day, after the painter had returned to Henriette, it disappeared, and the factor only smiled.

But what about the man whose name was on the lips of every one in connection with the picture? He had gone up the long trail for the first far trip of the early fall, leaving in Fort Du Cerne a woman behind whose haughty face the fires of hell were beginning to glow redly. The adder of suspicion stung her ever more and more sharply, and, in the days when she brooded with heavy eyes of agony, she looked into the future and beheld her tragedy. He had told her that he would go to Henriette and up to the cabin on the Black Lakes before he returned; and what did that mean save the taking of furs to the painter and the hanging of the picture in the quaint gold frame on the walls of the house that he

had built for her? She paced wildly back and forth with clenched hands, and the look in her somber eyes was cruel and fierce as a tiger's. The climax to her suffering came, sharp, decisive, electric—the young Pierre Vernaise, posing in the general store, remarked:

"I met in Henriette M'sieu Le Moyne. He was there on some mysterious business concerning the silent painter."

Three days after Pierre had made his smiling speech, the sun rising over the eastern edge of the forest looked down on a strange sight. Before the cabin on the shore of the Black Lakes, his strong hands bound behind him and a bright silk scarf across his lips, lay Polier Le Moyne. A little way from him a girl, in whose still face there was no sign of life except the horrible light in the glinting eyes, knelt and drove into the ground with ringing strokes a strong stake. A gun leaned against her knee as she worked. She drove four stakes, their heads pointing outward. In silence she rolled the man between them and began attaching a rawhide thong to his moccasined feet above the ankle. In a flash he understood and made a mighty spring with the length of his whole body, but the girl was upon him like a panther, and he stumbled down with the chill of steel against his throat.

"Perhaps M'sieu Le Moyne, the traitor, would prefer the knife?" she said. With watching eyes and ready blade, she tied him hand and foot, then rose and looked down at him.

"So it was to have been Marie Le Bault who lived in the new cabin—Marie whose face in the gold frame cost M'sieu Le Moyne so many furs. A quaint conceit, *m'sieu*, and how the bride would have laughed at it on the walls of the house built—for me. But the bride will wait, and the factor will wait for the return of the trapper from the Windage Flats, and Father Tenau will wait for the gift of the ceremony."

The man's eyes begged wildly for speech, but with a bow and a cold smile Olee turned toward the forest. A dozen steps away she looked back.

"Pardon, *m'sieu*, but I will console Marie."

And so she left him, staked out beneath the hazy sky, in the silence of the

great woods and the barren reaches of the Ragged Lands beyond.

III

FATHER TENAU had come up from Henriette for the confession. The trappers and half-breeds were gathering in for the remission of sins, before the long journeys into the wilderness, and there was much gaiety in Fort Du Cerne. Olee had been back two days, silent, triumphant, inscrutable, and none knew where she had been.

But the end of the story was nearer than she knew, and it came with the usual suddenness of such things. She had passed the laughing Marie before the house of the factor, and her fingers curled to the hilt of a knife in the folds of her skirt; but the long revenge was best, after all, when she should see the color fade from the bright cheeks and the light from the eyes with the shame of waiting for the lover who never came. It would be——

"My daughter," said the good father, and his gentle face was before her. She bowed her regal head for his blessing and dropped her burning eyes. Thoughts of her revenge ran through her mind, drowning out his soft voice. She waited, not knowing that he had blessed her, lost in her unholy dream. Suddenly, *mon dieu*, what was he saying? Through a maze of incomprehension came the words: "It is vanity, the painting of your face, my daughter, for the beauty must be of the soul; but there is nothing like a headstrong lover. And it is a good likeness, made, too, from the painter's memory of you, and Polier——"

The father stopped breathless with the impact of her body. She had sprung upon him, and clutched him with fingers that drew blood.

"I? I?" she gasped. "My face?"

At his answer, out upon the crisp air rang a cry that reached every corner of the post, a scream of anguish, the voice of a strong soul in hell. She stood one moment as stone, and a forecast of the vacant look of the old Olee came into the young eyes for whose sake so many men would have given their hearts' blood. One moment, and then she was away, running like a hound, low to

earth, guarding strength for the long trail. Father Tenau watched her go and wondered. But she was ever a strange, lawless being, eerie and not to be understood. The father sighed and went among his people.

With long, crouching strides Olee leaped like a panther through the dim woods, under the low-hanging branches. It was the impossible, men might say, that she accomplished that day. To the cabin on the Black Lakes and the thing she had left there it was a two days' journey, and she made it a matter of hours. At noon she might have been seen, had there been any to see, skirting the Windage Flats, and two hours later she was far among the pot-holes, running still with long, low leaps.

The sun was dropping toward the rim of the forest, sending over all the North Land great flaming bands of fire, turning to deepest red the waters of the still lakes, when she stood, wide-eyed and silent, at the edge of the small clearing. Her eyes, burning and flashing, traveled round the circle to the space before the door. Some lingering hope of the strength of the splendid arms of Polier Le Moyne, or of the unsoundness of the thongs, had sustained her and lent her speed in her race over the wild trail. With a savage snap of her beautiful teeth she sprang forward. A heaving cloud of vultures rose, spreading like the smoke when the Devil's Hole burns in the Red Hills. Down on her knees between the stakes, her body swaying drunkenly, she thrust her hands among the tattered rags. Over the side where his proud heart had beaten, she found it and brought it up—a bit of ivory in a quaint gold frame. She held it a moment in her hands, then turned it upward toward the fading light. Her own fair face, haughty, cold, insolent in its marvelous beauty, looked up at her with its dark, somber, inscrutable eyes.

A band of the Blackfeet came into Fort Du Cerne in the early spring, and brought a woman, tall, beautiful, silent, with a face like a queen of heaven, but with great eyes that saw not and long braids of snowy hair. But months before that the factor had married Marie Le Bault.

THE ROOSEVELT OF THE ARMY

BY ALLEN D. ALBERT, JR.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES FRANKLIN BELL, A REAL FIGHTER WHO WITHIN EIGHT YEARS HAS EARNED HIS WAY FROM A LIEUTENANCY TO THE POSITION OF CHIEF OF STAFF—THE HIGH QUALITIES THAT COMMEND HIM TO HIS PRESENT WORK

A CHANGE was made in the directing control of the regular army of the United States a short time ago from which practically the whole corps of army officers, as well as the President and the Secretary of War, expect great military progress. It was the promotion of a comparatively young man, an officer relatively low on the roster—Brigadier-General James Franklin Bell—to be chief of staff. By that act the President and Secretary did two radical things: they gave approval to certain clearly defined policies of army development with which General Bell has become prominently identified; and they made it possible for that officer to fix those policies upon the army by a term of service which, easily enough, may cover fourteen years.

The selection of General Bell was remarked outside the army chiefly for the fact that the new chief of staff was ranked by a dozen other officers. Yet it was not more unusual in that respect than it was natural to the President. For Bell represents in the army precisely the things Theodore Roosevelt represents in civil life. Both are great students, physically active and strong of body, with minds never at rest, eager fighters for progress, born politicians of the best type that our public life has yet produced, and both have risen to positions of great power in the face of great discouragement. A personality of that caliber could not long be hidden from the President in any body of men over which he was commander-in-chief; and when

his own judgment was reenforced by testimony taken out of Secretary Taft's experience in the Philippines, it is not at all surprising that to such an officer was given the responsibility of shaping the growth of the army, no matter if there were a hundred others to be passed over.

THE POWER OF THE CHIEF OF STAFF

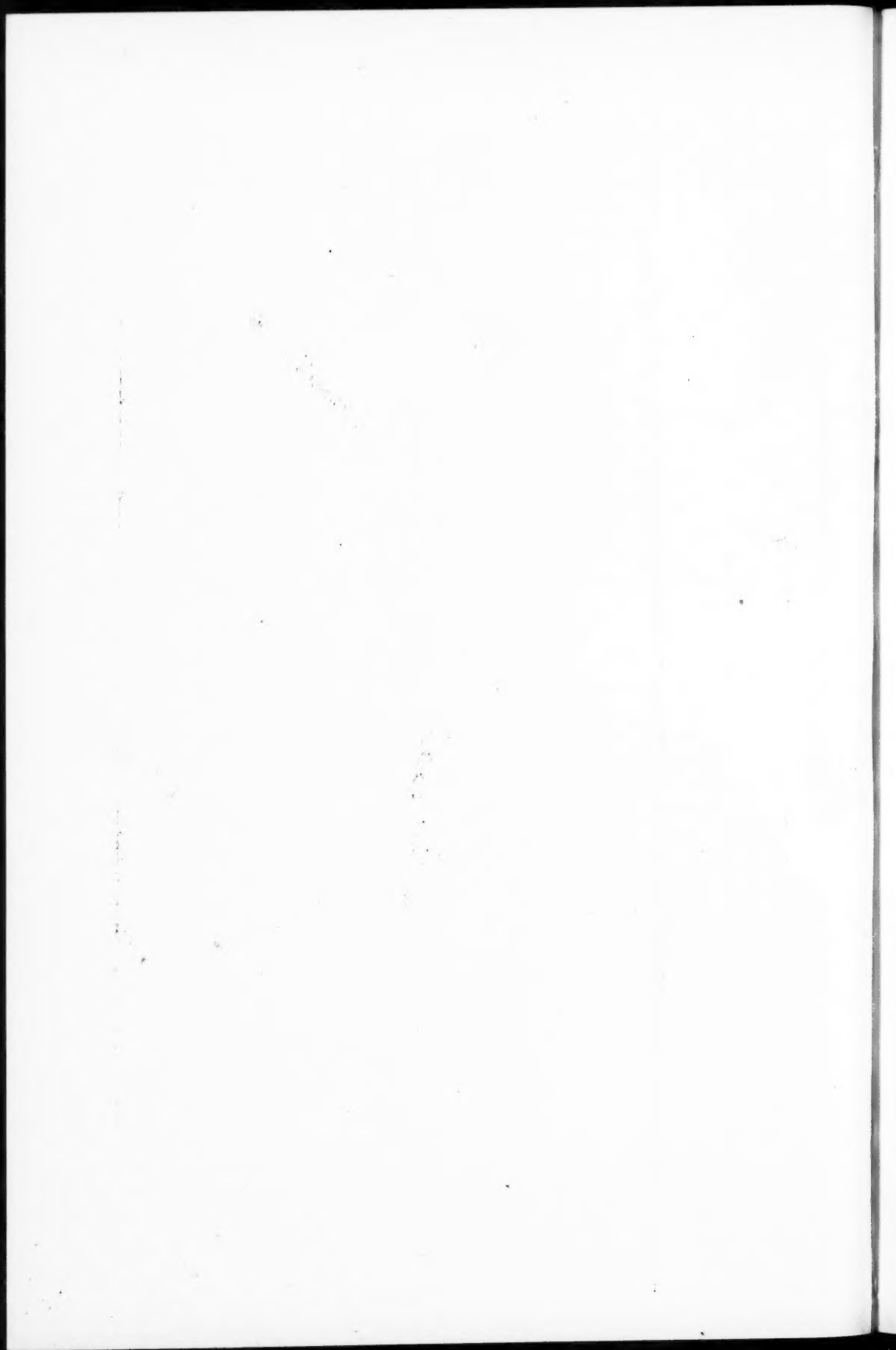
Appointment to the post of chief of staff really means appointment to the military command of the army. When the ostensible rank of other officers is greater than that of the chief, it may be—as it is now—the practise for orders to issue from the Secretary of War. But nobody in the army is under any illusions as to the source from which the orders really come. The Secretary and over him the President determine only the broadest policies of army control. Thus, they approve or disapprove of camps of instruction or field maneuvers; but once they reach their conclusion, everything else is entrusted to the chief of staff. He directs the operations of the whole army, its education, its equipment, its study of army progress in other nations, and, except in cases of open estrangement, he has an effective influence with the civil heads of the army in the determination of even the broadest policies.

This is the job which General Bell assumed on April 17. Three qualities recommend him for it. If a poll were taken of his fellows in the service, they would probably place those qualities in this order: ability as a general in the



BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES FRANKLIN BELL, CHIEF OF STAFF, UNITED STATES ARMY

From a photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington



field; ability as an administrative officer; ability to guide the educational and other development of the army.

A REAL FIGHTER

It is interesting to talk of General Bell to almost any other general officer who has seen real fighting. His eyes shine, he smiles reminiscently, and very likely he gives a grunt which reveals more of admiration than an hour's talk. "Office soldiers" are not in high favor in the American army. The men who make it what it is like real fighters, and Bell is one of the best the service has ever known.

At the outbreak of the War with Spain the new chief of staff was forty-five years old and a first lieutenant. Remarkable as that seems, it is the truth. And he had been a lieutenant for twenty years. But in less than eight years after his first chance at anything more than garrison duty he has earned his way from a lieutenantancy to the head of the army—and he has done so mainly by fighting.

Some of this fighting has been of the personal, hand-to-hand, melodramatic kind they have on the stage. The act for which he was awarded his medal of honor is illustrative. Down in Luzon, in September, 1899, Bell was leading a regiment in an attack on a band of insurgents hidden in a bamboo thicket. He had discovered that the Filipino was a persistent and dangerous foe at every distance greater than a hundred yards, but tumbled over in fright before an opponent who bore down on him with a deal of noise. So, shouting at the top of his throat, he beat his way into the ambush and alone took captive the commanding officer of the enemy and two privates. After that his motto for his men was, "Shout and Shoot." If they followed his example, they did both.

BELL'S CAREER IN THE PHILIPPINES

The Philippines were the scene of a score of such happenings; but the islands afford examples, also, of the bigger things the army officer means when he speaks of Bell as a fighter. When the war began Bell was sent out to the Philippines as a major of engineers in the volunteer service. He participated in the fighting, such as it was, with the

Spaniards, and subsequently, as head of General Otis's intelligence department, he did valuable work in watching the movements of Aguinaldo and the other Filipino leaders. When the native rebellion came to a head, he obtained permission to go to the front. At first as captain of a company of Montana volunteers, and later as colonel of the newly organized Thirty-Sixth Volunteer Infantry, he was in the van of the advance upon the insurgent capital, moving along the railroad between Manila and Dagupan so rapidly that the enemy never had time to take up the rails.

SNUFFING OUT THE INSURRECTION

In December, 1899, he became a brigadier-general of volunteers, and early in the following year he was appointed to the command of one of the northwestern districts of Luzon, with headquarters at Dagupan. The embers of rebellion were still smoldering in the corners of his territory. Forthwith Bell inaugurated a policy of garrisoning every town of any size or importance in the entire district. The result was absolute peace before any one had thought it even a possibility. So it happened that Dagupan was distinguished as the center of one of the first civil administrations installed in the Philippines.

In Batangas Province had broken out a revolution which threatened to prove costly in American lives. The subdivision includes twelve hundred square miles, and in it at that time were gathered about two hundred thousand natives, all supposed to be thirsting for invaders' blood and skilled in bush-fighting like our Indians of the West. To pacify these people and this district was Bell's next task.

Dagupan had taught him a lesson. Accordingly he began operations by separating the sheep from the goats. That is about all that his much-condemned policy of reconcentration meant. Those who were willing to submit to American rule could come inside the fold and be protected; those who were not willing could stay outside and be killed. A long treatise on this plan of campaign rests in the files of the War Department to-day, and in it at frequent intervals occur such words as "philanthropic"

and "successful," all used with apparent justification; but when you have read it through you have got no further than the sheep and the goats and the need for keeping them apart, lest the sheep emulate the fighting qualities of the goats. The secret of the extraordinary success which General Bell achieved in Batangas lies just there—so closely allied are common sense and the art of modern warfare.

PROMPTNESS AND COMMON SENSE

A suggestion of the administrative ability which his present department associates admire so greatly in General Bell can be found in his conduct of those two enterprises. It consists mainly of a rare capacity for keeping his feet firm on the ground. A thousand other officers might have earned his medal of honor; hardly any one other would have thought to garrison Dagupan or limit the fighting in Batangas to men desperate enough to keep constantly at it.

But there is a better illustration of this phase of General Bell's strength than any which comes across the Pacific. It is only a few months old. At a day's notice he found himself confronted with the responsibility of garrisoning the wrecked city of San Francisco and shipping thither about a million dollars' worth of supplies. Army traditions threatened him at every step—one thing was supposed not to be done except by publishing invitations for competitive bids; another, except by signing contracts in duplication; and so on until the people of San Francisco might have been starved to death half a dozen times. The whole batch of restrictions was calmly set aside. Instead of publishing invitations, General Bell bought supplies where he could get them with the least delay in delivering them to the sufferers; instead of signed contracts, he chartered express-cars, baggage-cars, and whole trains by telegraph; and before a less vigorous man could have laid his plans, the new chief of staff had his men and his goods alike at their destination.

Tact is one of the first qualities of administrative ability. Apparently, even the President sets great store by it—at any rate, he is said to be greatly pleased

with a recent happening which indicates that the new chief of staff possesses it in plenty. One of the major-generals who nominally rank Brigadier-General Bell is now acting as military secretary, a new office made necessary by the issuing of orders in the name of the Secretary of War. It sometimes happens that both the Secretary of War and the Assistant Secretary of War are away from Washington at the same time. To provide for that contingency, an order was prepared by the President not long ago to the effect that at such times the chief of staff should act as Secretary of War, an arrangement which would have the effect of placing General Bell, a brigadier, in direct authority over the military secretary, a major-general. The order was never published. Instead came one which named the military secretary as the acting Secretary of War; and it was issued on the direct and urgent request of the chief of staff.

It was just as well that General Bell was not saddled with any extra work. He has enough to do. The mere supervision of the army schools is as big a task as that which keeps President Eliot busy at Harvard or President Hadley at Yale.

HOW ARMY OFFICERS ARE TRAINED

Few Americans realize how far service in their army is a matter of going to school. All graduates of West Point have three years of it under garrison teachers. The best of them then spend a year at the Infantry and Cavalry School at Fort Leavenworth, and the best of those put in a year more at the Staff College. Then the best of the Staff College students go to Washington for a year at the War College. Every regiment has about two officers at this last-named institution. When they go back to their garrison two others take their places. In ten years there will be, probably, twenty officers in each regiment trained as thoroughly as the best military schools in the world can train them.

This whole system is a proof of General Bell's capacity for guiding the educational development of the army. It owes its existence to him more than to any other officer in the service. Through

all the long years of his low rank, when study was not at a premium in the army, he organized schools in his troop, or as post-adjutant at Fort Riley provided the outline and supplied the push for what is now known officially as the School of Application for Infantry and Cavalry at that post. It was he who reopened the school at Fort Leavenworth after the war with Spain and expanded it into a staff college.

That none of these colleges have become mere factories of theory is due to him—for the first principle of a Bell course is "just enough theory to do the thing practically." When a young officer has studied map-making at Fort Riley or Fort Leavenworth he is sent out on horseback to make one on the trot.

THE PRACTICAL STUDY OF WAR

The unyielding purpose to keep the whole course of instruction down to earth reaches even to the War College. The instructors there are members of the chief's council—the general staff. They offer the student the most advanced practise he can hope to obtain. And yet he is not occupied there with calculating resistance or estimating mathematically the effect of wind on the velocity of a bullet. He is made, instead, to learn the history of moving troops by railroad, to study the uses of dirigible balloons and sky photography, to devise means of supplying the American newspaper with information its readers ought to have and yet not duplicate the experience of the Russians whose plans went round the world from Manchuria and reached Japan in twenty-four hours.

To the lay mind the resolute will to study which enabled this man to be ready for his chance when it came and to develop a system of schools for his officers

which promises to make the American army the best taught in the world will seem to be his greatest strength. The War Department will remember him a great many years for the confidence with which he is brushing away red tape and circumlocution. But the army, with all respect for those qualities, ranks him as the first man on its roster for fighting in the field—and the rest of us will do well if we accept him at the army's valuation.

"I am convinced," said General Bell in a recent speech, "that the highest standard of individual intelligence which any army has ever reached is exemplified in the soldiers of our own nation. I earnestly pray that the idea so tenaciously clung to in our old army, that a soldier was not expected to think, his only duty being to obey, has had its day, and will forever be left to repose upon the scrap-heap of discarded military notions. An officer trained in the old traditions of prompt and unquestioning obedience, without any desire to understand, may look askance at any militia or volunteer idea of appealing to reason, because it seems to smack too much of moral suasion in military discipline. I believe we of the regular army have for years failed to form a correct appreciation of the spirit underlying the volunteer idea. I am convinced that the idea is and always has been sound; its weakness has lain in methods of carrying it out."

These were remarkable words to come from a West Point graduate of nearly thirty years' standing, a lifelong student of military science, and the holder of the highest executive post in our regular establishment. They are a significant expression of the principles that guide General Bell in his work for the army of the United States.

IN THE WOOD

O TREE, perhaps alive as I—
One process lacking of my clay—
Give me your outlook to the sky,
The airy cheer that fills your day!

Your grace of perfect service teach;
Your splendid dare of things that are;
The noble patience that can reach
Across the years from sod to star.

Catherine Markham

THE RESCUE

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

AUTHOR OF "MOONSHINE," "THE BLISS OF SOLITUDE," ETC.

THE old man controlled himself with a violent effort, and stopped his storming commands, daunted by the face of fierce opposition which the girl turned to him. He wheeled about and relieved his mind by a few clamorous, angry chords on the great piano against which he was leaning. There was a moment's silence before he faced her again—a silence full of faint reminiscent murmurs and echoes from the music-soaked walls of the bare little room. The tense rigidity of the girl's slenderness relaxed a little; and when the master again looked at her, the stormy light of revolt was gone from her eyes, leaving their usual curious, half-absent brooding.

The old man shook back his long white hair, and began afresh in a new manner.

"I am not so unreasonable as you think," he said in an argumentative tone. "I know well enough I have no legal right to order your life in any way; but"—his voice broke in a grieved quaver—"some rights I have—your old master?"

The girl's eyes softened.

"Every right a human parent can have over his child you have, a thousand times stronger, over me—you, who are the parent of my soul, who have made me what I am. But no parent has the right to forbid his child *life*!"

"I don't forbid you life! I am human as well as you, and I have been young! There have been women in my life, and from them I have drawn my best inspiration. I did not marry because I felt my art would suffer—love and marriage are two different things; but I don't forbid you even marriage—least of all, love! Love all you can, marry if you must; but, in the name of heaven, do not select the one man who is separated from you by an impassable chasm. You admit yourself that he has no musical feeling!"

"He does not know one note from another," said the girl firmly, "and I love him for it."

"You are insane! You are simply unfit to govern your life!" cried the other, in an irresistible burst of choking fury. "What mad idea have you in your head to say that?" He calmed himself again, one shaking hand at his wrinkled old throat. "And an American who is not rich! And a college professor! You, with your training and knowledge of the world of live men and women, to bury yourself in the gossiping, deadening existence of any company of schoolmasters—but in America! And Western America! You can have no faintest remnant of reason left, to think of such a thing!"

The disciple smiled.

"It has been long since you have been in love, *maestro mio*!" she said.

"In love! Do you know what that means in America? It means a lure to get you—you, Federiga Potowska—to do his housework, to make and maintain a tiresome social position for him, to bear his children, and to sink every spark of your individual life and health and strength in bringing them up!"

Federiga hesitated and then said with a sudden half bold, half terrified rush:

"What better can I do with my vigor and health?"

The old man screamed aloud in a sort of frenzy.

"You blaspheme! You blaspheme! You are beside yourself!"

And then he sank on the seat before the piano, and, laying his head on the keys, he wept aloud, like a child or a heart-broken old man. The girl's face was drawn in nervous lines of agitation, and she spoke pleadingly.

"Oh, no, I didn't mean that. Henry will never require me to give up my

music. Dear master, you love me; why deny me the right to take this one golden opportunity of my life?"

"The one golden opportunity! Have you no memory? How many men have you refused—men who were mad for love of you, who could appreciate your music, which is your soul, as well as your body and mind. But this half man, this barbarian who owns himself tone deaf!"

"That is just it—can't you see? He is the only man who has ever loved me—*me!* My music is not myself, it is only a manifestation."

"It is not that I am going over the old ground that a woman of genius should not marry at all, but it is as if the most beautiful woman in the world should insist on marrying a blind man."

"Master, tell me truly; I am speaking to you from my heart. If I had married Alexis Nicolaievitch, as you wished—Alexis Nicolaievitch, who would have given me passionate love, position, freedom from care, and an almost insane admiration for my music—and if, on my wedding-day, my right hand had become paralyzed, *what would have happened?*"

The old man defended himself from this thrust almost indignantly as from an unfair weapon.

"Why, of course! What do you expect? Your music is a part of you. What have you a right to ask of human men?"

Federiga's eyes suddenly blazed with a wild joy.

"That's it! That's it! That's all one has a *right* to expect! But by some unheard-of good fortune I escape the common fate. I alone can be sure that I am really loved. It is as if a beautiful woman should marry a blind man! Do you suppose, after a woman has lived long enough to see the barrier that beauty puts between her and men, after she has seen the sort of love it calls forth—do you suppose, if she could find a blind man who would love her, herself, truly and passionately, that she would not leave all the world to follow him?"

The old man stared at her in blank bewilderment.

"You are simply mad! You have refined on insane subtleties until you cannot see the simplest truths of nature. What is beauty for, but to draw the hearts of men? What are you but your music?"

"So I have always feared! I had come to feel it as inevitable, as part of the sadness of human life. I have thought that the most beautiful woman never could find a blind man who would love her; that, in truth, she was nothing but her beauty."

The musician beat frantically upon the keys, evoking a clangorous discord of maddened exasperation.

"God in heaven grant me patience! That such a fool should have such a genius! How *can* a man love a woman but for her qualities? You would not *be* you without your music!"

"So I feared, so I feared, although I cherished the wild hope that all women have, until it is crushed out of them, that somewhere there would be a man who would, by loving it, prove that I had something beyond the outward show that all the world may see. Music has been like a prison to me, which has shut me away from all humanity. Henry Livingstone has delivered me from my bondage, and I am so happy that it seems at times I must die of joy."

"But me—do you never think of me? I have given these last ten years of my life to you; and without a quiver of remorse, without a sign of self-reproach for your desertion, you leave me."

Tears stood, large and glittering, in the girl's eyes.

"Oh, master, that is the hard part! There is where you make it bitter for me! Do you think I have no remorse?"

The old man seized with pathetic eagerness upon this sign of weakening.

"Child, child, tell me it is all a bad dream—a fancy that has passed!" The tears rolled down the girl's cheeks, paled by the stress of the struggle. She was so evidently laboring under some overpowering emotion that the other started up, eager hope in his eyes. "You have seen reason, Federiga! You are rescued!"

He pushed her with an affectionate roughness into a chair, and bent his stiff old frame to kneel beside her, his face all alight with hypnotic fervor, and so impassioned an earnestness breathing from him that Federiga sank back, her hand over her eyes. She did not move from this position during a long time, while the master painted with a flaming wealth of words the golden and glorious future

which lay before her. Wrought up by the intensity of his feeling, he had an inspired certainty that he was succeeding, that he was hitting the weak places in her arguments, that the curious, intangible barriers in the girl's mind were giving way before the irresistible rush of his eloquence. He held up her hand, her long white artist hand, and felt that he made her realize to the point of breaking nerves the entrancing possibilities that lay in its firm grasp. He appealed to her ambition, the highest form of it he could imagine; he appealed to her love for him, and to the debt she owed him; he argued, with cruelly sharp divination of her character, that the life she had planned would be a desolate one, a continual horror of abnegation of the best in her. He felt himself in one of those crises of emotion when speech is no longer a barrier to expression, when the flame of feeling burns itself palpably to view.

And yet, as his agitation grew, and as he felt hers respond to it, even this heaven-sent gift of speech was not enough. He struggled in the grasp of a passion higher and keener than he could put into words, and, with a musician's instinct, he turned to the piano. Federiga saw his purpose, and, breaking the quivering stillness in which she had listened to him, she cried in an agony of fear:

"Oh, no! Not that! Don't play to me! Don't play to me!"

She sprang from her chair and rushed across the room toward the door, as if to escape. The old man, quicker and stronger than she, put her on one side roughly, locked the door, and darted back to the piano, his eyes alight with an imperious certainty of victory. Federiga sank down by the door, in the farthest corner of the room, and put her hands over her ears with a frenzied gesture; but after the first puissant chords resounded, her hands dropped despairingly, and she turned to gaze helplessly at the magician of sound who was weaving relentlessly the most mighty of his spells.

Even as he played, the old master knew that he was touching the highest achievement of his life. All the forces of his nature were fused into one overwhelming and indomitable resolve to protect the sanctuary of all he held most sacred. It was as if his life had been one

long preparation for this moment, so consciously did he pour into his music all the potent vitality gained from battles won in a life of combat for an ideal.

After an interval, the defenseless girl on the other side of the room rose to her feet as though under a spell, and made her way blindly across the floor to the piano. The player did not look up, but into the already maddeningly poignant splendor of his harmonies he infused a yet more piercing quality of intimate beauty. For a long time the three—the invincible master, the conquered woman, and the gloriously resounding instrument—throbbed and glowed and lived as one. And then the old man suddenly stopped and looked full at Federiga.

The room hummed and whispered about them with the haunting murmurs of a huge sea-shell. The girl's slender body shook almost visibly, and across the unearthly pallor of her face there still vibrated inaudible echoes, like the unheard voice of a stringless and dumb violin that answers with all its fibers the long-drawn call of another instrument.

"Ah, Federiga, am I not right? Is there anything else to live for? See, I put it on the highest ground. Do not live for your music because of the joy of it—even because of the heavenly joy of it—but for the sake of the divine thing itself. You are a priestess chosen by fate to minister at the altar. You are necessary to the sacred art. Consecrate yourself to it—to the thing which makes us both what we are."

He rose and led her to the piano gently, as if not to break the spell which lay upon her. At the touch of the instrument the blood came to her face in a rush. She sank upon the seat before it, and spread out her arms upon it with a fierce, hungry gesture of devotion which went to the old man's heart. She bowed her bright head above the keys, she laid her warm cheek upon their cold surface. She kissed their deathlike whiteness with her red lips in a fervor which the master took to be the passion of consecration.

"Heaven be praised!" she cried in a loud voice of joy. "You are too late!"

"Too late?" he asked.

"Too late! Too late! Too late! Thank God, I was married to Henry Livingstone this morning!"

THE ETHICS OF PIG

BY O. HENRY

ILLUSTRATED BY E. M. ASHE

ON an east-bound train I went into the smoker and found Jefferson Peters, the only man with a brain west of the Wabash River who can use his cerebrum, cerebellum, and medulla oblongata at the same time.

Jeff is in the line of unillegal graft. He is not to be dreaded by widows and orphans; he is a reducer of surplusage. His favorite disguise is that of the target-bird at which the spendthrift or the reckless investor may shy a few inconsequential dollars. He is readily vocalized by tobacco; so, with the aid of two thick and easy-burning brevas, I got the story of his latest Autolykan adventure.

"In my line of business," said Jeff, "the hardest thing is to find an upright, trustworthy, strictly honorable partner to work a graft with. Some of the best men I ever worked with in a swindle would resort to trickery at times.

"So, last summer, I thinks I will go over into this section of country where I hear the serpent has not yet entered, and see if I can find a partner naturally gifted with a talent for crime, but not yet contaminated by success.

"I found a village that seemed to show the right kind of a layout. The inhabitants hadn't found out that Adam had been dispossessed, and were going right along naming the animals and killing snakes just as if they were in the Garden of Eden. They call this town Mount Nebo, and it's up near the spot where Kentucky and West Virginia and North Carolina corner together. Them States don't meet? Well, it was in that neighborhood, anyway.

"After putting in a week proving I wasn't a revenue officer, I went over to the store where the rude fourflushers of

the hamlet lied, to see if I could get a line on the kind of man I wanted.

"Gentlemen," says I, after we had rubbed noses and gathered 'round the dried-apple barrel, 'I don't suppose there's another community in the whole world into which sin and chicanery has less extensively permeated than this. Life here, where all the women are brave and propitious and all the men honest and expedient, must, indeed, be an idol. It reminds me,' says I, 'of Goldstein's beautiful ballad entitled "The Deserted Village," which says:

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey;
What art can drive its charms away?

The judge rode slowly down the lane,
mother,

For I'm to be Queen of the May.'

"Why, yes, Mr. Peters," says the storekeeper. 'I reckon we air about as moral and torpid a community as there be on the mounting, according to censuses of opinion; but I reckon you ain't ever met Rufe Tatum.'

"Why, no," says the town constable, 'he can't hardly have ever. That air Rufe is shore the monstrousest scalawag that has escaped hangin' on the galluses. And that puts me in mind that I ought to have turned Rufe out of the lockup day before yesterday. The thirty days he got for killin' Yance Goodloe was up then. A day or two more won't hurt Rufe any, though.'

"Shucks, now," says I, in the mountain idiom, 'don't tell me there's a man in Mount Nebo as bad as that.'

"Worse," says the storekeeper. 'He steals hogs.'

"I thinks I will look up this Mr. Tatum; so a day or two after the constable turned him out I got acquainted

with him and invited him out on the edge of town to sit on a log and talk business.

"What I wanted was a partner with a natural rural make-up to play a part in some little one-act outrages that I was going to book with the Pitfall & Gin circuit in some of the Western towns; and this R. Tatum was born for the rôle as sure as nature cast Fairbanks for the stuff that kept *Eliza* from sinking into the river.

"He was about the size of a first baseman; and he had ambiguous blue eyes like the china dog on the mantelpiece that Aunt Harriet used to play with when she was a child. His hair waved a little bit like the statue of the dinkus-thrower in the Vacation at Rome, but the color of it reminded you of the 'Sunset in the Grand Cañon, by an American Artist,' that they hang over the stove-pipe holes in the salongs. He was the Reub, without needing a touch. You'd have known him for one, even if you'd seen him on the vaudeville stage with one cotton suspender and a straw over his ear.

"I told him what I wanted, and found him ready to jump at the job.

"'Overlooking such a trivial little peccadillo as the habit of manslaughter,' says I, 'what have you accomplished in the way of indirect brigandage or non-actionable thriftiness that you could point to, with or without pride, as an evidence of your qualifications for the position?'

"'Why,' says he, in his kind of Southern system of procrastinated accents, 'hain't you heard tell? There ain't any man, black or white, in the Blue Ridge that can tote off a shoat as easy as I can without bein' heard, seen, or cotched. I can lift a shoat,' he goes on, 'out of a pen, from under a piazza, at the trough, in the woods, day or night, anywhere or anyhow, and I guarantee nobody won't hear a squeal. It's all in the way you grab hold of 'em and carry 'em afterwards. Some day,' goes on this gentle despoiler of pig-pens, 'I hope to become reckernized as the champion shoat-stealer of the world.'

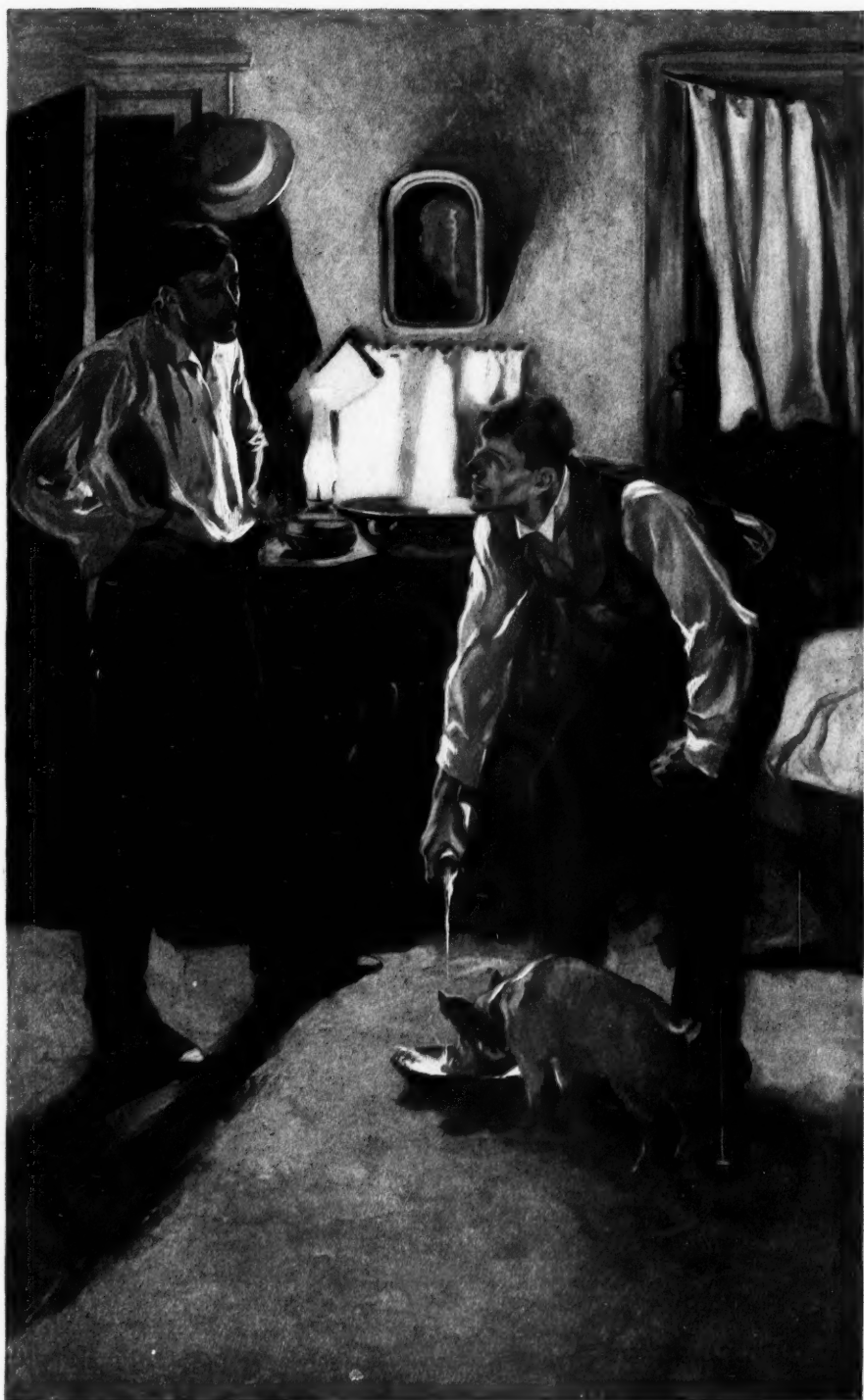
"'It's proper to be ambitious,' says I; 'and hog-stealing will do very well for Mount Nebo; but in the outside world,

Mr. Tatum, it would be considered as crude a piece of business as a bear raid on Bay State Gas. However, it will do as a guarantee of good faith. We'll go into partnership. I've got a thousand dollars cash capital; and with that homeward-plods atmosphere of yours we ought to be able to win out a few shares of Soon Parted, preferred, in the money market.'

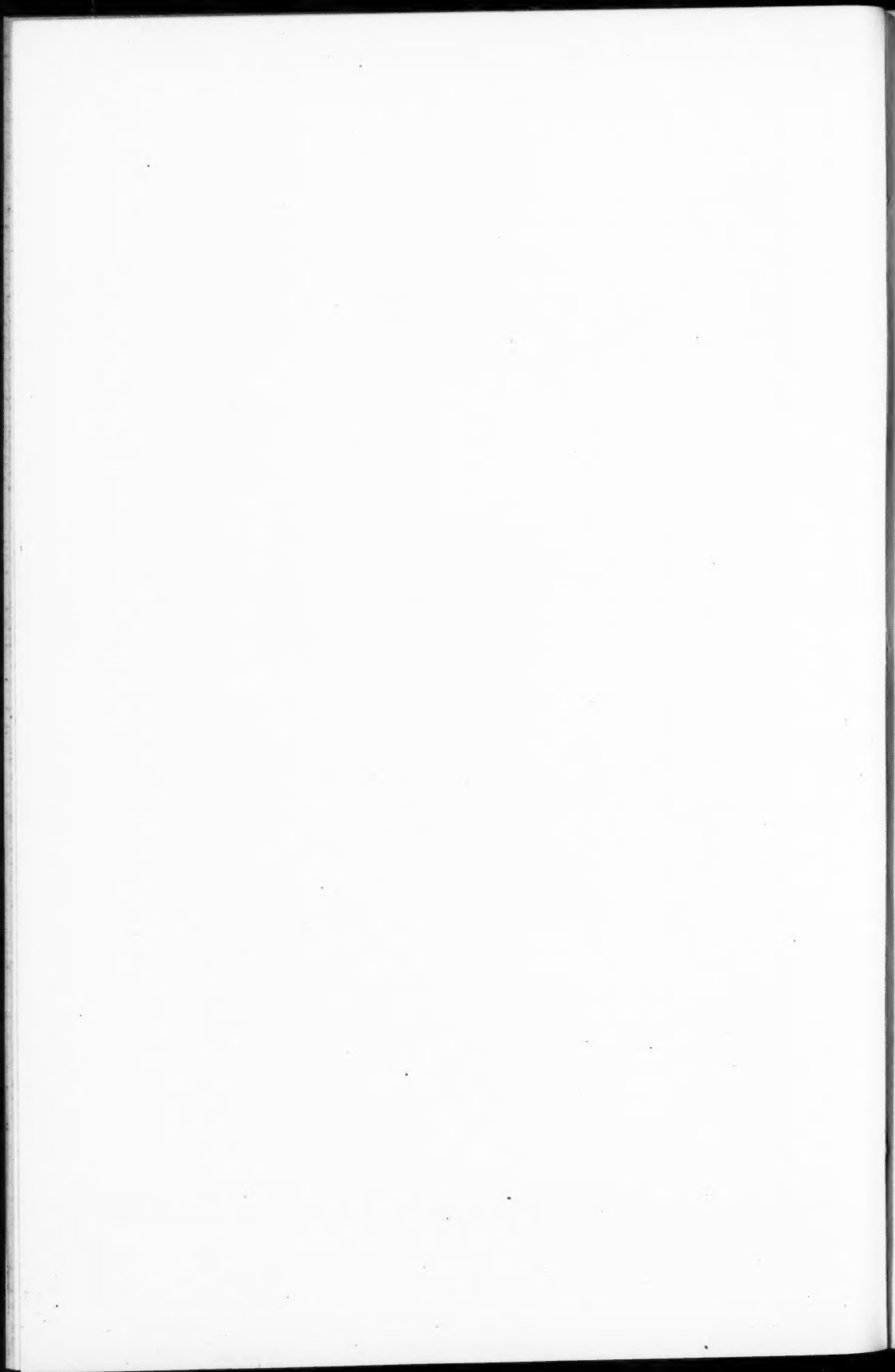
"So I attaches Rufe, and we go away from Mount Nebo down into the lowlands. And all the way I coach him for his part in the grafts I had in mind. I had idled away two months on the Florida coast, and was feeling all to the Ponce de Leon, besides having so many new schemes up my sleeve that I had to wear kimonos to hold 'em.

"I intended to assume a funnel shape and mow a path nine miles wide through the farming belt of the Middle West; so we headed in that direction. But when we got as far as Lexington we found Binkley Brothers' circus there, and the blue-grass peasantry romping into town and pounding the Belgian blocks with their hand-pegged sabots as artless and arbitrary as an extra session of a Datto Bryan duma. I never pass a circus without pulling the valve-cord and coming down for a little Key West money; so I engaged a couple of rooms and board for Rufe and me at a house near the circus grounds run by a widow lady named Peevy. Then I took Rufe to a clothing store and gents'-outfitted him. He showed up strong, as I knew he would, after he was rigged up in the ready-made rutabaga regalia. Me and old Misfitzky stuffed him into a bright blue suit with a Nile green visible plaid effect, and riveted on a fancy vest of a light Tuskegee Normal tan color, a red necktie, and the yellowest pair of shoes in town. They were the first clothes Rufe had ever worn except the gingham layette and the butternut top-dressing of his native kraal, and he looked as self-conscious as an Igorrote with a new nose-ring.

"That night I went down to the circus tents and opened a small shell game. Rufe was to be the capper. I gave him a roll of phony currency to bet with and kept a bunch of it in a special pocket to pay his winnings out of. No; I didn't



HE HAD GOTTEN UP AND LIT HIS LAMP, AND WAS POURING SOME MILK INTO A TIN PAN ON THE FLOOR FOR A DINGY-WHITE, HALF-GROWN, SQUEALING PIG



mistrust him; but I simply can't manipulate the ball to lose when I see real money bet. My fingers go on a strike every time I try it.

"I set up my little table and began to show them how easy it was to guess which shell the little pea was under. The unlettered hinds gathered in a thick semicircle and began to nudge elbows and banter one another to bet. Then was when Rufe ought to have singlefooted up and called the turn on the little joker for a few tens and fives to get them started. But, no Rufe. I'd seen him two or three times walking about and looking at the side-show pictures with his mouth full of peanut candy; but he never came nigh.

"The crowd piked a little; but trying to work the shells without a capper is like fishing without bait. I closed the game with only forty-two dollars of the unearned increment, while I had been counting on yanking the yeomen for two hundred at least. I went home at eleven and went to bed. I supposed that the circus had proved too alluring for Rufe, and that he had succumbed to it, concert and all; but I meant to give him a lecture on general business principles in the morning.

"Just after Morpheus had got both my shoulders to the shuck mattress I hears a houseful of unbecoming and ribald noises like a youngster screeching with green-apple colic. I opens my door and calls out in the hall for the widow lady, and when she sticks her head out, I says: 'Mrs. Peevy, ma'am, would you mind choking off that kid of yours so that honest people can get their rest?'

"'Sir,' says she, 'it's no child of mine. It's the pig squealing that your friend Mr. Tatum brought home to his room a couple of hours ago. And if you are uncle or second cousin or brother to it, I'd appreciate your stopping its mouth, sir, yourself, if you please.'

"I put on some of the polite outside habiliments of external society and went into Rufe's room. He had gotten up and lit his lamp, and was pouring some milk into a tin pan on the floor for a dingy-white, half-grown, squealing pig.

"'How is this, Rufe?' says I. 'You flimflammed in your part of the work to-

night, and put the game on crutches. And how do you explain the pig? It looks like backsliding to me.'

"'Now, don't be too hard on me, Jeff,' says he. 'You know how long I've been used to stealing shoats. It's got to be a habit with me. And to-night, when I see such a fine chance, I couldn't help takin' it.'

"'Well,' says I, 'maybe you've really got kleptopigia. And maybe when we get out of the pig belt you'll turn your mind to higher and more remunerative misconduct. Why you should want to stain your soul with such a distasteful, feeble-minded, perverted, roaring beast as that I can't understand.'

"'Why, Jeff,' says he, 'you ain't in sympathy with shoats. You don't understand 'em like I do. This here seems to me to be an animal of more than common powers of ration and intelligence. He walked half across the room on his hind legs a while ago.'

"'Well, I'm going back to bed,' says I. 'See if you can impress it upon your friend's ideas of intelligence that he's not to make so much noise.'

"'He was hungry,' says Rufe. 'He'll go to sleep and keep quiet now.'

"I always get up before breakfast and read the morning paper whenever I happen to be within the radius of a Hoe cylinder or a Washington hand-press. The next morning I got up early, and found the Lexington daily on the front porch where the carrier had thrown it. The first thing I saw in it was a double-column ad. on the front page that read like this:

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD.

The above amount will be paid, and no questions asked, for the return, alive and uninjured, of Beppo, the famous European educated pig, that strayed or was stolen from the side-show tents of Binkley Bros.' circus last night.

GEO. B. TAPLEY,
Business Manager.

At the circus grounds.

"I folded up the paper flat, put it into my inside pocket, and went to Rufe's room. He was nearly dressed, and was feeding the pig the rest of the milk and some apple-peelings.

"'Well, well, well, good morning all,' I says, hearty and amiable. 'So we are

up? And piggy is having his breakfast. What had you intended doing with that pig, Rufe?

"'I'm going to crate him up,' says Rufe, 'and express him to ma in Mount Nebo. He'll be company for her while I am away.'

"'He's a mighty fine pig,' says I, scratching him on the back.

"'You called him a lot of names last night,' says Rufe.

"'Oh, well,' says I, 'he looks better to me this morning. I was raised on a farm, and I'm very fond of pigs. I used to go to bed at sundown, so I never saw one by lamplight before. Tell you what I'll do, Rufe,' I says. 'I'll give you ten dollars for that pig.'

"'I reckon I wouldn't sell this shoat,' says he. 'If it was any other one I might.'

"'Why not this one?' I asked, fearful that he might know something.

"'Why, because,' says he, 'it was the grandest achievement of my life. There ain't airy other man that could have done it. If I ever have a fireside and children, I'll sit beside it and tell 'em how their daddy toted off a shoat from a whole circus full of people. And maybe my grandchildren, too. They'll certainly be proud a whole passel. Why,' says he, 'there was two tents, one openin' into the other. This shoat was on a platform, tied with a little chain. I seen a giant and a lady with a fine chance of bushy white hair in the other tent. I got the shoat and crawled out from under the canvas again without him squeakin' as loud as a mouse. I put him under my coat, and I must have passed a hundred folks before I got out where the streets was dark. I reckon I wouldn't sell that shoat, Jeff. I'd want ma to keep it, so there'd be a witness to what I done.'

"'The pig won't live long enough,' I says, 'to use as an exhibit in your senile fireside mendacity. Your grandchildren will have to take your word for it. I'll give you one hundred dollars for the animal.'

"Rufe looked at me astonished.

"'The shoat can't be worth anything like that to you,' he says. 'What do you want him for?'

"'Viewing me casuistically,' says I,

with a rare smile, 'you wouldn't think that I've got an artistic side to my temper. But I have. I'm a collector of pigs. I've scoured the world for unusual pigs. Over in the Wabash Valley I've got a hog ranch with most every specimen on it, from a Merino to a Poland China. This looks like a blooded pig to me, Rufe,' says I. 'I believe it's a genuine Berkshire. That's why I'd like to have it.'

"'I'd shore like to accommodate you,' says he, 'but I've got the artistic tene-ment, too. I don't see why it ain't art when you can steal a shoat better than anybody else can. Shoats is a kind of inspiration and genius with me. Special-ly this one. I wouldn't take two hundred and fifty for that animal.'

"'Now listen,' says I, wiping off my forehead. 'It's not so much a matter of business with me as it is art; and not so much art as it is philanthropy. Being a connoisseur and disseminator of pigs, I wouldn't feel like I'd done my duty to the world unless I added that Berkshire to my collection. Not intrinsically, but according to the ethics of pigs as friends and coadjutors of mankind, I offer you five hundred dollars for the animal.'

"'Jeff,' says this pork esthete, 'it ain't money; it's sentiment with me.'

"'Seven hundred,' says I.

"'Make it eight hundred,' says Rufe, 'and I'll crush the sentiment out of my heart.'

"I went under my clothes for my money-belt, and counted him out forty twenty-dollar gold certificates.

"'I'll just take him into my own room,' says I, 'and lock him up till after breakfast.'

"I took the pig by the hind leg. He turned on a squeal like the steam calliope at the circus.

"'Let me tote him in for you,' says Rufe; and he picks up the beast under one arm, holding his snout with the other hand, and packs him into my room like a sleeping baby.

"After breakfast Rufe, who had a chronic case of haberdashery ever since I got his trousseau, says he believes he will amble down to Misfitzky's and look over some royal-purple socks. And then I got as busy as a one-armed man with the nettle-rash pasting on wall-paper. I found an old negro man with an ex-

press wagon to hire; and we tied the pig in a sack and drove down to the circus grounds.

"I found George B. Tapley in a little tent with a window flap open. He was a fattish man with an immediate eye, in a black skull-cap, with a four-ounce diamond screwed into the bosom of his red sweater.

"'Are you George B. Tapley?' I asks.

"'I swear it,' says he.

"'Well, I've got it,' says I.

"'Designate,' says he. 'Are you the guinea pigs for the Asiatic python or the alfalfa for the sacred buffalo?'

"'Neither,' says I. 'I've got Beppo, the educated hog, in a sack in that wagon. I found him rooting up the flowers in my front yard this morning. I'll take the five thousand dollars in large bills, if it's handy.'

"George B. hustles out of his tent, and asks me to follow. We go into one of the side-shows. In there was a jet black pig with a pink ribbon around his neck lying on some hay and eating carrots that a man was feeding to him.

"'Hey, Mac,' calls G. B. 'Nothing wrong with the world-wide this morning, is there?'

"'Him? No,' says the man. 'He's got an appetite like a chorus girl at 1 A.M.'

"'How'd you get this pipe?' says Tapley to me. 'Eating too many pork chops last night?'

"I pulls out the paper and shows him the ad.

"'Fake,' says he. 'Don't know anything about it. You've beheld with your own eyes the marvelous, world-wide porcine wonder of the four-footed kingdom eating with preternatural sagacity his matutinal meal, unstrayed and unstole. Good morning.'

"I was beginning to see. I got in the

wagon and told Uncle Ned to drive to the most adjacent orifice of the nearest alley. There I took out my pig, got the range carefully for the other opening, set his sights, and gave him such a kick that he went out the other end of the alley twenty feet ahead of his squeal.

"Then I paid Uncle Ned his fifty cents, and walked down to the newspaper office. I wanted to hear it in cold syllables. I got the advertising man to his window.

"'To decide a bet,' says I, 'wasn't the man who had this ad. put in last night short and fat, with long, black whiskers and a club-foot?'

"'He was not,' says the man. 'He would measure about six feet by four and a half inches, with corn-silk hair, and dressed like the pansies of the conservatory.'

"At dinner time I went back to Mrs. Peevy's.

"'Shall I keep some soup hot for Mr. Tatum till he comes back?' she asks.

"'If you do, ma'am,' says I, 'you'll more than exhaust for firewood all the coal in the bosom of the earth and all the forests on the outside of it.'

"So there, you see," said Jefferson Peters, in conclusion, "how hard it is ever to find a fair-minded and honest business-partner."

"But," I began, with the freedom of long acquaintance, "the rule should work both ways. If you had offered to divide the reward you would not have lost——"

Jeff's look of dignified reproach stopped me.

"That don't involve the same principles at all," said he. "Mine was a legitimate and moral attempt at speculation. Buy low and sell high—don't Wall Street indorse it? Bulls and bears and pigs—what's the difference? Why not bristles as well as horns and fur?"

SIGNS OF WINTER

LEAN sorceress in gold and scarlet robe,
With chin on knees, a-warming in the sun,
October stares into her fateful globe
To read the omens that she fain would shun.

Emery Pottle

UNCLE JOTHAM'S SPREE

THE STORY OF AN OLD DOG'S NEW TRICKS

BY JOHN A. CONE

EVERYBODY was talking about it. Nothing quite so queer had ever happened before in Brushville. People who almost remembered the days of the stage-coach and the warming-pan could recall nothing so pathetically funny as this spree in which Uncle Jotham Hunt had been indulging. That a man should reach a condition of hilarious intoxication; that he should set out to "do up" the town; that he should begin to smash things generally, and finally land in the lock-up—all this was not, in itself, sufficiently unusual, even in the prohibition town of Brushville, to cause special comment. But Uncle Jotham's was altogether a different case.

Although Brushville was a large town, nearly everybody knew everybody else, either personally or by reputation, and Uncle Jotham Hunt was, in his way, almost as well known as any of the local clergymen or even the president of Brushville College. He was a sturdy, cheerful, eccentric, hard-working, illiterate farmer, who minded his business, went to church on Sundays, paid his bills, and had never been known to drink anything stronger than the decoction of molasses, ginger, and water which, in common with hundreds of other New England farmers, he carried with him into the hay-field. He had a strong sense of humor and was fond of practical jokes. Many of his quaint remarks had passed into proverbs in Brushville.

Just behind the college grounds lay Uncle Jotham's farm, which for forty years he had industriously cultivated, and with as much success as could be expected, after making necessary allowances for the uncertainties of the New

England climate, the ravages of insect pests, and the fact that nearly three hundred students roomed within forty rods of his orchard and garden. These three hindrances to agricultural progress were not endured by Uncle Jotham with the same degree of resignation. Bad weather and potato-bugs he regarded as dispensations of Providence, to be endured with patience; but he was not so reconciled to the depredations of the young men. And this was not strange. Living so near the campus, he was subjected to more annoyances than any other man in the town. Only a few days before the happenings recorded in this story, a football victory furnished an excuse for a nocturnal raid which made him unusually bitter against the disciples of the higher education.

The morning after the game, he found his horse yoked to one of his cows. A plow and a harrow rested side by side upon the roof of his stable. A rooster and an old gander were missing. The wheels had been removed from a cart and hoisted to the top of a chimney, while his barn-door was ornamented with certain cabalistic signs and Greek letters, plastered on with the reddest of red paint. The orchard had not been overlooked. Several apple-trees had been stripped of their fruit, while the vegetable garden had an appearance of complete desolation. If Attila, the Hun, could boast that the grass never grew again where his horses' feet had trod, the students could with equal force have boasted that nothing worth mentioning, except grass, was left growing in Uncle Jotham's garden. A complaint was made to the college authorities, but as

they were unable to fix the blame of the raid upon individuals, they did not reimburse the old man for his losses.

It was only a few days after this that Uncle Jotham had his spree. That such a man, at the age of sixty-seven, after a life of total abstinence, should indulge in a carousal worthy of the traditional Western mining-camp, was amazing and even preposterous. A few charitable souls insisted that he was not intoxicated at all, but that he had suddenly lost his mind; and two or three good citizens recalled the fact that his grandfather, shortly before death, had exhibited symptoms of mild insanity.

But the sheriff made no allowances for temporary aberration. He promptly took charge of Uncle Jotham just as he was in the act of demolishing a barber's pole in front of the Brushville Hotel. This was the last of a long series of similar misdemeanors committed in various parts of the town.

II

On the following day Jotham Hunt was brought before the local magistrate. Only about two hundred persons were present; but not more than that number could possibly get inside the court-room door. So great was the desire to attend that, had tickets of general admission been sold at fifty cents each, they would have been at a premium long before the time for the hearing to begin. About forty students had rushed in and secured front seats, anxious to see the expected fun.

Uncle Jotham looked cool and collected, and not at all ashamed of the unenviable notoriety which he had brought upon himself.

After the judge stated the charge made against him, great was the surprise in the court-room when Uncle Jotham confidently answered:

"I never got drunk in my life, jedge."

The officer who had made the arrest was called upon to give his version of the affair. This was the substance of his story:

Friday, the day preceding the farmer's appearance in court, was the last day of the county fair, and a very busy day for the local police, as there was an unusual amount of drunkenness. Early in the

evening, the officer declared, he had been told that Mr. Hunt had been drinking, and that he should be looked after, but as the officer was urgently needed elsewhere at that time, it was nearly nine o'clock before he was able to look him up. He had then found him in the act of carrying off a barber's pole. He was surrounded by a crowd of boys and men who were greatly amused by the old man's antics, and who were giving him every encouragement to continue his unlawful work.

The officer also stated that the prisoner, before his arrest, had attempted to break up a meeting of the Woman's Social Alliance; he had disfigured the doors of the Baptist church and the college chapel with great daubs of paint; he had removed several gates from their hinges and thrown them into the street; he had been decidedly noisy—singing and yelling at the top of his voice; and what was still more to his discredit, he had rigged himself out in such a mixture of male and female attire as only a fool or a drunken man would ever dream of wearing on a public street.

As the officer finished his statement the boys in the front seats nudged one another and grinned; some of the older men looked sympathetically at the prisoner, while the prisoner himself smiled complacently.

"Mr. Hunt," said the judge after the officer had finished his story, "what have you to say in regard to these charges?"

Uncle Jotham stood up and looked at the judge.

"Well, yer honor," he began, "I admit that it does look as though I had been takin' a leetle too much, but I hadn't; I was jest celebratin', but I wa'n't drunk. If you'll jest let me tell the whole story in my own way, I think I can explain it satisfactory to yer honor and to the rest of the folks here."

"You may go on," said the judge.

"Well, the fact is, jedge, it was all on account of them steers of mine. You know that this week we've had our county fair, and my steers took the pullin' match. I've been tryin' to git it fer five or six year, but it never come my way till this fall. I started in more'n a year ago to put them steers of mine in trainin', and I never let up on 'em till

last Thursday. There was times when I was afraid I had 'em trained a bit stale—I believe that's what the college boys call it—but I worked 'em out of it.

"Perhaps, jedge, you know that Cy Westcott has been takin' that pullin' prize fer the past three or four years, and he thought he had a cinch on it this year. But, by jug, he didn't! More'n three weeks ago I knew I had it solid. When I put them steers in trainin' I begun by pullin' an easy load on the stone-drag; then every day I'd make it a leetle heavier, but I alluz took good care never to stick 'em. One moonlight night about a month ago I took 'em down to the fair-grounds when there wa'n't any one 'round. The same rocks was right there on the ground that they'd used fer ten years. I piled 'em onto the drag till I knowed I'd reached the limit and then hitched on the steers. Gosh, didn't they stretch out and pull! I knowed then that I had a dead sure thing. The next day I met Cy on the road.

"Cy, sez I, 'who's agoin' to win the pullin' match fer two-year-olds, this year?'

"Wal, Jotham, sez Cy, grinnin', 'I've got inter the habit of takin' it, and I guess I'd better keep it up.'

"Now look ahere, Cy, sez I, 'I've got five dollars that sez you'll git out er the habit this year.'

"I'll take it, he sez.

"You see, jedge, I don't believe in gamblin'—never did in my life; but this was too good a chance to let slip, so, fer the sport of it, I thought I'd put up five, jest as the college boys do on a football game—kind of shows your loyalty to the home team."

The college boys applauded and the judge was obliged to call for order.

"Last Wednesday afternoon," continued Uncle Jotham, "was the time fer the match. First we pulled off the perlimernaries—that's what they call it at college, I believe; and then we come down to the finals, which was narrowed down to Cy and me. The committee put another rock on the drag, and Cy started in first. He had a purty pair of critters, and they pulled well, movin' the load about ten foot. Then I hitched on Star and Bright. I bradded 'em up a leetle jest to let 'em know that somethin' was

expected of 'em, and then I straightened 'em out. They started off and snaked that drag more'n twenty foot without stoppin'. Then I turned 'em round and hauled it back ag'in. Once Bright balked a bit and started off one side. 'Who hish! Bright,' I sez, tappin' him on the nose and gittin' him in line ag'in. 'Who hish!' I sez."

Here Uncle Jotham, with an imaginary ox-goad in his hand, acted and described the return pull in a manner highly entertaining to his audience. He made it realistic and vivid, and when he reached the climax—the final "who ho!"—the students again broke out into applause.

Uncle Jotham bowed right and left as if acknowledging an encore, and when quiet was restored he continued.

"Perhaps, yer honor, I didn't feel good! Why, I felt like I jest wanted to hug them steers. Cy, he looked jest as if he'd et somethin' that was givin' him pain. He was awful cut up and surprised, but he forked over the bet."

III

"MR. HUNT," here interrupted the judge, "your story is all quite interesting, but you are not explaining the charges brought against you."

"I'm comin' to that right off, jedge. I had to tell you what I have told so you'd be sure to understand the whole situation.

"Well, yer honor, it was this way. On my way home from the fair I made up my mind that I ought to celebrate the vict'ry. At first I didn't jest know what I better do, as I never done much celebratin' in my life. Then I thought I'd do jest as the college fellers does when they win a match. Of course I thought that was the proper way to do it, because at college they're supposed to learn you how to do things as they orter be done. When I got home I told Maria all about it—that is, all but the bet; I knew she wouldn't like that—and jest what I was goin' to do. First along she was a leetle doubtful, but after I'd talked to her a while, she sez:

"Well, Jotham, she sez, 'I never did like the goin's-on of those college boys, and it will look dreadful foolish in a man of your age to go 'round town

hootin' and yellin' the way they do; but if you want to celebrate that way, why, you've got jest as good a right as anybody, and I'll help fix you up.'

"Then she got out her old sunbunnit, a caliker dress, and an old green veil. She rigged me out in these with the veil tied over my face. Next she tied a red table-cloth 'round my waist and pushed a feather duster down my back so the feathers stuck up over my head. Then I hunted up a can of red paint and a brush, put the dinner-horn under my arm, and started out.

"As fer the rest of it, jedge, I guess you know pretty much all about it, fer the officer here has got it about straight, only he's left out a few particulars. Of course I looked like a lunatic or a fool, but folks seemed to think I must be a student in disguise, doin' some stunts, so they didn't pay much attention to me at first. When I give my yell, though, they begun to collect about me like flies 'round a merlasses barrel."

"What do you mean by 'my yell'?" asked the judge, who had entered into the spirit of the situation, and was enjoying the fun as much as anybody in the courtroom.

"Why, yer honor, you know they have a yell at the college, and they think they ain't celebratin' unless they let it off every few minutes, so I reckoned I must have one in order to do it up brown. Probably my yell ain't quite so schollerly and elegant as the college yells, but it seemed to jest suit the occasion. Here's what it is:

Who-hish, Who-ho,
Haw Bright, Gee Star,
Get Up, Go On,
Git!"

The old man brought this out with a swing and a dash that would have satisfied the most enthusiastic freshman, and the old court-room again rang with applause which the judge did not even attempt to quell.

"When I got up ter the town-hall," he continued, "I found that the women were holdin' a meeting of the Wednesday Club, an' I thought I'd go in an' show myself. I walked in singin':

Here's to good ole rum, drink er down,
drink er down.

"How them women did scream! An'

when I give my yell, I thought some of 'em would faint dead away. Then the janitor come up an' took hold of me an' told me I'd better git out. I went out, but I give the yell again jest as I was goin' down the steps.

"It's mighty queer, jedge, what a difference it makes who does a thing. Now I've heard tell of the students goin' in to the theater after the college team has won a vict'ry an' takin' full possession, yellin' and throwin' things 'round the hull evenin', or even breakin' up the show afore it was half done, an' nobody didn't find much fault. But as soon as I begin havin' a leetle of the same kind of fun over my team, the town is in an uproar, an' I'm pulled up fer bein' drunk.

"Wal, when I got out into the street again I thought I would sling round a leetle red paint, so I marked 'S.B.—'05,' on the Baptist meetin'-house door, on Deacon Smith's door-step, and in half er dozen places on the sidewalk. 'S. B.' stands fer 'Star and Bright,' and '05' fer the year of their vict'ry. Of course every once in er while I give my team-yell, and soon a crowd begun to git 'round me jest as if they'd never seen nothin' like it before; but they had, lots of times, only I was whooperin' up fer a *steer* team instid uv a *college* team. I hadn't got half through my list of stunts when the sheriff juggled me. I was intendin' to ring the Methodist bell, knock out a few lights of glass here and there, and burn up two or three rod of the cemetery fence.

"Now, yer honor, this celebratin' business is somethin' new fer me, but it ain't new fer the town. Of course I ain't studyin' trigernomertry nor Latin, and I don't belong to no Betty Nappy, Pie Eets, nor Si Susy Greek societies. If I did, probably I wouldn't hev been pulled up here before you. Ter tell yer the truth, I don't see no reason why a man should have a free license to make a fool uv himself in public an' destroy other folks' property jest because he's goin' to college. But if I want ter put on my Maria's clothes an' go out on the street an' make myself redikerlous, ain't I got as good a right to do it as if I was a-gittin' a higher edication'?"

"I think you have," said the judge with a smile. "The case is dismissed."

THE ROMANCE OF STEEL AND IRON IN AMERICA—THE STORY OF A THOUSAND MILLIONAIRES, AND A GRAPHIC HISTORY OF THE BILLION-DOLLAR STEEL TRUST

BY HERBERT N. CASSON

VII—J. PIERPONT MORGAN AND THE UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION

The Great Era of Consolidation—How Two-Thirds of the Most Profitable American Industry Was Organized, Under Morgan's Leadership, into the Biggest of the World's Corporations—The Dramatic Career of John W. Gates, and the Personalities of Perkins, Gary, and Other New Powers in the World of Steel

IN the early spring of 1901 J. Pierpont Morgan strode among the steel kings like a beneficent giant. Two years before, he had refused to become the overlord of the iron world; but several things had happened since that time. He was now to a large extent a steel king himself. He had successfully organized the Federal Steel Company. He was a heavy stockholder in the National Tube and the American Bridge Companies. Moreover, his intimacy with Frick had given him a better knowledge and a more favorable impression of the steel men.

Besides, at the present crisis, his own life-work was in danger. For more than thirty years Morgan had been a builder and a peacemaker. He was the most implacable foe of hostility among capitalists. He was the champion of "team play" and "community of interest."

From his point of view, therefore, the exit of Carnegie was a business necessity. Carnegie was preparing to parallel the Pennsylvania Railroad and to compete with the National Tube Company, both

of which were in Morgan's "sphere of influence." To permit such a man to control the steel market was unthinkable.

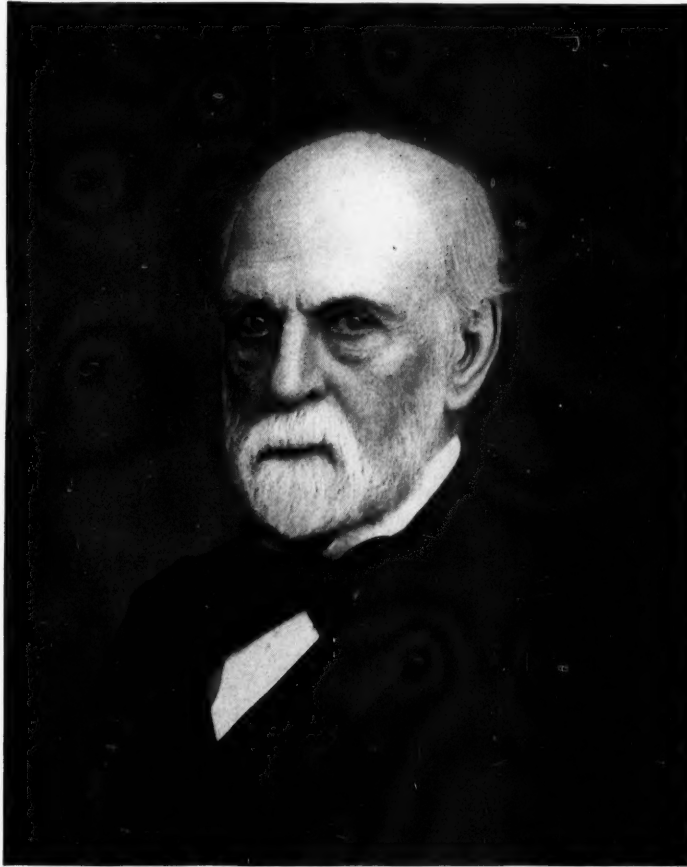
From a business standpoint, Carnegie was invulnerable. He had his own ore, coal, railroads, steamships, and steel-mills. In his commercial and personal interests, he stood entirely outside all associations of capitalists. He enjoyed to the full what his Scottish poet called "the glorious privilege of being independent." It was an amazing feat to win a place absolutely alone in an age of interdependence—when even the nations were clinging one to another for support; but as a factor in the business situation his position was not to be tolerated. The stability and peace of mind of the American financial world demanded that Andrew Carnegie should abdicate his throne.

THE PERSONALITY OF J. P. MORGAN

John Pierpont Morgan was at this time a veteran of sixty-four, the scarred victor of a hundred battles. Through his father—a famous banker, a partner

of the great George Peabody—he was descended from Captain Miles Morgan, the gallant soldier who defended Springfield against the Indians in 1675; through his mother he inherited the blood of John Pierpont, the poet, whose

hundred million dollars—perhaps more. Its head was justly regarded as a financial Colossus. In fact, he had become almost more than a man—he was a British-American institution. Many a time he had come to the rescue of Wall Street,



ABRAM S. HEWITT, MEMBER OF CONGRESS AND MAYOR OF NEW YORK, THE ONLY OLD-FASHIONED STEEL-MAKER IN THE FIRST BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION

From a copyrighted photograph by Rockwood, New York

name he bears, and of James Pierpont, the New England clergyman who helped to found Yale, and whose daughter married Jonathan Edwards. Born in Hartford, and schooled in Boston and at the German university of Göttingen, his training as a banker began before he was twenty-one, and every step of his career had been from smaller to greater things. In 1901 the house of Morgan was commonly said to represent eleven

pulled it out of a slough of panic, and replaced it upon the main road of speculation. More than once he had given good-natured assistance to the United States government, and saved it from the fear of penury by purchasing its bonds.

He was a man to whom transactions of ordinary size seemed petty. For any sum of less than seven figures he had little respect. In the previous fifteen years he had reorganized eight rail-



DANIEL G. REID, ONE OF THE NAPOLEONS OF TIN PLATE,
AND A DIRECTOR OF THE UNITED STATES STEEL
CORPORATION

From a photograph by Marceau, New York

roads, floated an American bond issue of two hundred million dollars and a British war loan of ten million pounds, harmonized the warring coal operators, and converted the Mexican national debt. No man aroused more fear or higher respect in Wall Street. No one was so terribly masterful as he. Like Luther, when he spoke "his words were half battles." To anger him was to brave the rage of an incarnate Bessemer converter. In whatever group he sat, he dominated those around him as if he were the ruler

of a constellation of worlds instead of a mere inhabitant of a single planet.

BUILDING THE GREAT CORPORATION

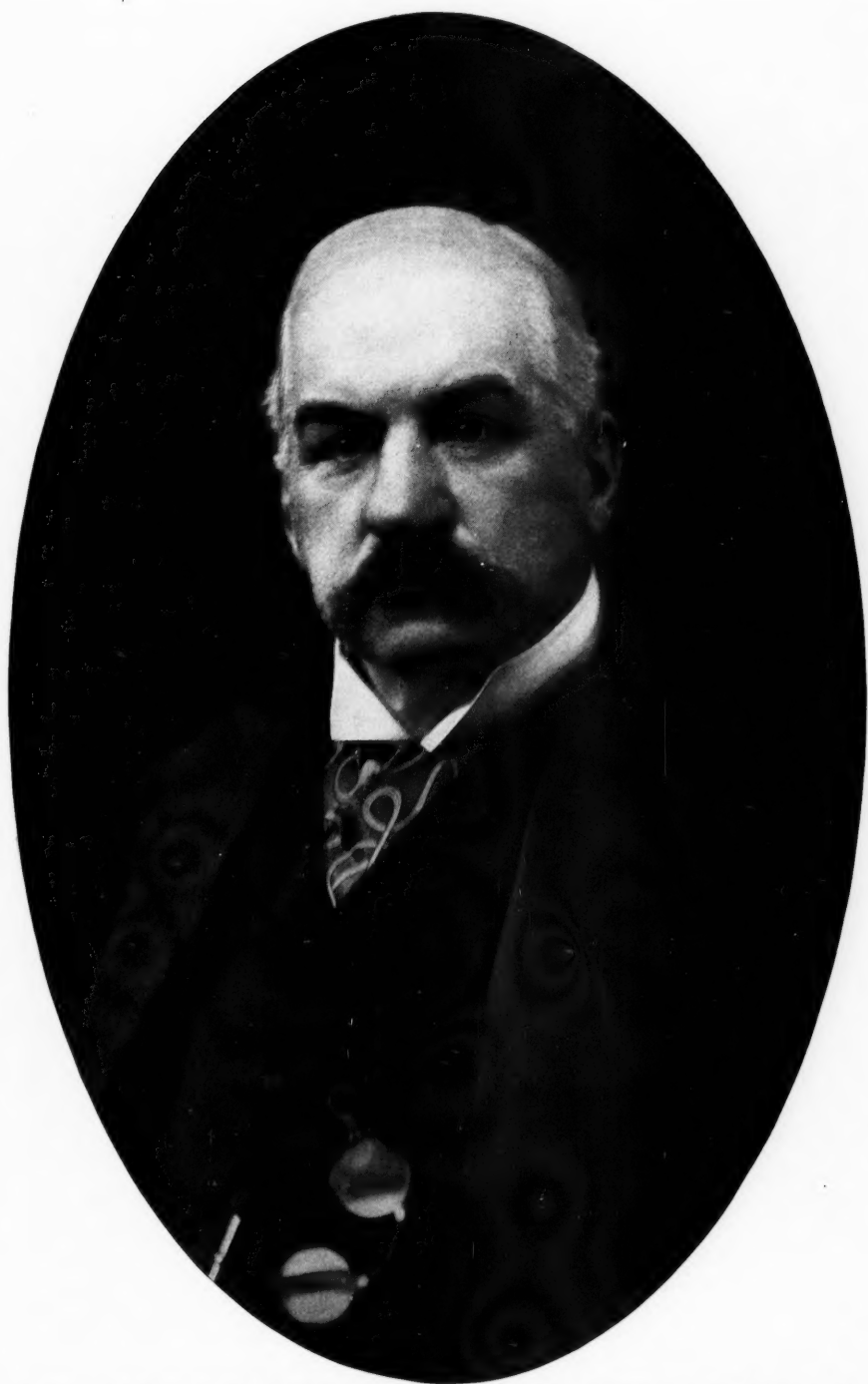
Morgan rushed at his work like a Titan who had at last found a task worthy of his strength. At first his plan was to combine only four companies—the Carnegie, the Federal Steel, the National Tube, and the American Steel and Wire. But a quick survey of the field showed him that four other companies would be easy to persuade into the confederation—the National Steel, the American Tin Plate, the American Steel Hoop, and the American Sheet Steel; while if these concerns were left out, they might offer an inconveniently active competition.

Frick hurried to Pittsburgh and offered about thirty million dollars for the big Jones & Laughlin plant, but was refused. On his return he found that Morgan had been trying to make terms with John D. Rockefeller, Jr., for the purchase of the Rockefeller ore mines. The negotiations had come to a standstill. For several days it appeared as if the powerful Standard Oil group would be left outside of the steel combination.

To break the deadlock, Henry H. Rogers suggested that Frick, who is a better buyer than Morgan, be sent to Rockefeller. This expedient was tried and succeeded completely.

"I gave Rockefeller forty million dollars in preferred stock," said Frick, "and forty millions in common, for his ore. For his ore-carrying fleet I paid him eight and a half millions in cash. We needed the Rockefeller property, for without those rich ore tracts we should have been in a vulnerable position."

In this way the United States Steel Corporation obtained about two-fifths



J. PIERPONT MORGAN, THE FAMOUS AMERICAN FINANCIER WHO PLAYED THE FOREMOST PART
IN ORGANIZING THE UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION

From a copyrighted photograph by Pach, New York



JOHN A. DRAKE, OF CHICAGO, ONE OF THE ORGANIZERS OF THE UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION

From a photograph by McIntosh, New York

of its ore and nearly one-half of its ore fleet.

The speed with which the great structure was built is almost incredible. Schwab had secured Carnegie's selling price in January, 1901, and by February 25 the corporation had taken definite shape. According to its New Jersey charter, its purpose was practically to manage the business of the human race—to own and operate the whole world, with the sole exception of the railroads and canals of New Jersey. Its actual capital was declared to be three thousand dollars, which it had power to increase. Its three nominal incorporators were men who were comparatively unknown. Its life was to be "forever." All this, however, was only the formal and legal way of making a beginning.

On the following day the fog of rumor was dispelled by an official announcement from Mr. Morgan's banking-house. Next came his advertisement for the stock of the smaller shareholders in the companies that were to be absorbed. It was signed by about forty well-known

names. Each one represented millions. Some could speak not for themselves alone, but for whole cities. Among them were:

J. Pierpont Morgan and his partners, Charles Steele and Robert Bacon.

H. H. Rogers and Daniel O'Day, of the Standard Oil.

Marshall Field, John W. Gates, H. H. Porter, John A. Drake, E. H. Gary, William H. Moore, J. H. Moore, and Norman B. Ream, of Chicago.

P. A. B. Widener and Thomas Dolan, of Philadelphia.

Samuel Mather, of Cleveland.

Nathaniel Thayer, of Boston.

D. O. Mills, Samuel Spencer, William Nelson Cromwell, and A. R. Flower, of New York, with more than a dozen others.

Morgan peremptorily announced that all stock of the companies going into the trust must be in his hands in eighteen days. But the minds of the small stockholders did not work with Morganic swiftness, and he was obliged to give them twelve days longer. By April 2,



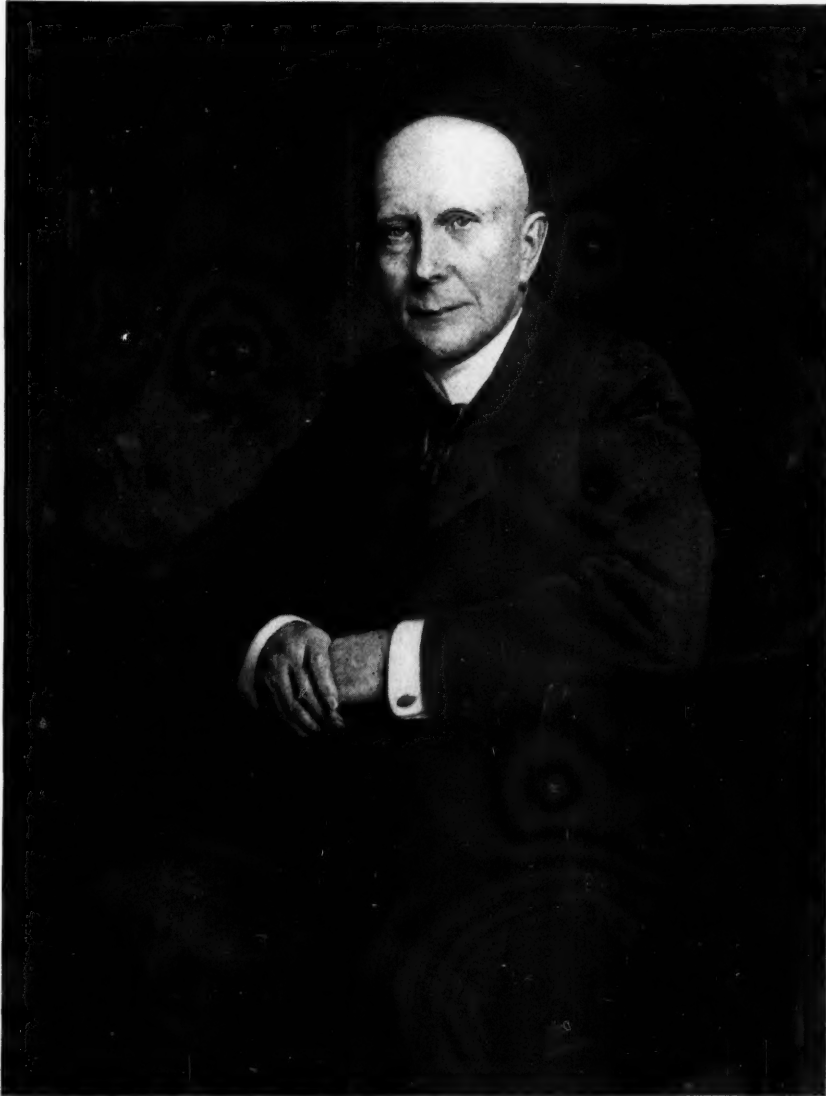
DANIEL O'DAY, A REPRESENTATIVE OF STANDARD OIL INTERESTS IN THE UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION

From a photograph by Gessford, New York

however, Morgan's greatest task was accomplished. The corporation which is his financial masterpiece—by which his reputation will stand or fall—was com-

seven-per-cent preferred and half common, was being sold to a greedy public.

Seventy per cent of the American iron and steel industry had become organized.

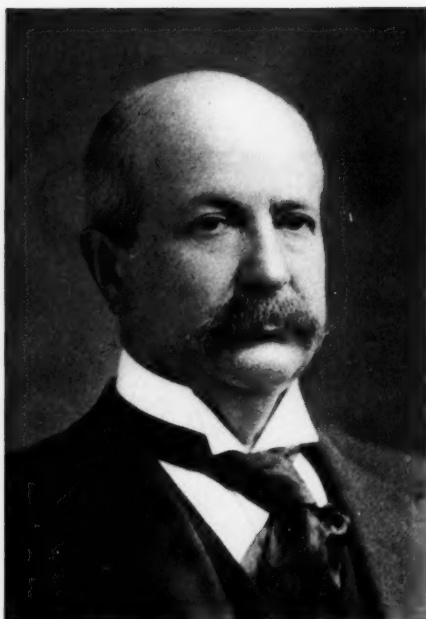


JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, WHO AT THE FORMATION OF THE UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION RECEIVED NEARLY NINETY MILLION DOLLARS, IN CASH AND STOCK, FOR HIS IRON ORE INTERESTS

From the portrait by Arthur de Ferraris

plete. Its capital was fixed at a little more than a billion dollars, besides three hundred and sixty-six millions of bonded and mortgage debt. The stock, half

More than that, it had become Morganized; it had been put together on "community of interest" lines. Instead of being cut apart from other branches of



PETER A. B. WIDENER, OF PHILADELPHIA, A
DIRECTOR OF THE UNITED STATES
STEEL CORPORATION

From a photograph by Gessford, New York



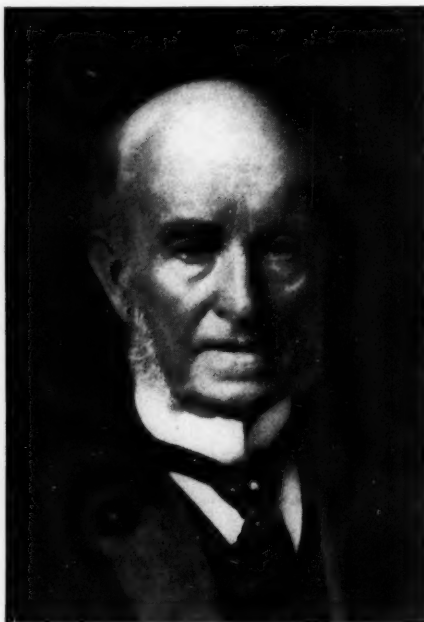
JAMES H. REED, OF PITTSBURGH, A DIRECTOR
OF THE UNITED STATES STEEL
CORPORATION

From a photograph by Hollinger, New York

business and dominated by one man, it was now linked to a dozen banks, a score of railroads, and an unknown number of other corporations.

THE MEN IN CHIEF COMMAND

Its officials and directors were not steel-makers. Less than a third of them understood the language of steel. Schwab, a practical steel man, had been made president at the request of Carnegie; but in the management of the corporation, the president ranked, not first, but third. Judge Elbert H.

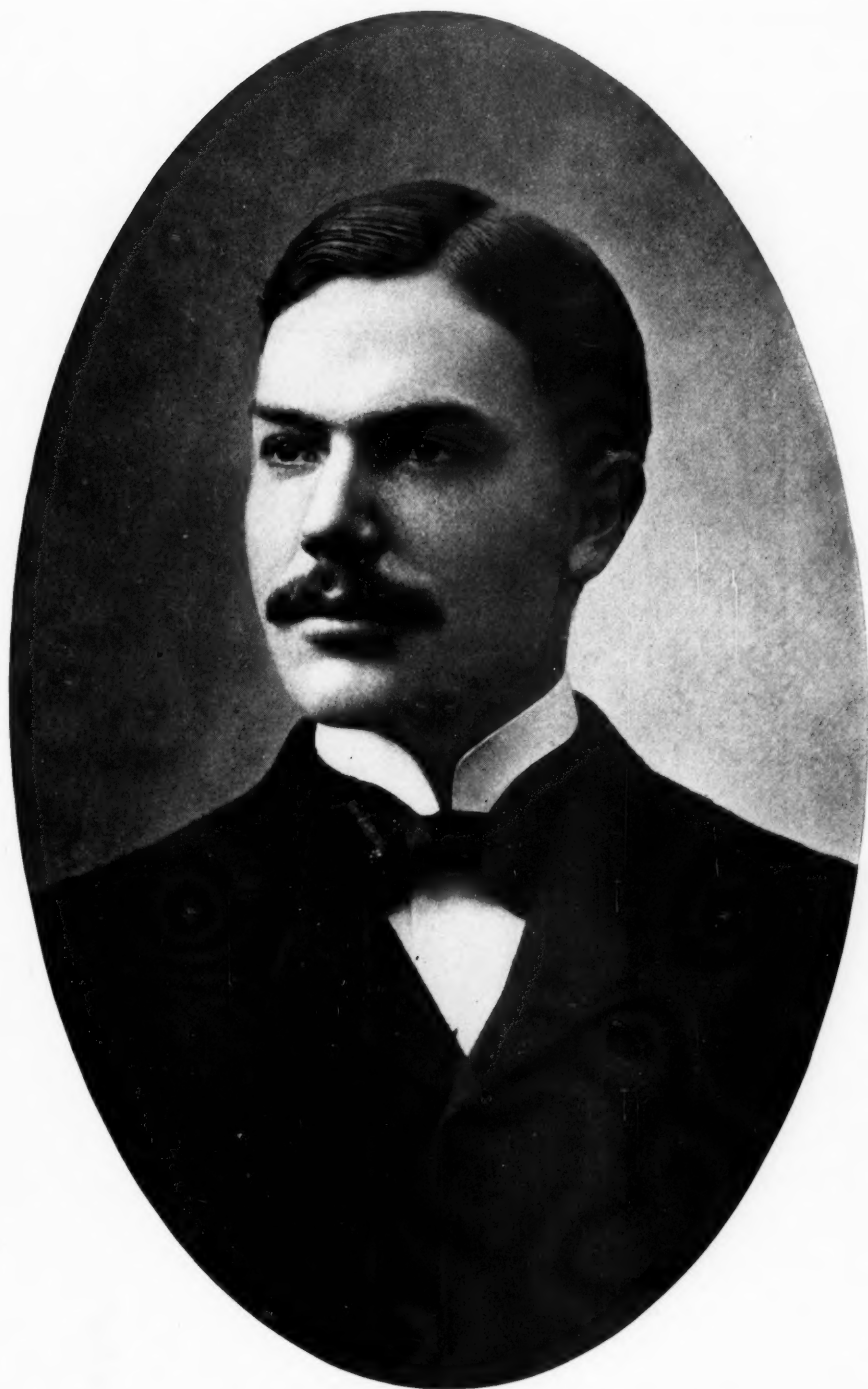


D. O. MILLS, OF NEW YORK, ONE OF THE
ORGANIZERS OF THE UNITED STATES
STEEL CORPORATION

From a copyrighted photograph by Pach, New York

Gary was first, as head of the executive committee; and Robert Bacon—who was succeeded, a little later, by George W. Perkins—was second, as head of the finance committee. Strictly speaking, the president was merely the head of the manufacturing department. Gary was a lawyer, Bacon a banker, Perkins an insurance man.

The United States Steel Corporation was a financial even more than a manufacturing organization. It was first for money and second for steel. This

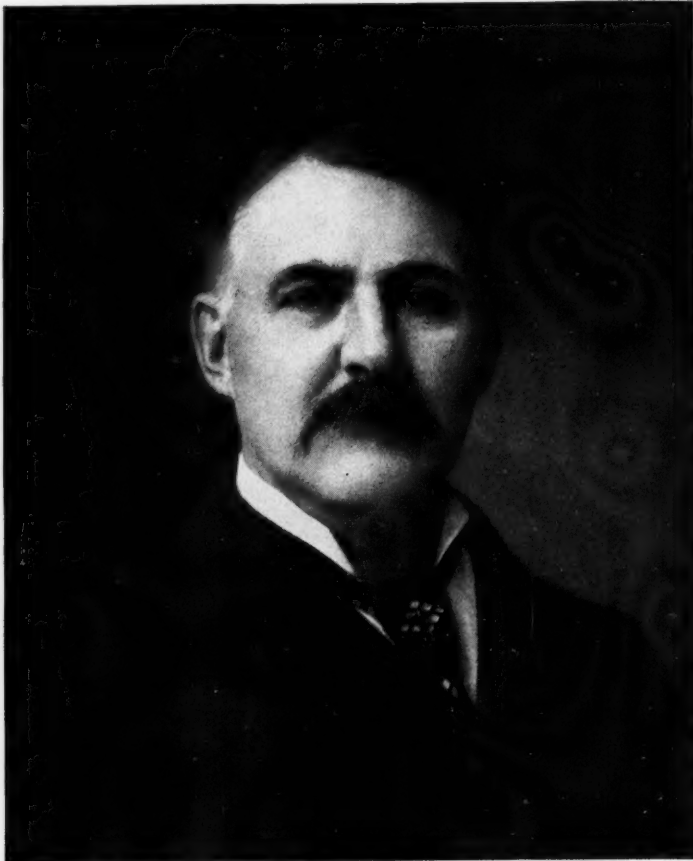


JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR., A DIRECTOR OF THE UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION

From his latest photograph

was a new and important development in the evolution of the steel business. On its board of directors was only one steel-maker of the old-fashioned sort, Abram S. Hewitt, and he entered unwillingly. To his mind a billion-dollar corporation

ty-eight, the oldest being fifty-five and the youngest, Charles M. Schwab, thirty-nine. For their services in managing the immense corporation, Schwab and Gary drew salaries of a hundred thousand dollars apiece. Perkins received nothing.



NORMAN B. REAM, THE CHICAGO CAPITALIST, WHO WAS LARGELY INTERESTED IN THE FEDERAL STEEL COMPANY AND IS NOW A DIRECTOR OF THE UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION

From a photograph by Cox, Chicago

was a dangerous innovation. The modern steel-maker was typified in H. C. Frick; the others were men who had evolved into financiers from all sorts of beginnings.

More than half of the officials and directors were self-made men. The three who stood foremost—Gary, Perkins, and Schwab—had climbed from the ladder's lowest rung. They were young men. The average age of the officials was for-

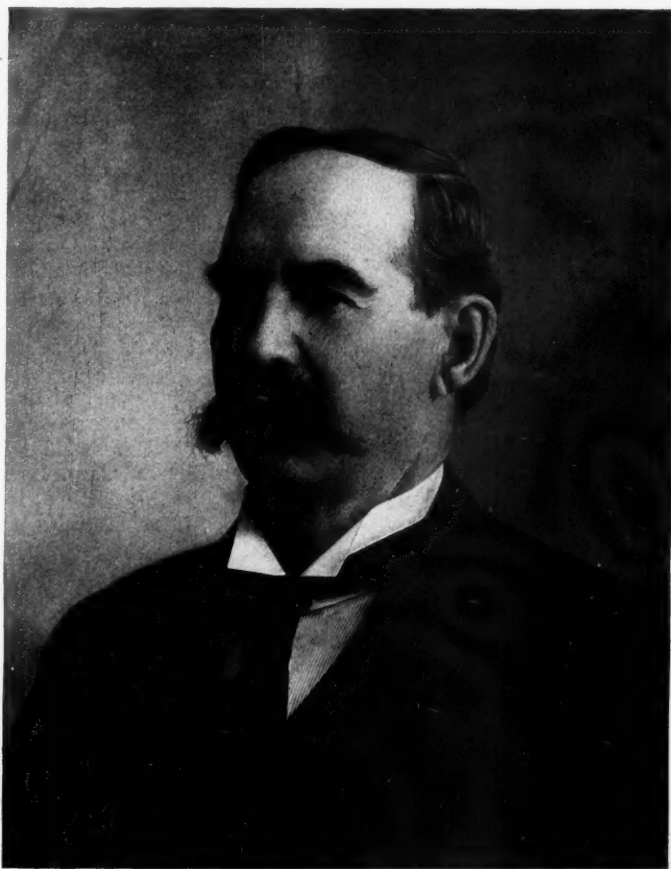
"Mr. Morgan would not permit him to get a salary," said Judge Gary.

It has often been stated that Morgan himself received a huge fee for his successful work in effecting the consolidation. As a matter of fact, he received no direct payment whatever. He held a one-fifth interest in a syndicate that floated two hundred millions of the company's securities, and his total profits were less than three millions. "High pay for a

few months' work," the outsider may say; but he should remember the magnitude of the achievement and the vast responsibilities that Morgan had to bear—and still bears, to a great extent, so closely does the public identify him with the

years a statue of J. Pierpont Morgan will be placed in some public square, to mark the general appreciation of his wonderful organizing ability."

In the consolidation of businesses it has been found that the services of a



ISAAC L. ELLWOOD, OF DE KALB, ILLINOIS, A PIONEER OF THE BARBED-WIRE INDUSTRY, AND A LEADING FIGURE IN THE AMERICAN STEEL AND WIRE COMPANY

From a photograph by Rowley, De Kalb

fortunes of his greatest financial creation.

"Morgan was big and fair and square," says Schwab.

"No man, no number of men, outside of Mr. Morgan, could have formed the United States Steel Corporation at that time," declared Judge Gary.

Another New York financier, in an outburst of enthusiasm, exclaimed:

"I believe that in the next twenty

company-promoter are indispensable. A business man naturally dislikes to sell to his competitor. He prefers to deal with an outsider.

"Every manufacturer imagines that his plant is better located and better managed than his neighbor's," says W. H. Moore, who is, next to Morgan, the most successful consolidator in the steel industry. Whether Morgan's reward was fair or exorbitant can best be told

by making a closer examination of the work which he performed.

AN IMPRESSIVE NAVAL REVIEW

To escape from its bewildering statistics, let us imagine that the United States Steel Corporation is a combina-



FRANCIS LYNDE STETSON, THE WELL-KNOWN NEW YORK
LAWYER, GENERAL COUNSEL TO THE UNITED
STATES STEEL CORPORATION

From a photograph by Pach, New York

tion of the navies of the world. Let us suppose that we are standing upon some lofty promontory where we can see the mighty fleet pass in review before us. It consists of two hundred and thirteen squadrons, some with few vessels and some with many. After years of warfare, these squadrons were organized into eight powerful navies; and now, finding that it is better to combine than to compete, they have decided to come together under one admiral and one flag.

Leading the way come the Carnegie war-ships, the most formidable steel navy in the world. Admiral Schwab stands on the deck of his flag-ship Home-

stead, and on either side steam the battle-scarred leviathans Duquesne and Edgar Thomson. It was this Edgar Thomson which, twenty years ago, defeated the proud champions of Great Britain and established American supremacy. One of these towering vessels is forty-three years old; but every one of them is in first-class fighting trim. There are no hulks, no slow or unseaworthy craft, and there are forty-five thousand men behind the guns. The pay-roll of this one fleet is fifteen million dollars a year. It is practically thirty fleets under one control. On the deck of the Edgar Thomson is a tiny figure which can scarcely be distinguished with a strong field-glass. That little man, you are told, is Andrew Carnegie, the owner of the fleet.

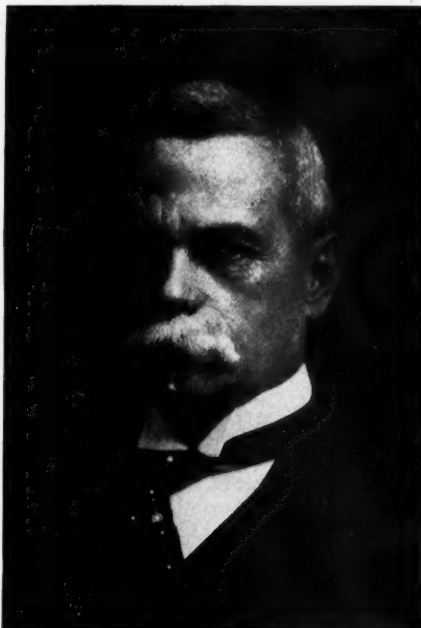
Next comes the Federal Steel navy, commanded by Admiral Elbert H. Gary. The first vessel of this fleet was launched in 1857, at Detroit, by Captain Ward. In its day it had no superior, and in 1901 it is still one of the largest afloat. Its equipment is not strictly first-class, but it carries a vast amount of ammunition. Its older vessels have weathered many a storm and passed through many a battle. Since Captain Ward, no one individual has been masterful enough to bring it under his personal control, and there have been

many wrangles among its owners. More than a few have been made to walk the plank; but it is a strong aggregation of five large fleets, manned by twenty thousand men, and with a pay-roll of six million dollars a year.

And now, in striking contrast to the rusty, time-worn war-ships of the Federal Steel navy, come the American Steel and Wire vessels, a hundred and twenty-six in all. Here and there among them is a veteran. The Schoenberger, of Pittsburgh, for instance, has been outliving the winds and the waves for seventy-seven years. But most of the ships are gay with

fresh paint. Flags are flying, bands are playing, and all is spick and span. In a steam-yacht ahead rides Admiral John Warne Gates—too reckless a sailor, some say, but certainly a dashing and dangerous adversary. Two years ago he gathered his ships together from all parts of the ocean, hoisted the Gates banner, and set out for gain and glory.

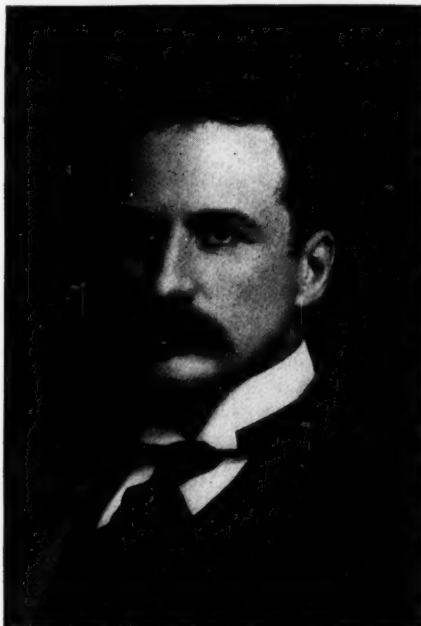
Another two-year-old fleet follows—the American Tin Plate. Its ships are noticeably smaller, but more numerous.



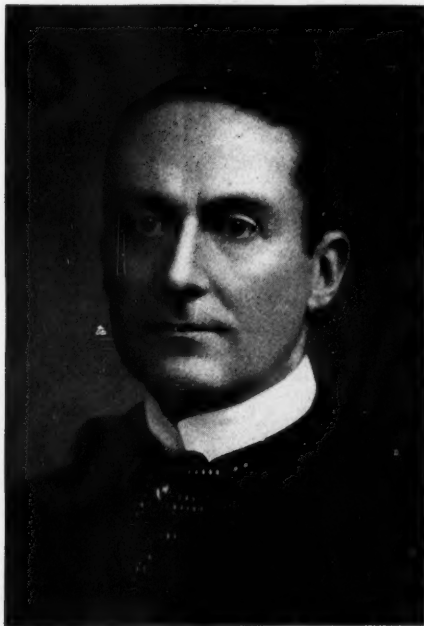
SAMUEL SPENCER, THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY
MAGNATE, ONE OF THE ORGANIZERS OF THE
UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION

It is an aggregation of thirty-eight squadrons, with two hundred and seventy-eight vessels in all. Its admiral, Daniel G. Reid, like most of the others, began as a cabin-boy and worked his way up. Only a few of these ships are more than eight years old; yet they have already met and defeated the Welsh tin-plate navy, which had been regarded as invincible.

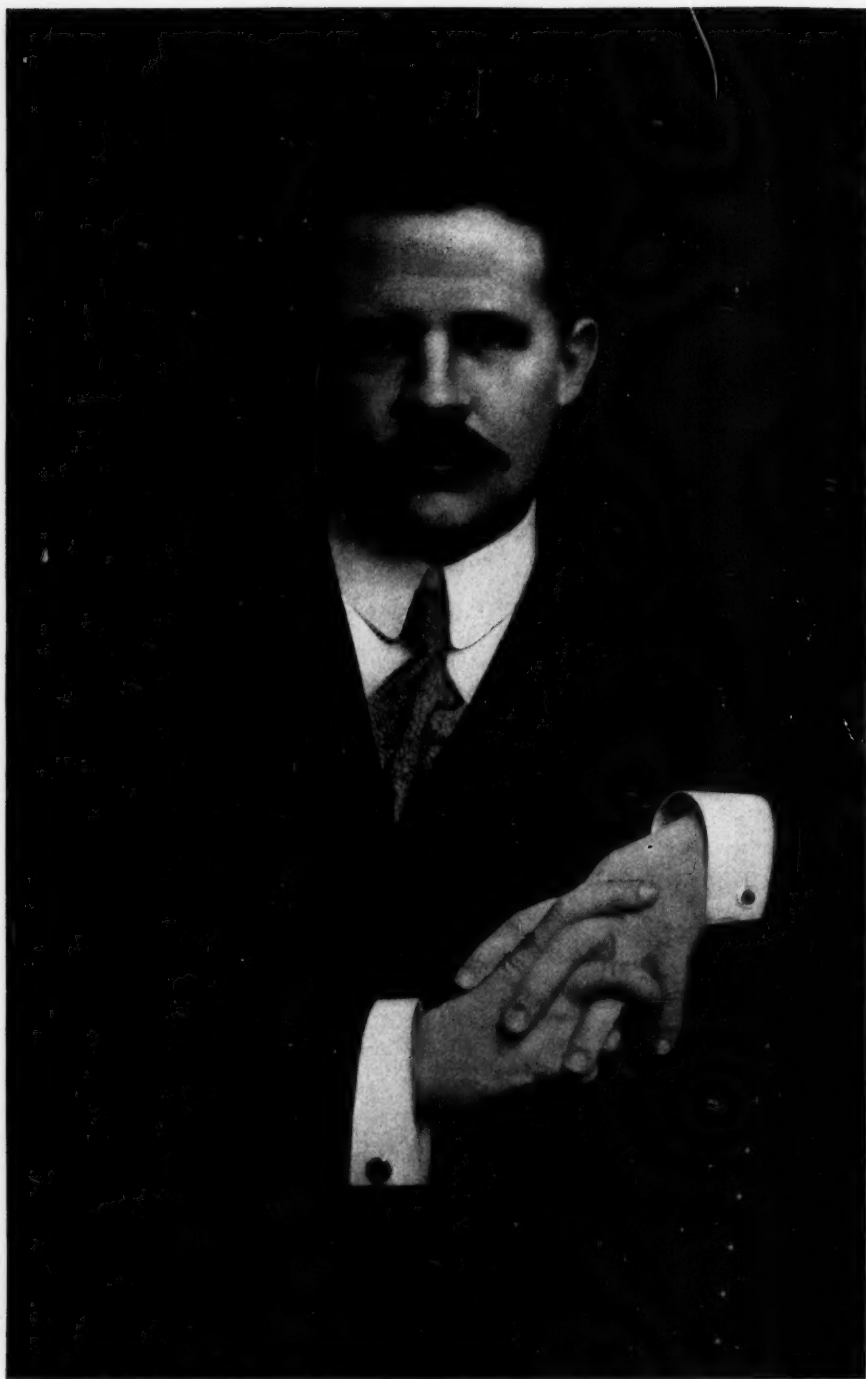
Next the National Tube, a thirty-vessel fleet, with Admiral William B. Schiller in command, steams



ROBERT BACON, NOW ASSISTANT SECRETARY
OF STATE, THE FIRST CHAIRMAN OF THE
FINANCE COMMITTEE OF THE UNITED
STATES STEEL CORPORATION



CHARLES STEELE, A PARTNER IN THE FIRM
OF J. P. MORGAN & COMPANY AND A
DIRECTOR OF THE UNITED STATES
STEEL CORPORATION



GEORGE W. PERKINS, A PARTNER IN THE FIRM OF J. P. MORGAN & COMPANY, AND CHAIRMAN
OF THE FINANCE COMMITTEE OF THE UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION

From a copyrighted photograph by Alman, New York

past. Most of the ships are old, but they have recently been painted, and make a good showing. It was upon this fleet that Carnegie was about to make such a fierce onslaught when Morgan, the peacemaker, interfered.

The sixth fleet flies the well-known Rockefeller flag. It was picked up, here a vessel and there a vessel, by its dreaded commander. It cost him little, but he is selling it for something like fifty million dollars.

In the rear come two smaller fleets—the National Steel and the Steel Hoop. Both have been hastily built, and are newly painted to cover their defects. Two years later they will be disbanded and merged with the big Carnegie navy.

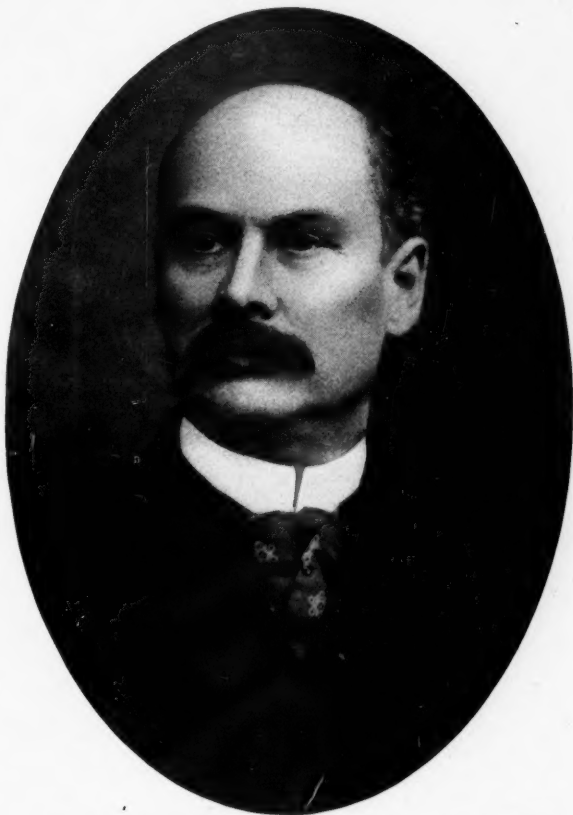
As if this immense aggregation were not enough, four other large squadrons are soon to be added—the American Bridge, in which was Carnegie's old warship, the Keystone, the Clairton Steel, the Union Steel, and the Shelby Steel Tube.

It is now Morgan's herculean task to federate these proud and jealous fleets, so that there shall be no mutiny, no breaking away, no survival of old-time prejudices. He will be the center of a clamoring mob of owners and captains. He must know the record and present condition of every fleet. He must winnow his facts from a mass of exaggerations and misstatements. He must choose officers who will command the obedience of these newly reconciled antagonists. He must give the vast combination a new name and a new flag, for which its two hundred thousand officers and men will be willing to fight as loyally and successfully as they have fought on their own account. Such was the work which

lay before Morgan in the first year of the new century.

STEEL CORPORATION STATISTICS

And now, for the practical people who



ELBERT H. GARY, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS
(FORMERLY CHAIRMAN OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE)
OF THE UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION

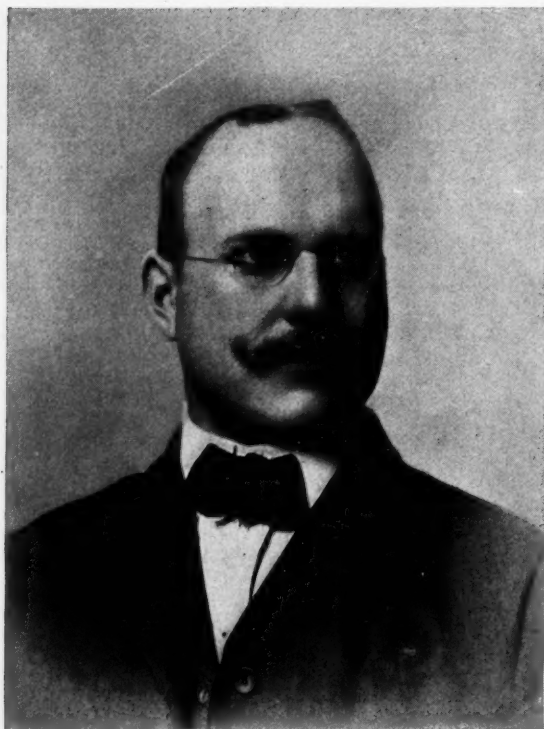
From a photograph by Gessford, New York

love facts and figures, here is a feast of statistics. In the long history of commerce, where has there been a corporation with possessions like these?

The United States Steel Corporation owns as much land as is contained in the three States of Massachusetts, Vermont, and Rhode Island.

It employs one hundred and eighty thousand workmen—more than the combined armies of Meade and Lee at Gettysburg.

More than a million of the American people—as many as the population of



WILLIAM E. COREY, WHO IN 1903 SUCCEEDED CHARLES M. SCHWAB AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION

From a photograph by Patton, Pittsburgh

Nebraska or Connecticut—depend upon it for a livelihood.

Last year it paid out in wages one hundred and twenty-eight million dollars—more than the United States pays for its army or for its navy. "Our workmen have a first mortgage on United States Steel," said Charles M. Schwab.

It owns and operates a railroad track-age that would reach from New York to Galveston, or from Paris to Constantinople. It possesses thirty thousand cars and seven hundred locomotives.

It has nineteen ports and owns a fleet of one hundred large ore-ships. This is the most numerous of all American fleets under a single ownership. It is the sixth largest commercial fleet in the world, and from the point of view of industrial efficiency, it is perhaps unequaled in any country.

It has ninety-three blast furnaces, nearly all of them running day and night, and it makes forty-four per cent

of the pig iron of the United States.

From its fifty great mines it produces one-sixth of all the iron ore in the world. In one year it heaps up a mountain of more than sixteen million tons of red ore.

It makes three-fifths of our Bessemer and open-hearth steel, two-thirds of the steel rails, two-thirds of the wire rods, three-fifths of the steel beams, ten-elevenths of the wire, and nearly all of the wire nails, wire fencing, steel tubing, tin plate, and steel bridges produced in the United States.

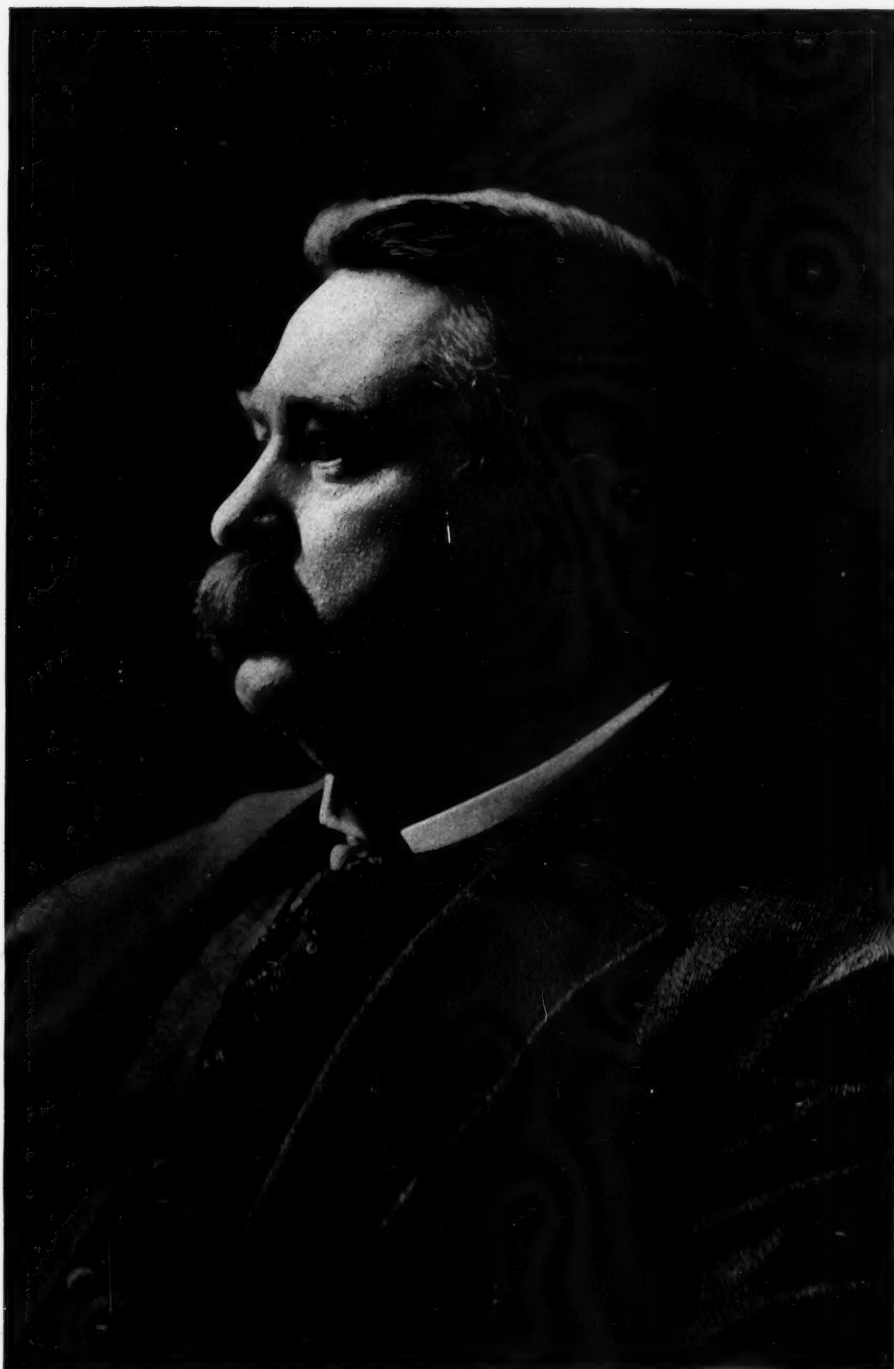
It makes more steel than either Great Britain or Germany, and one-quarter of the total amount made in all the countries of the world.

To feed its ceaseless fires, it burns in a single year ten million tons of coal, eleven million tons of coke, and fifteen billion cubic feet of natural gas. Its supply of fuel will last for sixty years.

It can make anything in steel from a carpet-tack to steel rails, from a tin can to armor-plate, from a wire nail to an Eiffel Tower.

Its iron-works and steel-works are mainly in Pittsburgh and twenty-five smaller "steel cities" within a hundred miles' distance; but it also owns large plants in Chicago, Joliet, Milwaukee, St. Louis, Muncie, Elmira, Philadelphia, Troy, Hartford, Worcester, and elsewhere. It is about to create a new industrial center at the southern end of Lake Michigan. Its ore is mainly in Minnesota. Its headquarters are in New York, though as a New Jersey corporation it maintains a nominal "general office" in Hoboken.

If it had been organized in Pennsylvania, its first fee would have been fourteen hundred thousand dollars, and its yearly tax more than five millions; but being organized in New Jersey, its charter fee was a mere two hundred and twenty thousand dollars. Even this com-



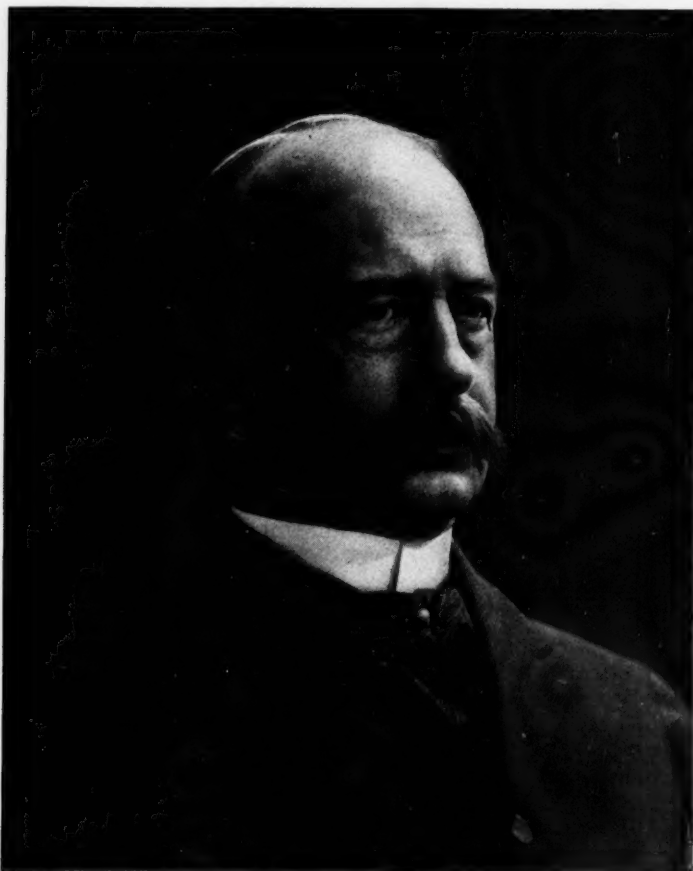
JOHN W. GATES, THE WESTERN CAPITALIST AND SPECULATOR, ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE
AND INFLUENTIAL FIGURES AMONG THE ORGANIZERS OF THE UNITED STATES
STEEL CORPORATION

From a photograph by Falk, New York

parative trifle was more than the fortune spent by Baron Peter Hasenclever in founding New Jersey's iron business. Its annual tax to the State—another trifle of sixty odd thousand dollars—is more than three times the cost of the famous Lynn iron-works, built in 1645.

And not even this stupendous total expresses the full power of this industrial empire. Behind it stood Morgan, Rockefeller, and Carnegie, representing about two billion dollars of well-handled and aggressive capital.

Public approval would have been too



JUDGE JAMES B. DILL, THE WELL-KNOWN CORPORATION LAWYER, WHO PLAYED AN IMPORTANT PART IN THE CONSOLIDATION OF RIVAL STEEL INTERESTS

From a photograph by Brady, Orange

Its total responsibilities, as expressed in stocks and bonds, were as follows, at the date of its first annual report:

| | |
|-------------------------|-----------------|
| Bonds (mainly five-per- | |
| cent bonds held by the | |
| Carnegies) | \$366,097,697 |
| Preferred stock | 510,281,100 |
| Common stock | 508,302,500 |
| Total | \$1,384,681,297 |

shallow to float the United States Steel Corporation, had it been launched four years earlier. It would have been regarded as a utopian scheme, no less unworkable than the federating of the European monarchies into a continent of republics. But in 1896 and 1897 there began an unprecedented era of industrial speculation. From 1896 to 1904 twelve thousand new companies were

registered in New Jersey alone. One hundred and forty-nine of these, formed within three years, had a total capitalization of nearly four billions. In 1901 it was estimated that one-seventh of the manufacturing industries of the United States had been organized as stock companies, and that about four billion dollars' worth of their stock had been bought by the public. On January 7, of that year, two million shares were sold on the New York stock exchange, for the first time in the history of the institution. The price of a seat jumped from thirty-five thousand dollars in the summer of 1900 to seventy-one thousand in May of the following year. Later it rose still higher, and a leading cause of the advance was the buying and selling of Steel stock. It is fair to say that the United States Steel Corporation added at least twenty-five thousand dollars to the value of each of the eleven hundred seats on the exchange.

Since 1899, when a train-load of New York financiers went to Pittsburgh, on the invitation of Frick, to see the armor-plate vaults of the Union Trust Company, the wealth of the Smoky City had been better appreciated by Eastern investors. Financial editors pointed out that the value of our iron and steel exports alone in 1900 was almost a hundred and thirty million dollars. Some prophesied that the common stock of the new company would pay twelve per cent. "This United States Steel Corporation can't possibly fail," said the Wall Street men. "It means unity, cooperation, assured profit."

WALL STREET AND STEEL STOCK

Nevertheless, when the stock came to the stern test of the market, the price it brought proved that somewhat less optimistic views prevailed. That enterprising body of outdoor speculators, the "curb," turned its attention to the great new corporation as soon as its formation was definitely announced, quite undeterred by so trifling an obstacle as the fact that its securities were not yet in existence. The first sales, on February 26, were at 39 for the common and 84 for the preferred. On March 28, when the stocks were listed on the exchange itself, the ruling prices were higher, clos-

ing at 44 $\frac{5}{8}$ and 94. The trading was on an enormous scale, the number of shares that changed hands being as follows:

| | March 28. | March 29. |
|-----------------|-----------|-----------|
| Common | 128,700 | 147,200 |
| Preferred | 112,200 | 117,900 |

But this was only a beginning. In the following week the sales reached much larger figures:

| | April 1. | April 2. |
|-----------------|----------|----------|
| Common | 275,600 | 212,300 |
| Preferred | 146,000 | 107,200 |

Prices, too, continued to rise, closing on April 2 at 49 for the common and 96 $\frac{7}{8}$ for the preferred. Nor was this the limit. The sight of a great "bull" movement thus fairly under way drew the eager public into the market, and the swelling tide of speculation surged higher and higher. On April 29, six hundred thousand shares of Steel stock were bought and sold; and even this enormous trading was outdone on the 30th, when all stock-exchange records were broken, the total sales for the five hours of business being more than three million shares, almost a quarter of them United States Steel securities. At the close of that delirious day "Steel common" stood at 53 $\frac{3}{4}$, "Steel preferred" at 101.

But the speculative high-water mark had been reached. Nine days later there came a slump that was still more striking and sensational than the boom. The warfare of two rival groups of capitalists culminated in the most remarkable "corner" in the history of Wall Street. The bone of contention was the control of Northern Pacific. The stock of that railroad had never sold at par until three weeks before; but on May 9 the bidding for it was so frantic that it leaped up to fabulous figures, one lot selling at a thousand dollars a share. The result was panic—sudden, swift, and disastrous. It was whispered that no mercy would be shown to the victims of the "corner." Those who were "short" of Northern Pacific saw bankruptcy yawning before them. Brokers began to throw over their other holdings to save themselves from ruin. As the alarm spread, and as prices went tumbling, no man knew where he stood. United States Steel dropped to

24 and 69, almost cutting the value of the shares in half, and "wiping out" a countless host of speculators.

A STEP TOWARD PUBLIC OWNERSHIP

When the panic had run its brief course, Steel stock rose easily to 42 and 89½ at the close of the day's business, and on May 10 it recovered still further, to 45 and 93¾. Although it was only six weeks old, the young giant had weathered the storm. Indeed, it stood on much too solid a basis to be overthrown by a Wall Street incident. Two-thirds of the American iron and steel trade had been welded together. A destructive industrial war had been prevented. A bloodless revolution had taken place. The most profitable business in the United States had been withdrawn from the few and given to the many. The Steel stock was now held by some forty thousand people—a number which afterward increased to eighty thousand. A little more, and Morgan would have pushed the steel business forward into public ownership.

"It was the longest step ever taken in the direction of socialism," said the president of one of the constituent companies to the writer.

"I'll give you a name for your 'Romance of Steel,'" said George W. Perkins, on the first occasion when I asked him for information. "You ought to call it 'How the People of the United States Bought the Steel Business.' What is the essential difference," continued Mr. Perkins, "between the United States Steel Corporation, as it was organized by Mr. Morgan, and a Department of Steel, as it might have been organized by the government? Suppose Lyman J. Gage, instead of Mr. Morgan, had consolidated the steel business. Wouldn't he have had to buy out the owners? To do this, wouldn't he have had to issue bonds? And wouldn't a limited number of investors have bought the bonds? Is it not also true that the United States Steel Corporation has abolished the secrecy which covers the ordinary private company? Does it not issue public reports of its progress, of its gains or its losses, just as if it were a department of the government? Mr. Morgan unified the American steel business, but he dis-

tributed the power of ownership. He stepped in and averted the threatened danger of one-man power. He transferred the authority from a few hundreds to tens of thousands."

Others at the time declared that the great corporation was in itself a government.

"What is it but a federal government?" said Sir Gilbert Parker. "It has its laws, its consuls in foreign countries, its departments, and so forth."

On the whole, the new company was received with approval by the American public. It could point, in self-justification, to the telling fact that the steel prices of 1901 were lower than those of 1900. From its own standpoint, the advantages of the new plan were summed up as follows by President Schwab:

(1) One New York office instead of ten or more.

(2) Better handling of ore-ships.

(3) A better arrangement of work, so that each plant could make what best suited it.

(4) Friendly rivalry between different plants, through the constant comparison of their work.

(5) Fewer, better-paid, and better-skilled specialists.

(6) The establishing of a clearing-house for trade information.

(7) Saving of freight charges, as Pittsburgh could now make steel for the East, Chicago for the West, Lorain for the lake cities, and Youngstown for the Middle States.

In every department the best men were kept and the superfluous ones were let go. The American Steel and Wire Company, for instance, kept only eighteen out of three hundred traveling salesmen. The foreign business was handled from one London office, under Carnegie's man, Millard Hunsicker. Everything on a large scale, by high-speed specialists and the best machinery—this was the plan originated by Carnegie and carried further by Morgan. This was how the millionaires were made.

THE QUESTION OF OVER-CAPITALIZATION

Before the United States Steel Corporation was organized, it had been announced that "there will be no issuing of new securities—only a consolidation

of existing securities for the sake of harmonious action." But when Morgan came to make his bargains with the steel men, their demands soared so high that he was compelled to pile million upon million. He paid exorbitant prices for the plants. Everybody knew it. Morgan himself knew it. But he knew that the stock would shake down to its level, and that the job had to be done, whether it cost much or little. The corporation's officials admit that the capitalization was excessive; but they maintain that the plant is steadily increasing in value, and that it is able to pay dividends upon the entire amount.

All Pittsburgh believed that Morgan paid too much to Carnegie. Wall Street, which considers profits rather than plants, had a different opinion. It approved of paying a sum equal to twenty-five millions a year for a concern which was making forty. As for the other constituent companies, they were over-capitalized from every point of view. Half of their stock was water, and Morgan was obliged to add seventy-four millions to their inflation.

When one of the smaller steel corporations was being formed, it is said that a party of convivial steel men were on their way to Chicago one night, after a buying tour.

"There's a small steel-mill at the next station," said one. "Let's get out and buy it."

The wine had been passing freely, and it was midnight; but they agreed. In an hour or so they were pounding on the door of the owner of the steel-works.

"Come out and sell us your plant," they shouted.

"My property is worth two hundred thousand," he said; "but it is not for sale."

"Never mind about the price," said the hilarious promoters. "We'll give you three hundred thousand—five hundred thousand!"

The owner surrendered. It was the first time that half a million had come hammering on his door at midnight. He sold his plant. The buyers transferred it to their corporation at twice what it had cost them, taking their pay in watered stock; the—so the picturesque narrative concludes—the corporation

raised its price and sold it to Morgan. This story may be exaggerated, but it illustrates the way in which corporations become top-heavy with fiat capital.

No one knew what the United States Steel Corporation was actually worth. There were so many factors to consider that it would have been a colossal task for a board of experts to fix an amount. From six different standpoints, its value might be roughly stated as follows:

| | |
|--|-----------------|
| (1) Net earnings in 1901, capitalized at six per cent. | \$1,800,000,000 |
| (2) Net earnings in 1901, capitalized at ten per cent. | 1,080,000,000 |
| (3) Book estimates..... | 1,229,000,000 |
| (4) Expert opinion in 1901.. | 673,000,000 |
| (5) Wall Street value in 1901, taking common stock at 50 and preferred at par..... | 764,000,000 |
| (6) Estimate by the Industrial Commission..... | 559,000,000 |

The average of these six estimates would work out at \$1,017,000,000.

If the entire plant of the corporation could have been replaced, which is now impossible so far as ore, coke, and mill-sites are concerned, the cost of duplicating it would have been about one half of its capitalization. But taking it as a going concern, with all its advantages of ore, coke, location, and management, there seemed fairly good reason to believe that its securities were worth their full nominal price.

The corporation began its career handicapped by a lack of ready money in the treasury, by the heavy cost of organization, and by a burden of fifty-four millions of fixed charges. At several points it was not wisely officered. There were two or three smoldering feuds among the steel men which had to be repressed. The corporation needed, therefore, four or five years of experience to remedy its defects and to grow together. When Morgan was constructing it, he had his eye focused upon the middle of the twentieth century rather than upon its beginning.

THE STEEL KINGS FROM CHICAGO

We have already seen what effect this Morganization of the steel business had upon the fortunes of Carnegie and his brood of forty young millionaires. They represented Pittsburgh's share of gain and glory. The Chicago money-getters

belonged mainly to the Moore and Gates groups, two distinguished exceptions being Norman B. Ream, a veteran speculator, and the late Marshall Field, who stood ready to invest a few of his many millions in any promising enterprise. Both of these Western groups were of the speculative and financiering species. Not one of their members was a practical steel-maker. In this respect they contrasted vividly with the Carnegians, who knew every foot of a steel-mill, but who were the most innocent and lamb-like novices in Wall Street affairs.

The most conspicuous Chicagoan was John Warne Gates. It was he, in fact, who first suggested a billion-dollar steel corporation, two years before Morgan became the steel king of the world. No career had been more strenuous than his. Life was to him a give-and-take battle for high stakes. He was a financier who carried into business all the sporting instincts of the betting-ring. He was a new type among the steel men, not at all like Carnegie, who had never bought a share of stock through Wall Street. And he was still less like the old "fathers" of Pittsburgh, who believed that every steel-maker should live under the smoke of his own mill.

JOHN W. GATES, THE WIRE KING

As a boy, Gates grew up on an Illinois farm. He was energetic and precocious. Two years before he became a voter he had fallen in love with an Illinois girl, and married her. At that time he was "Johnny" Gates, the manager of a little hardware store in a farming village.

Now there was in De Kalb, Illinois, a man named Isaac Ellwood, who was trying to sell a new commodity called barbed wire. At his wife's suggestion, Ellwood had bought the right to make this wire from a Missouri blacksmith. His trouble, he found, was not in making barbed wire, but in selling it. It was a novelty, and cattlemen considered it too flimsy to be of any use. At this juncture Ellwood met Gates, was struck with the young man's geniality and readiness of speech, and sent him out to sell barbed wire in Texas on a salary of twenty-five dollars a week.

This Texas trip made Gates. It also

made barbed wire. The Texas cattlemen had never seen barbed wire before, and they ridiculed it.

"That stuff wouldn't hold a Texas steer a holy minute," said they.

Gates was put on his mettle. "I'll show you whether it will or not," said he.

This was in the picturesque town of San Antonio, which is dotted liberally with small open spaces, or plazas. Gates hired the nearest plaza, and got together a drove of twenty-five of the wildest Texas steers that could be found. Then he fenced his plaza with barbed wire, put the steers inside, and gave the cattlemen a free show. The steers charged the wire, and were pricked by the barbs. They shook their heads and charged again, with the same result. After two or three of these defeats they huddled together on the inside and tried to think it over. Gates sold hundreds of miles of his wire that day at eighteen cents a pound.

In a few years he had a barbed-wire factory of his own. One day his factory burned down. Fifteen minutes after his foreman had reported that it was totally wrecked, he had entered into partnership with William Edenborn, and was filling orders as usual. Six years later he made his first large sum of money, a hundred thousand dollars, by a big sale of English steel. Every dollar that he could lay his hands on went into wire. No one at that time saw as clearly as he that wire was henceforth to be the nerve of civilization, as steam and electricity were to be its muscle and steel its bone.

In 1892 he merged several large wire companies and became the wire king of America; and since then millions have been his units. Three years afterward he was the president of the Illinois Steel Company, which in 1898 was enlarged into the two-hundred-million-dollar Federal Steel Company. No one except Carnegie stood above him in the steel trade. During the previous year he was said to have cleared twelve million dollars in Wall Street, in connection with his American Steel and Wire Company; and from that time the lure of the ticker has drawn him into many speculations.

Gates is an extreme type of the American "hustler." Like most steel men, he

is short in stature, and, as energetic as a cyclone. He is a staunch friend and a first-class enemy. He believes in American business as a Saint Gaudens believes in art—as an Edison believes in electricity. He is an organizer, a promoter, a boomer—a “bull,” as Wall Street would say.

Gates is a good maker and a good spender of money. It is a fact, not generally known, that he has an unusually fine picture gallery in his New York apartments. This gallery contains two specially notable groups. One is a fine collection of those quiet landscapes in which Corot, Rousseau, Daubigny, and their colleagues embodied the soul of the Barbizon woods and fields; the other is a group of the stately English ladies of a century ago who were immortalized by Reynolds, Romney, Gainsborough, Hoppner, and Lawrence. Beyond these, his taste seems to range widely, from Rembrandt and Rubens to such moderns as the German Grützner, the Italian Asti, and the American Van Boskerck.

Unlike several other steel barons, who rose to power on the backs of their friends, Gates, as he battled and buffeted his way to the front, always made a path wide enough for his chums as well as for himself. The Gates coterie includes John A. Drake, William Edenborn, John Lambert, Alfred Clifford, and Isaac L. Ellwood. No association of capitalists plays the game of finance with more dash and enthusiasm. They are free lances, ready for a tilt with the biggest men in the field. Their capital is scattered in all manner of enterprises. It was the Gates group, for instance, that gave New York its Luna Park and its Hippodrome.

THE NAPOLEONS OF TIN PLATE

There were four in the Moore or Rock Island group—all dashing knights of the dollar—whose adventures would read like the voyages of Sindbad the Sailor. They were D. G. Reid, W. B. Leeds, and the Moore brothers. The latter have been mentioned before. As for Reid and Leeds, they have been Damon and Pythias since childhood. Both were born about forty-eight years ago in Richmond, Indiana, which was then a farming town of five or six thousand inhabi-

tants. Dan Reid lived on a farm, Billy Leeds in the town. Dan began his business career by sweeping out a bank, working up, after a while, to be its president. Billy began as a rodman on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and climbed to the position of branch superintendent. As soon as the thirty-dollar-a-ton duty was placed on tin plate, in 1891, the two young men swooped down upon the feeble little tin-making plants that had been fighting bankruptcy for twenty years, and swept them all together into a Tin Plate Trust before they had time to find out what was happening.

Tin plate is one of the youngest branches of the steel trade. There was a small plant at Leechburg as far back as 1872; but it was impossible to compete with Wales and make a fair profit. No tariff was levied on tin, because its importers were influential in politics, and because it was generally supposed that the making of it was a Welsh secret. Reid and Leeds resolved to make the experiment on a large scale. The day after the McKinley tariff bill was signed, they ordered tin-making machinery—a quarter of a million dollars' worth—from Wales. A body of Welshmen came with the machinery; but they failed to make the new plant a success. Reid and Leeds were not millionaires, and it was a cruel setback.

Then came the Presidential campaign of 1892. Tin plate was a national issue. Workmen paraded in Pittsburgh, wearing tin caps. Democrats claimed that campaign money was being used to start tin-plate works. The whole industry was thrown into the political caldron. But the two young Indians never weakened. They adapted their machinery to American raw material; they set inventors to work; and in the end they remade the industry on American lines.

Within six years they had combined two hundred and seventy-eight mills into a fifty-million-dollar corporation. The machinery was improved to such an extent that to-day the Welsh tin-maker can go to school in Monessen, Newcastle, and Vandergrift. Reid and Leeds, like Morgan, paid enormous prices for independent plants; but they took long views of the tin-plate business, and came out worth probably forty millions apiece.

They and the Moores received from Morgan one hundred and forty million dollars in Steel stock when the big corporation was formed. They at once bought control of the Rock Island Railroad, and have since been known as the Rock Island group.

THE NEW TRIUMVIRATE OF STEEL

As to the three men whom Morgan placed in control of the United States Steel Corporation—Judge E. H. Gary, George W. Perkins, and Charles M. Schwab—all were representative of larger interests. Gary had been born and bred in an Illinois farming town, which contained half as many people as the skyscraper where he now has his office. He was first clerk of the little local court, then mayor, then a lawyer whose business grew until it came to the notice of the Chicago steel kings. In a short time he was in demand through his skill in managing big deals. In appearance and manner Gary resembles a Methodist bishop—benign, suave, cordial, and earnest. He is a man of sense, not genius—of diplomacy, not bluntness.

While Gary represented the Morgan interests from the Chicago side, George W. Perkins represented the Morgan interests from the New York side. Perkins, too, was a man who owed little to any one but himself. He began with a broom in a Chicago office; then he budded into business life as an insurance agent. From an agent he became an organizer of agents. His remarkable success in this work carried him to one of the highest rungs of the insurance ladder, from which he stepped across into a partnership with Morgan.

In many respects there is a marked contrast between Perkins and his formidable partner. His forte is in dealing with men, rather than money. He is almost too companionable, too fluent, too many-sided, for a financier. His adaptability and his rapid-fire brain give him the equipment of a journalist or a statesman. When he took his place at the head of the Finance Committee of the

steel combine, it was his first appearance as a steel magnate. To his vision there loomed up an immense opportunity for making a gigantic organization of men who would work together for a common interest in the greatest of all industrial enterprises. Neither he nor Gary knew steel as a metal. To them it was a stock—a purely financial entity.

Such were the prize-winners in the strenuous competition of steel kings. They deserve most of the credit for consolidating the American iron industry, but not all. No one individual, no one event, no one tendency, created the immense industrial empire which we know by the name of the United States Steel Corporation. It stands as the finished product of a hundred years of invention, enterprise, and progress. In its strength and in its weakness, in what is stable and what is speculative, it is typical of the civilization from which it sprang.

It was even more than a national production; it was an assembling of men and ideas from all the civilized countries of the world. There went to its making the mechanical skill of the English, the dexterity of the Welsh, the tenacity of the Scots, and the learning of the Germans, welded together by the enterprise and organizing genius of Americans.

As the main roots of a towering tree are nourished by thousands of tiny feeders—as the largest tributaries of a broad river are sustained by innumerable trickling streams, so there stand behind this vast industrial structure the tiny efforts of countless men and women. That which we see and know is only the final result; it is only the crest of a huge coral reef whose base lies deep beneath oblivion's sea. And so, while the profit and the glory of this long evolutionary process may go to a few individuals, endowing them with the power and prestige of kings, those who have followed this story of steel from its romantic beginning to the present will understand that our steel business is, as truly as our literature or our ethics, a product of the human race.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Next month's article, the eighth of the present series, will give the eventful five years' history of the United States Steel Corporation. It will deal with the remarkable fluctuations in the market value of the great company's stock, with the present condition of the industrial empire over which it rules, and with its prospect of maintaining its dominant position.

STORIETTES

A Man's A Man

"No, the coolest duck I ever saw was not a member of the department, an' there's plenty of 'em here that's got *frappé* blood in their veins at that."

Rooney jerked his feet down from the billiard-table and looked angrily toward the corner where Bogan and Reilly were squabbling vociferously over their eternal cribbage.

"Let's get out of this crazy-house," he snorted disgustedly. "Come on down by the door where it's cooler and quieter, an' I'll tell you about him."

On the sidewalk in front of Sixty-Eight's house, with our chairs tilted comfortably against the wall, Rooney pulled up his shirt-sleeves and began in earnest.

"'Twas the time of that four-alarm up to the university, when old West—an' a fine fire-trap she was, too—went up in smoke, an' the roof caved in an' took the three top floors with it, to say nothin' of Hennessey of Sixty-Eight an' two probationers of Twenty-Seven who went down in the mess, God rest their souls!

"I'd just got up to the top of the second flight of stairs when it came. 'Twas a couple of cracks an' a boom an' a rumble; an' when the dust was out of my eyes I saw I was standin' on the edge of where the stairs had been in a little hive of a place not ten feet square which the jam of the wreckage had left. In front of me was a bit of wall with a door in it, an' above me an' on both sides of me an' behind me, where Hennessey an' the probationers had been trailin' me up the stairs, was a tangle of broken beams an' crumpled plaster an' some gilt stuff that I knew had been on the cupola.

"I stood there for a minute, tremblin' all over me. When my wits came back I began hollerin' their names, though I never expected an answer any more than I ever got one. Then I heard the flames cracklin' hard by, an' saw little red darts

through the cracks in the jammed timbers.

"'Thank God for the door,' says I to myself, an' I noticed that it swung t'other way from me.

"I had been headed for the roof to open smoke-vents when the crash came, an' I had the ax in my hands. One swing of it on the lock an' the door flew inward—an' there before me was a wee bit of a closet, black as night except for a red lantern that was burnin' on a bench. As the door burst in, it hit up against a big man who was bendin' over some trays near the red light. It sent him staggerin' against the wall, but he straightened up immediate an' jumped for me, madder'n a hornet. I was too surprised to find a livin' man in that hole to do anything but stand an' stare at him with my mouth hangin' open; which explains, perhaps, how he came to get me by the collar, yank me into that closet of his, an' bang the door shut with his foot before I could find my tongue.

"'What d'you mean, you fourteen different kinds of a blockhead,' he yells, 'bustin' in the door in the execrated fashion you done? Who are you? If you've not spoilt my negatives by lettin' in light on 'em, 'tis no fault of yours!'

"He still had me by the collar, an' each sentence he punctuated by a backward push an' emphasized by a forward jerk.

"'Get your hands off of me, an' get out of here quick!' I gasps, half choked by the strenuousness of him. 'The buildin's afire an' the roof's caved in!'

"He let go my collar an' put a hand behind his ear.

"'Hey? What's that?' he says. 'Speak louder, can't you? I'm extremely deaf.'

"'The buildin's a roarin' furnace an' the roof's caved in, you darn fool!' I roars at him, for I was hot from the reception he give me.

"'You don't say!' says he, calm as you please. 'If that's the case, I may

as well pick up my negatives an' transfer my base of operations, as it were.'

"'Look here,' I yells, 'don't be so sure about your transfer. If we get out at all, which strikes me as doubtful, we've got to cut our way out through this stall of yours. The roof's down an' all three floors above us, an' the stairs are jammed with the wreck. Which wall will we begin on? Think quick now, for there's no time for mistakes!'

"He pointed his finger to the wall before him.

"'This is the only one that's any use to us,' says he. 'It gives into a laboratory that has windows on the yard. Can't you wait till I finish this negative?'

"'We got to cut through somewhere else besides there,' says I. 'The wreckage is all piled down on this side of us as well as on the door side. Where can we get to through either of these other two walls?'

"'Nowhere,' he chirps, cheerful like. 'Wait till I show you.' He covered up his trays with a black cloth, an' took the lamp out of his red lantern; an' by its light I saw the walls were of brick. 'This room is in the angle of the old original building,' he says, 'an' this wall here—tapping the one opposite the bench—was left up when the new wing was added. Can't we cut our way out through the hall somehow?'

"My heart was down in my boots, but I wasn't goin' to let on to him. 'We can try,' says I.

"'Come on, then,' says he, an' we opened the door an' went out into the little open space that was clear before it. 'Twas gettin' hot out there. You could hear the flames roarin' louder every minute, an' the smoke began comin' down on us in chokin' puffs. He gave a quick glance around.

"'This is the place,' he shouts; 'through here'—an' he pointed to the right of the door. 'If we can get through the débris we ought to find a door through the brick wall to the new wing. Perhaps the roof ain't down in the new wing yet.'

"He grabbed the ax an' chopped like mad for a few minutes, an' then he turned to me.

"'I'll tell you,' he sings out, 'you chop till you're tired an' then call me.

Meanwhile I'll go back an' finish my work on them negatives. They're of the moons of Jupiter, an' I'm mighty anxious to know how they're going to turn out. Go ahead!'

"I'm hanged if he didn't go into that dark room as if nothin' unusual was happenin'. I grabbed the ax an' struck in, useless as it seemed. Bimeby he sticks his head out the door an' calls out, as if there was nothin' particular worryin' him:

"'How they comin', pardner?'

"'All over but the cheerin',' I yells back. 'We're caught like rats in a trap. We're done for, all right.' An' then what it all meant came over me, an' I threw down the ax. 'We're done for,' I says again. 'My God—done for!'

"I don't think he changed a hair. He just stood there, cool as an iced drink in August.

"'Too bad!' says he. 'Well, I might as well finish the negatives I've got in the tray,' an' back he goes an' bangs the door.

"I could feel my skin scorchin' an' my eyeballs startin' out of my head. I caught up the ax an' chopped for dear life once more. Then I gave up an' laid down again, an' I didn't care much what happened.

"All at once the door flew open an' out he came. It seemed ages I'd been layin' there, an' at first I couldn't seem to place him, but after a while I got things straightened out. He'd got the ax by that time, an' the chips were flyin' right an' left; an' as he chopped he was bawlin' to me over his shoulder at the top of his voice.

"'We'll get out, pardner!' he howls. 'We got to! I got a picture of the moons of Jupiter that'll make some of the old stuck-in-the-rutters sit up an' take notice. Gad, but it's a bird! Greatest stunt ever done in stellar photography. I got to get out an' show it to 'em. We'll make it yet, old man!'

"'Shut up an' die peaceable,' says I, disgusted. 'You can't get through there!'

"But he chopped away like a fiend, an' whether 'twas his choppin' or whether 'twas the fire at the other end that done it, I can't make out; but, anyway, all of a sudden there was a slidin' an' a gratin' an' a bangin'; the whole thing shivered

an' shook an' went tumblin' apart about our very ears, an' there before us was the door to the new wing. I got up an' went for it full tilt. Did I have strength to get it down? Well, say, you'd oughter seen it go! 'Twas like paper before that charge of mine. Beyond that door was a long hall that ran straight to a window you could just make out through the smoke. I started on a run for that window; an' then I remember the other feller, an' turned to see if he was followin'. Not a sign of him could I see, so back I went, an' there he was layin' flat on the floor with the blood runnin' out of a great gash in his forehead where a timber'd hit him.

"I got him under the arms an' dragged him toward the window. The smoke grew thicker every minute, an' my head was swimmin'; but at last we reached it, an' after I'd kicked it out sash an' all, an' had howled for a ladder till I was hoarse, I heard the end of the ladder plop against the sill an' saw the tops of helmets comin' up. After that things got sort of hazy.

"The next I remembered I was laying under some trees in the yard. Near by the fellow with the gash in his head had just come to, and was sittin' up. Some men, who had been bandagin' his head, were now watchin' him anxiously as he rummaged through his coat pockets. At last he brought out a few pieces of broken glass, an' after lookin' 'em over mournful for a time he began to groan an' mutter soft to himself.

"Oh, Lord!" he says, heartbroke. 'Oh, Lord!'

"At that I sat up myself.

"What's the matter?" I yells. 'Are you hurt bad?'

"He was starin' at them pieces of broken glass, an' I didn't know but what he was goin' to bust out cryin'.

"That negative of the moons of Jupiter is smashed to smithereens!" says he, as if the world had come to an end.

"Is that all?" says I.

"I don't think he was a swearin' man generally, but just then he turned an' glared at me till I felt my scalp creep. 'Twas the savagest glare I ever stopped.

"What in damnation could be worse than that?" he howls.

"Gettin' roasted to death in that

trap we were in up there, for one thing, I shouts back, mad clear through.

"He shook his head, sad like. 'Life is cheap,' says he, 'not to say common, but such a photograph never has been made before, an' I doubt if it ever is again. You're a brave man, all right, but you're young yet, an' there's some things you don't understand.'

"Of which you're first an' chiefest," says I to myself, as I went across the yard to report to Sixty-Eight."

John Barton Oxford

Pink Moss-Rosebuds

If you want my opinion, this world is the most chancy place! Here I am, packing for all I'm worth to go back to Rockminster Junction, Vermont, and it isn't twenty-four hours since I was dallying with the notion of becoming Mrs. Ali Mazarian, and keeping a sharp lookout that no one got by my booth without a ticket. One of the Mrs. Ali Mazarians, it might have been; for, as Miss Leclair, in the next booth, said, you never can tell anything about those orientals. He always seemed a perfect gentleman, I will say that for him, and I dare say a derby looks as funny in Turkey or wherever he came from as a fez in the First Church at Rockminster Center, and nobody can say that camels are more out of nature in the desert than muley cows at home.

At home! It certainly does beat all how things turn out. We are, indeed, as Miss Leclair used to say, but puppets in the hands of Fate. Nobody can dispute but what she knows something about it. Imagine her, after she had supported Mansfield and Irving, and after Sarah Bernhardt herself had spoken to her about a season in Paris—imagine her in a red cocked hat taking tickets to the Marvels of Mars at Coney Island, in the next booth to Debby Golden, of Rockminster, Vermont. Of course she didn't know I was Debby Golden. Mrs. Fortescue, when I went away from home with her, told me that the name of Deborah would be as good as a chaser at any variety house, and so she christened me over—Delicia Grey.

I wonder will Miss Leclair be surprised when she hears I'm leaving the

profession for good? I wonder if Mr. Mazarian is really going to give up trained camels and open an oriental curio store at Old Orchard? I wonder—but this isn't getting on with telling what a chancy place the world is. I have to get back to entering the profession before I talk about leaving it.

Well, one day, about six years ago, dad came in and said could I repaper the front sitting-room and the front bedroom? I had done for dad ever since ma died, when I was eight. For a year or two, to be sure, Aunt Tilly and the neighbors helped; but I grew like a weed, and by the time I was twelve or thirteen no one thought I needed any more help. When dad said that about the paper I suspicioned something at once. I asked him what for. He said the rooms needed it. I looked at him and said the rooms had been good enough for my mother. When I saw how he took that, I knew—I knew.

"I won't stay here to be bossed by any school-teacher," I told him. Aunt Tilly had put me next. Dear me, that sounds funny about Aunt Tilly; it's not an elegant expression, of course, but I picked it up from Mr. Boiser, the barker for the Custer Massacre, the first show after you enter Mars. What I mean is that Aunt Tilly had informed me what stepmothers were, and had offered me the shelter of her home in case dad ever brought one home to rule over me.

Well, there he stood telling me not to talk nonsense, but to harness up and go for the paper. He actually had the face to say something about a viney, flowery pattern—giving himself away like that! I can feel yet how I felt then—all hot and choky in my throat and eyes—when I looked at him and thought of how I was not enough for him, spite of the way I had tried to work and learn for him. And he seemed choked up, too, and said something about my growing up, and how ma herself would have wished it, and how Miss Lucy—

But I fired out at that, and never had to hear how Miss Lucy was ready to be a loving mother to me.

Well, I papered the house and I cleaned the house. The place was just shining the day dad drove to the village to marry her. I even left an old sugar-

bowl full of crimson ramblers on the marble top in the parlor when I lit out for Aunt Tilly's with my bundle and ma's crayon portrait. Neither of us was going to be there to see the usurper.

Well, she and dad drove over to Aunt Tilly's the next day, and dad said, all right, if I preferred Aunt Tilly's I could stay there until I had come to my senses. Then he marched back to the road and called to Miss Lucy, but she stayed on the door-step a minute. Her eyes kind of filled and her lips shook, and she allowed that she was very sorry about it all. Then Aunt Tilly laughed and said it was a pity to waste such sorrowing looks on a woman and a girl. The tears dried up in Miss Lucy's eyes, and she turned her back to Aunt Tilly and said to me:

"Debby, when you want to come back home, be sure of your loving welcome. But you'll have to excuse me coming after you any more."

Aunt Tilly laughed again and Miss Lucy went out to dad waiting in the buggy under the elm.

Well, that summer Aunt Tilly had boarders. My, but she worked me! Some folks said it was because she wanted a free servant that she stirred up bad blood between dad and me. I don't know how that was, but I know how I drudged, churning, washing and ironing, jellying, feeding the hens, until I can't bear the sight of chicken till this day, waiting on the boarders, and everything. How on earth I ever felt lively enough after the evening chores to do clogs and hornpipes on the back porch with Cousin Sam and Rob Walker, who hired out there that season, beats me. But I did, and it was through that that the Fortescues came into my life.

They were boarding with Aunt Tilly that summer, and their room was in the ell that looked over the kitchen yard. They heard me dancing to the boys' clapping; and though I didn't know beans about art then, I will say that I had natural talent. And the long and the short of it was they asked me to join them. They were playing at the most refined vaudevilles throughout the country, and had lost their third member by marriage in Denver; and they said they'd like for me to have the chance. It

wasn't everybody they'd offer it to; lots of swell society girls had tried hard enough to get it, but they saw that I had gifts. As for my looks—well, I've never put a drop of anything on my hair or touched it with an iron, and—well, perhaps it doesn't become me to speak of its color or its curl.

A few nights after they had gone I slipped off and met them. Aunt Tilly would have had me locked up in Rockminster meeting-house and called it saving my soul, if she had known. As for dad and Miss Lucy, the more Aunt Tilly overworked me, the less notion I had of going home again and admitting myself wrong. So it looked as if Mrs. Fortescue was made to lead me out of the house of bondage.

I stayed with the Fortescues three years, and I must say for them that they treated me white. We were billed as the Fortescue Family, and good times for them were good times for me. When it was sausages over the gas-jet and a tin growler for them, I wasn't more skimped than they were. When it was an extra sirloin and a bottle of wine for them, it was wine and sirloin for me. And Gloria Fortescue was like a mother to me in showing me how to wear my clothes and teaching me to keep fresh guys at a distance.

They were good, but they had awful luck, the Fortescues, and when finally he had the bronchitis for three months and we couldn't do our turn or keep our engagements, it seemed best for us to part. They paid my way back to New York from Camden, and he wheezed up a blessing on me and she gave me a Roman-pearl bracelet she couldn't raise anything on, and I left my raincoat with her, and we parted.

I was seventeen then, and I knew the ropes pretty well. I got some engagements; but I hadn't laid much by when this last winter came, and I got inflammatory rheumatism.

Inflammatory rheumatism doesn't limber you up much for dancing, and when I came out of the hospital I might have starved, if it hadn't been for some of the whitest people that ever did a turn. I couldn't get a thing to do, and I don't believe I could have done it if I had got it. I just used to wrap up in blankets

off the bed in the Strathmore Sisters' flat and think of the Franklin stove in the sitting-room at home. Homesick! Don't speak of it.

What with being so stiff and so sick, I lost every atom of pride, and when I got a chance to sit in a little round booth that fronted on the Bowery at Coney, wearing a scarlet jersey with gilt buttons and a scarlet cocked hat and taking tickets, like I said, I just jumped at it. It wasn't art, I know, but it meant food.

Well, last night I sat there. It was all a great glare of light before and behind me, and a loud blare of noise and the greasy smell of the frankfurters toasting at the funny little brick fireplaces. And the pagoda roof of my booth seemed like it would come down on my head, and the bands and the electricity made my temples almost burst through my skin.

All of a sudden I heard a whimpering just in front of the booth. I looked over, and there was a hot, sticky-looking, frightened little girl of about four, in a rumpled white dress and a bonnet falling off. It was a white bonnet with a little edge of pink moss-rosebuds next her face—pink moss-rosebuds. When I saw them I reached open the door and dragged her in. It wasn't the right thing to do with a lost child. I ought to have sent her to the Marvels of Mars office, but I couldn't have let those silly little moss-rosebuds out of my sight. You see, once, when mother was alive, dad had taken me to town and bought me a bonnet. And it had a little ruche of moss-rosebuds inside—like mother's wedding-bonnet, he said. I remembered all of a sudden how good he and ma had always been to me, and how proud I was of that bonnet.

The kiddie couldn't tell much about herself. She was too tired and frightened. So I put her up on my stool and she soon fell asleep—as cunning and trustful! Mr. Mazarian happened to come around between performances of the camels, and I sent him to the office to tell them there was a lost child in my booth.

And by and by there was a great commotion, and I saw Mr. Mazarian pointing my way. So I opened the door and turned to lift up the baby. And when I took her in my arms to hand her out, and

faced around again, who should stand behind Mr. Mazarian but dad and Miss Lucy! And I thought to myself, why couldn't I have known he'd always buy his girl babies bonnets like that? And I thought, oh, if only the earth could open and swallow me! Me in that scarlet cocked hat! I stared—I couldn't make my eyes look away. But I was praying inside of me hard, hard: "Oh, don't let them know me, don't let them know me! Kind Lord, don't let them know me, to be shamed by me here!" And all the time—it seemed an hour, but I reckon it was about half a second—I saw that Miss Lucy wore a badge of delegate to the C. E. convention. There had been lots of them down that afternoon.

Well, there I stood with the baby in my arms. And there they stood. And before she had even grabbed her own little girl, Miss Lucy looked at me and called out—all joyfully—"Debby!" and held out her arms—to me—to me—

I'm going home to-day!

Anne O'Hagan

Mr. Pumfrey's Purchase

IT was dusk, and outside a drizzling rain was falling. The house was very still, for up-stairs Mrs. Pumfrey lay dying of pneumonia.

Her husband stood at the window of the sitting-room, gazing out into the wet street. The doctor had just left him, after telling him that he must not be surprised if "something happened" during the night. Mr. Pumfrey was sad, but, still more, his feeling was what people call "lost"—a bewildered sensation, as of a man who does not know his bearings. Life without the sensible, clear-headed woman who had been at his side night and day for the last forty years—he could not imagine how it would be.

Mr. Pumfrey had been a London grocer, but finding that he was getting on in years, and that younger men were passing him in the race, he had wisely retired and settled down in Camberwell to live on the money he had saved. But for the companionship of his wife, his days would have been intolerably tedious.

They had followed a daily habit of taking a walk between the hours of four and five in the afternoon, and since the beginning of his wife's illness he had kept up the custom, more because it was their custom than from any desire for exercise. It was now the hour for his daily stroll, and mechanically he turned from the window, went out into the hall, and put on his hat and overcoat. Merely pausing to send word to the nurse that he would be back in less than an hour, he took his umbrella and went out into the rain.

The quiet little street in which they lived was but a short distance from one of the great second-class London thoroughfares, lined with large shops whose spacious windows made the street resemble a corridor in an international exhibition. At one or other of these shops there was generally a sale going on; and it was one of the favorite amusements of Mr. and Mrs. Pumfrey to visit such shops, go conscientiously through the sale catalogues, and, if possible, help out their modest income by purchasing at the reduced prices such articles as they would require within the next few months.

Not till he had reached this street of shops did Mr. Pumfrey notice that he had not remembered to change for winter boots the pair of old summer shoes which he wore indoors. His wife, if she had been with him, would have insisted, he well knew, on his going home and changing them at once. But she was not there, and with a faint satisfaction at the thought that he was free to do as he chose, he turned into the wide thoroughfare and passed along the line of shop-windows, glancing in at them as he went along.

At one of these windows he stopped, merely from idle curiosity. It was the window of a large multiple shop or "stores," and presently he found himself gazing with awakening interest at a quantity of mourning paper and envelopes marked at an absurdly low figure. Large labels invited passers-by to observe that this particular "line" was of really first-class quality, and was being offered at such a price that intending purchasers must apply at once. Never again would they find such an op-

portunity of laying in a stock of writing paper at a reduction of forty-five per cent on the normal selling price.

Mr. Pumfrey would have been a ready purchaser, for he knew that the supply of note-paper at home was running low, but this paper had a deep black border, and was, therefore, quite unsuitable—

Suddenly he recollected. If what the doctor had told him was correct, his next purchase of note-paper would have to be of exactly this description. It would be just what he would want, and, if he bought it now, the saving, even on a single ream, would be considerable. But he could not buy it yet—not just yet. Perhaps to-morrow—

No. A mighty placard informed him in large red capitals that this was positively the last day of the sale. To-morrow would be too late.

Still, he told himself, it would not be right or decent to buy mourning paper until he had actually become a widower; and he turned away from the great plate-glass window with a sigh of regret.

But before he had taken many steps his business instincts reasserted themselves. If it was morally certain that by this time to-morrow he would be buying that paper at an advance of forty-five per cent on the price now asked, it was surely foolish to allow mere sentiment to prevent him from making the purchase at the reduced figure. He went slowly back to the shop, still hesitating. Then he stood quite a long time at the window, trying to make up his mind. He found it difficult, for business and sentiment have no common denominator.

Finally he resolved that he would look at the paper. He went into the shop, inspected a sample, and was so convinced of the genuineness of the bargain that he there and then ordered two reams and a thousand envelopes, paying for them on the spot.

When he reached home it was quite dark, his umbrella was dripping with wet, and he was shivering. If Mrs. Pumfrey had been at her usual post she would have seen to it that he changed his shoes, but he did not. He shivered once or twice during the evening, and when he went to bed he had something of a sore throat.

In the morning his throat was worse, and the doctor advised him to remain in bed for the day. He was cheered, however, by the news that his wife was slightly better.

Next day the doctor looked very grave when he came out of John Pumfrey's room, and the housemaid, happening to come down-stairs as the doctor and the nurse were exchanging a few words on the landing, told the cook that she was sure that she had heard him say "diphtheria." Another nurse was sent for, and all was done for Mr. Pumfrey that science and care could do, but the disease was severe; his vitality was low; and within a fortnight he had passed away.

Meantime Mrs. Pumfrey had been slowly recovering. A week after her husband's funeral she came down-stairs for the first time.

On a chair in the hall lay a large brown-paper parcel.

"Well, I never!" she exclaimed to Anne, the housemaid, for want of a better listener. "If this isn't just the very thing I was thinking I would have to send you out for. I quite forgot to order some, being forbidden by doctor's orders to write letters. This will last me for a long while. But who can have ordered it? I'm sure I never did. Did you?"

"No, ma'am. I wouldn't take it on me to do such a thing."

The widow looked at the invoice, to see whether it would offer any explanation of the mystery. It was dated the nineteenth of November.

"Why," said Mrs. Pumfrey, counting on her fingers—"if that isn't the very day your master was took unwell! It was a Friday, and the doctor told me he had given me up."

She stopped abruptly, for the coincidence was illuminative, and she understood. The bill, too, was eloquent in its moderation.

She quite understood; but she did not feel at all bitter toward her deceased husband. She took a sheet of the paper, felt it appreciatively between her finger and thumb, then spread it out on the blotter before her and dipped her pen in the ink.

"Poor John!" she murmured. "He was always so careful!"

John K. Leys

LIGHT VERSE

ANTIQUITY VS. UTILITY

MY Margaret, grown auction-mad,
Has filled our flat with The Antique;
Ashes of empire, battered, sad,
From every nook and corner speak,
Old woods and carpets Moslemesque—
Yet in my office far apart
I sit behind my roll-top desk;
It's useful—but it isn't art!

A quaint Colonial warming-pan
Upon our Flemish hearth doth tilt
With charcoal-burners from Japan
And samovars of Russian gilt.
And yet the janitor, with scorn,
Brings coal and kindling-wood to start
Our modern furnace every morn;
It's useful—but it isn't art!

An elderly grandfather's clock,
As if the times were out of joint,
Ticks now and then a feeble tock
And drops the hands that will not point.
Yet in a closet, tucked away,
A friend reliable, though tart,
My cheap alarm-clock works all day;
It's useful—but it isn't art!

We have an ancient bedroom set,
A bed which some one died upon—
'Twas either Marie Antoinette,
Or Shakespeare, or George Washington.
It creaks. I wake and bump my head
And think of spooks—be still, my
heart!—

Oh, for a brass instalment bed
That's useful, though it isn't art!

You see, I'm just a plain, crisp man
Unmaddened by an auction-sale.
I cannot talk on Old Japan,
Korean ware, or Chippendale;
But when a load of curios

Comes from the auction in a cart
I pay the bills—and I suppose
That's useful—though it isn't art!

Wallace Irwin

THE COMMON LOT

SEEING an iris growing in the grass,
A butterfly, in passing, spake: "Alas,
Were fate more kind—who knows?—I, too,
might be
A flower, at peace in sweet obscurity;
Not what I am—a vain and vagrant thing,
A homeless idler, ever on the wing!"

The iris noted, till her gaze was spent,
His golden flight, and sighed in discontent:
"Were fate more kind—who knows?—I,
too, might be
A butterfly, as beautiful, and—free!"

Meribah Philbrick Abbott

WHEN MABEL'S MAKING FUDGE

ALTHOUGH chill winds might
freeze my bones,
I'm ne'er afraid to trudge
A mile when Mabel telephones:
"Come up—I'm making fudge!"

I've watched while other girls made
tea,
So I'm prepared to judge;
No other picture quite suits me
Like Mabel making fudge.

She works her chafing-dish, you know;
I sit near-by, nor budge,
Let other callers come or go,
When Mabel's making fudge.

Though she may smile on other chaps,
I never hold a grudge,
But dream: "Now if"—or "Now per-
haps"—
While Mabel's making fudge.

And if Dan Cupid helps a mite,
All day I'll gladly drudge
At business, if by candle-light
My Mabel makes my fudge!

M. F. K. Hutchinson

THE SONG OF FLIRTILLA

SINCE I was but a little maid,
I've played with Love—
Fingered his fetters fearlessly;
Stolen the stings
From arrows in his quiver laid;
His bow above
His tiny reach held carelessly;
Bound fast his wings.

Ah, me! I fear I may have done
Some wrong to him,
In that I teased him when he
grieved

And mocked him so.
Although my flouts were all in fun,
Misgivings grim
Assail me that he was deceived,
And did not know.

I played with Love—with Love I
played—
Now childish things
Seem far away, and memories move
Me mournfully!
Sometimes I grow almost afraid
With wonderings
If there will come a time when
Love
Will play with me!

Frank Preston Smart

A PATH FOR TWO

MY path in life may not lead straight
To fame, success, or opulence;
Perchance, sweetheart, 'twill deviate
Through brambled meads and thickets
dense.

If long it be I cannot tell,
Or short; but ah, I know 'tis wide
Enough for two to travel well
When hand in hand and side by side!

It may not lead to heights renowned;
From hills of ease it may digress;
But, ah, 'twill lead where joy is found—
To sun-kissed vales of happiness!
For Love shall our attendant be,
Our scout, our guide, skilled bowman
true,

If you, sweetheart, will walk with me
The path that's wide enough for two!

Roy Farrell Greene

MLLE. POCAHONTAS

WHO is this Indian maiden fair,
With nut-brown cheek and golden
hair,

With twinkling orbs and walk of grace,
And dimples lighting up her face,
In filmy gown of late design
That dazzles so these eyes of mine?
What is her tribe? For I would know
Whence cometh this strange child of Lo.

No Indian maiden I have seen
In days gone by hath ever been
So nigh a queen;
Nor have I ever heard of one
Whose locks outshone the rising sun
In golden brilliance shimmering,
As soft as are the airs of spring,
And flying in the autumn breeze
Like fairy fabrics in the trees.
The daughters of Geronimo,
Of Powhatan and Idaho,
Had raven tresses black as night
To hide their shoulders from our sight.

And dimpling cheeks and orbs of blue
That shame the very heaven's hue,
I've never seen on girls or boys
Descended from the Iroquois;
And as for gowns from o'er the sea,
And bonnets fresh from far Paris—
Who ever saw a Navajo
In some creation of Virot?
Egad, 'twould fill my soul with bliss
To win a squaw to equal this!

What? Phyllis? You, this Indian maid,
You haughty, naughty little jade,
Returned to town and all its thrills
From summering amid the hills?
And this your dusky cheek—this tan
You've brought along to dazzle man?
Ah, well, I'm not at all surprised
At Pocahontas so disguised—
Were I the sun I think I, too,
Would kiss your cheek the summer
through!

John Kendrick Bangs

TO AN EMPTY PURSE

OH, vast and vain vacuity, a curse
Upon thy emptiness! It grieves me
sore
To gaze into thine empty depths, thou
purse,
Thou primal nothingness forevermore!

Thou vastness and infinitude of space,
Thou bottomless, unending depth pro-
found,

Abysmal, empty, and unfathomed place,
Not e'en the echoes in thy walls resound!

Unburdened, hollow, destitute of all,
Thou dismal, deep concavity of wo,
E'en gravitation will not bid thee fall,
Nor hast thou wings to make thee
heavenward go.

Thou yawning, oscillating, gaping chasm,
Of all that never was and ne'er will be,
Thou art the synonym, the fitting plasm—
Nihility alone resides with thee!

Thomas Speed Mosby

FISHING

I WENT fishing, so did Sue;
Cupid, he went fishing, too,
On the sly!
With our lines precisely baited,
On the bank we sat and waited,
But the fish were shy.

Susan's sun-kissed cheeks were
glowing,
Susan's dimples, coyly showing,
Proved a pretty snare;
And my thoughts were somehow
tangled,
All the time I sat and angled,
With her silken hair.

Fishes? Well, there were not
many;
Finny ones there were not any,
Still, we caught a few—
Susan caught one, so did I,
Though the water-folk were shy;
Cupid? He caught two!

Grace Stone Field

THE YOUNG WIFE

HE'S come within the swinging gate,
The garden-path sings to his tread;
One little moment more to wait—
But, ah, the moment moves like lead!

What if, to-night, I linger here
To let him seek me, up the stair,
Or to his hurrying gaze appear
Stately and slow descending there?

No, no! His foot is at the door;
Quick, that the door scarce opened be
Till all my world have shrunk once more
To his dear arms enfolding me!

Elizabeth R. Kellogg

MARY MANNERING

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

A YOUNG ENGLISH ACTRESS WHOSE CHARM, BEAUTY, AND HISTRI-
ONIC ABILITY QUICKLY NATURALIZED HER IN THE LIKING OF
THE AMERICAN PUBLIC—THE STORY OF HER LIFE ON THE STAGE

IT was chance, whose power is so often manifest in theatrical affairs, that played the decisive part in determining Mary Mannering's earlier career. Some friends of Kyrle Bellew happened to see, at a picture exhibition, the portrait of a young English girl, and to be struck by the charm and expressiveness of the face. The original, then but fifteen years old, was living quietly with her parents, and her picture was on view only because an artist had admired her beauty and obtained permission to transfer it to canvas. It impressed Mr. Bellew's friends so deeply that they urged the actor to track down the girl and see if she could be induced to go upon the stage.

It was an odd thing to do, but Bellew desired to humor his friends. He saw the young lady, and persuaded her to join his company; and during her first season she played more than fifty small parts under her own name of Florence Friend. For the next three years she continued to act in the British provinces, acquiring a fairly wide experience, but never attaining the *réclame* of an appearance in the West End, or finding a London manager who cared to secure her services.

The next step in her career was a sufficiently surprising one, though the account of it that has passed into current theatrical history is not quite correct. The accepted version is that Daniel Frohman, during one of his summer holidays, was making a solitary bicycle tour over the delightful country highways of England. Stopping for the night in a provincial town, he spent the evening

at the local theater, as he often did when he found one open. On this occasion, the romantic legend continues, he made a much rarer find—a leading woman of such beauty and talent that he promptly made up his mind to engage her for his New York playhouse, and to put her into the position just vacated there by no less a celebrity than Georgia Cayvan.

HOW MR. FROHMAN DISCOVERED MISS MANNERING

The true story, as told by Mr. Frohman himself, is simple enough, but somewhat less picturesque. It seems that in the summer of 1896 he bought the American rights of Sidney Grundy's farce, "The Late Mr. Castello"; and as it was then being produced at a theater in Islington, a northern suburb of London, he not unnaturally thought it worth while to see a performance of the piece. The company was a provincial one, and the leading juvenile rôle was played by Florence Friend.

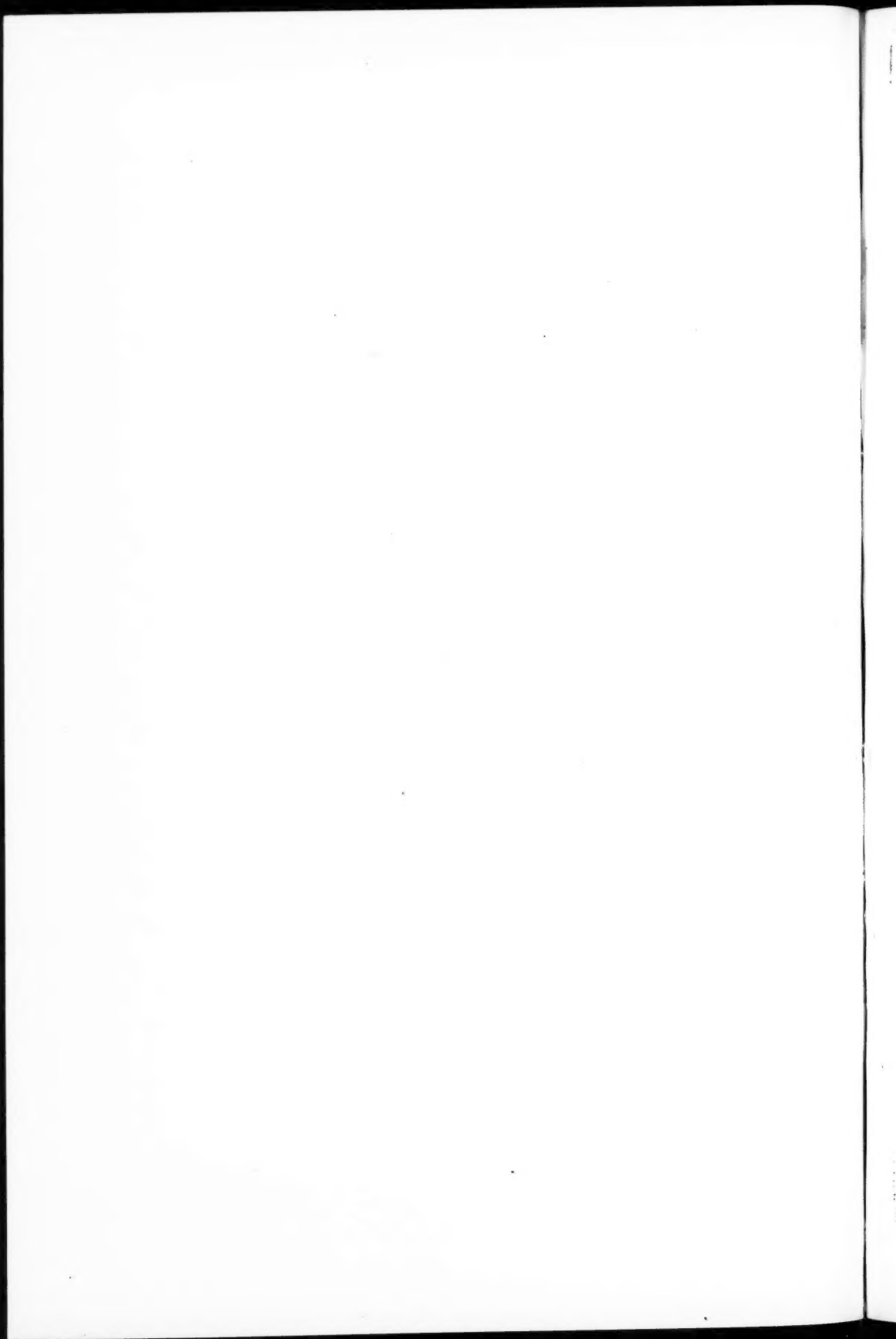
"I was charmed with her performance," Mr. Frohman says, "and also with her attractive, girlish personality, and her sincerity and simplicity. I sent for her, and engaged her for my stock company, of which I made her the leading lady. I changed her name from Florence Friend to Mary Mannering, as being more attractive and euphonious. In the same company, at Islington, the second rôle was played by a Miss Constance Collier, who is now one of the leading women of the London stage."

Without any flourish of trumpets, then, on the 24th of November, 1896, Miss Mannering made her *début* in America.



MARY MANNERING

From her latest photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York



There were more than the ordinary risks connected with the venture. Not only was the leading woman a stranger, but the play was by a young English dramatist, Henry V. Esmond, who had not yet won his spurs with "When We Were Twenty-One" and "The Wilderness." More than this, "The Courtship of Leonie" had no London prestige to recommend it to American audiences, as this performance at the Lyceum was its first production on any stage.

HER PERSONAL QUALIFICATIONS

The play failed and was speedily withdrawn, but the actress won. William Winter said of her on the morning after her debut:

Miss Mannering has a tall, willowy figure, a distinguished bearing, the head of Faed's "Evangeline," a face of great sensibility, and the rare, strange charm of gray eyes and dark hair; and all her motions are elastic and graceful. Best of all, she has a voice which, under the stress of natural emotion, in a situation of real pathos and not of trumpery excitement and artificial flurry would go straight to the heart.

Miss Mannering's leading man in that very first play was James K. Hackett. Between these two it was practically a case of love at first sight, and they were married before that first season had run its somewhat checkered course, although the fact of the union was kept secret for several months. She remained at the old Lyceum till the end of its existence. During that period the two impersonations that stand out as her best were *Fay*, the Italian girl in "The Princess and the Butterfly," and *Rose Trelawney*, the delightful actress who gave "Trelawney of the Wells" its title.

Acting one winter with the troupe after its removal to Daly's, Miss Mannering then signed to star under Frank McKee's management. In the autumn of 1900, much against her will, she appeared in a dramatization of the year's "best seller"—"Janice Meredith." The story had never appealed to her, and she liked the play still less; but it was fortunate, perhaps, that she did not take the advice of a New York critic who suggested that *Jocelyn Leigh* in "To Have and To Hold" would suit her "down to the ground." For "Janice Meredith" proved a strong popular success, while

"To Have and To Hold," put forward later with Isabel Irving and Robert Loraine in the chief parts, turned out to be utterly unsuited to the stage, and was summarily bundled into the storage warehouse.

This is really the haven where "Janice Meredith," on the merits of the play, should have found an early repose. The fact that it attracted a long succession of crowded audiences is either a severe reflection on the dramatic standards of the public, or else a striking testimony to the personal charm of the actress who bore the leading rôle.

THE SUCCESS OF "JANICE MEREDITH"

"There is scarcely a part that Miss Mannering has played in this country," wrote one of the critics, "which makes less demand upon her powers as an artist than the character of this flibbertigibbet, *Janice*." This is but a fair sample of the reviewers' opinions. They almost all agreed, however, that the play contained elements likely to appeal to the prevailing theatrical taste. They were right. Such was the call from the box-office that poor Miss Mannering was kept in the thing for two solid seasons. Rarely, indeed, has a popular success left such a bitter taste in the mouth of the chief person concerned.

Miss Mannering's leading man in "Janice Meredith" was Robert Drouet, her husband having now become a full-fledged star in his own orbit. Arthur Byron was her first assistant in her second venture, "The Stubbornness of Geraldine," by Clyde Fitch. The play, chiefly notable for the realistic representation of a rolling steamer-deck, was distinctly a frothy affair, but pleasing withal, and carried her safely through a season, which was more than can be said for her third essay, "Harriet's Honeymoon," a weak-kneed farce written—most likely after a German original—by Leo Ditrichstein.

The chief event of 1904, in the Hackett family record, was the arrival of a daughter. Mrs. Hackett did not return to the stage until March of the following year, when she was placed against a background of Scottish history in "Nancy Stair," with Robert Loraine as her leading man. The play, adapted by

Paul Potter from a book by Elinor Macartney Lane, pleased neither the critics nor the public.

A CO-STAR WITH HER HUSBAND

The period of Miss Mannering's contract with Frank McKee having now run its course, she was free to appear jointly with her husband. All concerned were gratified, last autumn, when "Hackett-Mannering" went up in electric brilliance over the billboards for "The Walls of Jericho." The play, written by Alfred Sutro, proved one of the half dozen leading successes of the New York season; but audiences had scarcely ceased congratulating themselves on this opportunity of seeing two stars for one price of admission, when Mr. Hackett decided to become a manager, and to act only at convenient intervals. Miss Mannering, therefore, returns to the lone star state. She will appear this autumn in "Mistress Betty," by the author of "Brown of Harvard," with Robert Warwick as leading man, and, of course, under the management of her husband.

Although at this writing the play is not quite completed, this much can be said about it—the *Betty* is the Elizabeth Patterson of Baltimore who played such a romantic part in Napoleonic history. A scenario of the piece was submitted to Miss Mannering by its author, Mrs. Young, of whom the Hacketts knew nothing beyond the fact that she was the

wife of James Young, the actor, and that she had a contract with Henry Miller for the production of another play she had written. Miss Mannering approved the outline of "Mistress Betty," and gave Mrs. Young a retaining fee to go on and finish the drama. This was in December last, and it was not until February that the new playwright's first effort—"Brown of Harvard"—saw the footlights. It proved to be one of the hits of the season, so that Miss Mannering has had the unique experience of ordering a play from a novice and finding that novice turn to a celebrity on her hands, as it were.

It is earnestly to be hoped that "Mistress Betty" may provide her with a part and a background that will be some compensation for the series of misfits that have fallen to her almost steadily since she left the Lyceum. Only during her comparatively brief connection with the little playhouse on Fourth Avenue, now no more, has this really delightful actress found material worthy of her talents.

To quote once more from the dean of American reviewers, the secret of her charm is well explained by Mr. Winter's statement that "a fine figure, an expressive countenance, a demure look, a fond, caressing manner, and the aspect and semblance of earnest feeling—these attributes combine in Miss Mannering's personality, and they naturally please."

POSSESSED

ONE little day of mine you took,
And now—though strange, 'tis true—
No days at all are left for me,
All time belongs to you.

You captured one swift, passing thought.
Who dreamed what would befall?
No dream or fancy now is mine;
You hold my brain in thrall.

You crept into my quiet work;
Now all I plan or do
Has one sole object, one glad aim—
My work is all for you.

I found you one day in my heart;
Its rooms were chill and bare;
But now, though crowded, only one—
One face, one shape is there.

Almon Hensley

THE STATUE OF SNOW

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

PROFESSOR OF DRAMATIC LITERATURE IN COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

UNLIKE THE PAINTER, THE SCULPTOR, AND THE AUTHOR, WHOSE WORK LIVES AFTER THEM, THE ACTOR LEAVES BEHIND HIM NOTHING BUT A RECOLLECTION; YET HE HAS AT LEAST TWO COMPENSATIONS DENIED TO THE OTHERS

DAVID GARRICK was probably the greatest actor the world has ever seen; but what is he to-day but a faint memory—a name in the biographical dictionaries, and no more? Joseph Jefferson was the most accomplished comedian of the English-speaking stage at the end of the nineteenth century; but his fame will fade like Garrick's, and in a score of years he also will be but a name. This swift removal to the limbo of the vanished is the fate of all actors, however popular in their own day, and however indisputable their genius.

And this fate the actor shares with all other performers, vocalists, and instrumentalists. It is a fate from which the practitioners of the other arts are preserved by the fact that their works may live after them, whereas the performers can leave nothing behind them but the splendid recollection that may linger in the memories of those who beheld the performance. Goldsmith was the friend of Garrick; and there are thousands to-day who have enjoyed the quaint simplicity of the "Vicar of Wakefield," and to whom, therefore, Goldsmith is something more than a name only. Macready was the friend of Bulwer-Lytton, who wrote for him "The Lady of Lyons" and "Richelieu"; but the actor left the stage half a century ago and has long been forgotten by the playgoers, who have continued to attend the countless performances of the two plays Macready originally produced.

The actors are moved often to repeat

again the pathetic query of *Rip* when he returned from his sleep of twenty years: "Are we, then, so soon forgot?" And Jefferson himself answered the question in the affirmative. He told Mr. Francis Wilson that Betterton and Garrick, Kean and Mrs. Siddons, "mark milestones in the dramatic pathway, for they lived at a time when literary men wrote sympathetically of the stage, and so their memories are kept alive." He thought that Edwin Booth might be more than a tradition solely because he had founded a club, The Players, whereby his fame would be kept green. And when Mr. Wilson asked him about himself, the shrewd comedian explained that his own "Autobiography" might serve to rescue him from total oblivion. And then he summed up the case and dismissed it, with the assertion that "the painter, the sculptor, the author, all live in their works after death; but there is nothing so useless as a dead actor! Acting is a tradition. Actors must have their reward now, in the applause of the public—or never. If their names live, it will be because of some extraneous circumstance."

Other distinguished actors have phrased the same thought even more forcibly. Delaunay, for a third of a century the ideal young lover in all the masterpieces of dramatic literature performed at the Théâtre Français, used to liken the actor to the painter in Hoffmann's weird tale, who sat before a blank canvas with an empty brush, and

yet gave all the touches needed for a true picture. And Lawrence Barrett was fond of repeating an anecdote of Michelangelo. To please some exacting patron or to gratify a whim of his own, the great artist, so it is said, once carved a statue of snow. This may have been the final expression of his plastic genius; but it endured only until the sun shone again. Then it melted swiftly into a shapeless lump, and soon it was gone forever, leaving no record of its powerful beauty. "And this is what the actor does every night," so Barrett was wont to comment; "he is forever carving a statue of snow."

So strong is the instinctive human desire for immortality, so abiding is the wish of man to transmit to those who may come later some testimony of himself, that these regretful utterances of the actors are very natural indeed. But is their case really as hard as they think it? Has the actor no compensation for the transitoriness of his fame?

And when we seek an honest answer to these questions, we can find one without difficulty. Indeed, we can find two, one of them obvious enough, and the other, perhaps, not so evident, but not less suggestive.

A HARVEST OF PRAISE AND OF PAY

The first answer is contained in Jefferson's assertion that "actors must have their reward now, in the applause of the public—or never." And we all know that actors do have their reward, an ample reward, pressed down and running over. Both in praise and in cash, the actor is better paid than any other artist. In proportion to his ability, he is greatly overpaid. The nightly salary of a prima donna far overtops the modest fee of the composer of the opera. The possible earnings of celebrated performers are almost fabulous, now that they can make the whole world tributary. It may be that the pecuniary gains of a very popular performer are not actually greater than those of a very popular novelist or of a very popular portrait-painter. But where there are to-day only one or two novelists and portrait-painters who have attained to this summit of prosperity, there are a dozen or a score of actors and of actresses who are reap-

ing the richest of harvests. And even the rank and file of the histrionic profession are better paid than are the average practitioners of the other arts.

The actor, overpaid in actual money, so far as his real ability is concerned, is also unduly rewarded with praise. In the general ignorance about the art of acting, he is often rated far more highly than he deserves. He is greeted with public acclaim; and he can rejoice in the wide reverberations of a notoriety which is the immediate equivalent of fame. He comes almost in personal contact with his admirers; and they are loud in expressing to him the pleasure he has just given them. Far more directly and far more keenly than any poet or any sculptor can the actor breathe the incense offered up to him. And if he be a Kemble, he may have the good fortune to listen while a Campbell declares acting to be the supreme art:

For ill can poetry express

Full many a tone of thought sublime,
And painting, mute and motionless,

Steals but a glance of time.

But by the mighty actor brought,

Illusion's perfect triumphs come—

Verse ceases to be airy thought,

And sculpture to be dumb.

Even if the actor is not a Kemble and does not receive the homage of a Campbell, even if he is but one of the many stars that twinkle in the theatrical firmament, he has a celebrity denied to other artists. He may expect to be recognized as he passes in the street. He may count on the public familiarity with his name, such as no other artist could hope for. Few of those who throng through the portals of a noble public building ever give a thought to the architect whose work it is. Few of those who stand in admiration before a stately statue in the square ever ask the name of the sculptor who wrought it.

Even in the theater itself few of those who sit entranced at the performance of a play know or care to know its authorship. Mr. Bronson Howard was once asked how many of the audience that filled the theater at the hundredth performance of one of his plays would be aware that he was the author of the piece they were enjoying; and he answered that he doubted if one in ten of

the spectators happened to be acquainted with his name. But at least nine in ten of the spectators knew the names of the stars; and when that piece chanced to be performed nowadays by one of the stock companies, it is advertised as "Robson and Crane's great play, 'The Henrietta.'"

So it is that the player is ever overshadowing the playwright, although the actor is but the interpreter of what the author has created. It is the incalculable advantage of the actor that he stands "in the suffused light of emotion kindled by the author," so George Henry Lewes declared, adding that the performer delivering "the great thoughts of an impassioned mind, is rewarded, as the bearer of glad tidings is rewarded, though he have had nothing to do with the facts which he narrates."

ANOTHER PARTIAL COMPENSATION

A certain rough-and-ready justice there is in most of the affairs of this life; and by this those who have their brief hour upon the stage may profit, like the rest of us. The obvious compensation for the swift forgetting that may follow the most distinguished actor's withdrawal from active service in the theater is to be found in the fact that while he was prominent before the footlights he was probably more or less overpaid either in praise or in cash, and possibly in both. But there is another compensation less obvious, and indeed wholly overlooked by those who have discussed the subject. Even Lewes failed to state it, although he seems to have been almost in sight of it.

"It is thought a hardship that great actors in quitting the stage can leave no monument more solid than a name," so Lewes wrote, commenting on the retirement of Macready. "The painter leaves behind him pictures to attest his power; the author leaves behind him books; the actor leaves only a tradition. The curtain falls—the artist is annihilated. Succeeding generations may be told of his genius; none can test it." But Lewes did not see the significance of these final words, "none can test it." They suggest that, in one respect at least, the actor may be more fortunate than any other artist. His

fame in the future depends absolutely on the reputation which he achieved while he was alive and active in his profession. From that pedestal he can never be deposed. On that height he is secure, whatever the changes of critical theory and whatever the vagaries of public opinion. For him the judgment of his contemporaries is final, and posterity has no court of appeal. The election on the face of the returns must stand; and it can never be voided later, since the ballots have been destroyed.

This is a security of tenure possessed by no painter and by no poet whose works survive to be tested anew by the changing standards of successive generations. Painters exalted in one century as indisputable masters have been cast down in another century, and denounced as mere pretenders. Pope was acclaimed in his own day as the greatest of English poets, only to be dismissed in our day as an adroit versifier, not fairly to be termed a poet at all. From these vicissitudes of criticism the actor is preserved; his fame cannot be impeached. No critic can move for a retrial of Garrick; the witnesses are all dead; the case is closed; the decision stands forever. "Succeeding generations may be told of his genius; none can test it"—and because none can test it, succeeding generations must accept what they have been told. Garrick painted his picture with an empty brush, it is true, and he had to carve his statue in the snow; and therefore neither the picture nor the statue can ever be seen by unfriendly eyes to-day. The skill of the artist cannot be proved; we have to take it on trust and to hold it as a matter of faith.

Beyond all question it is a signal advantage to the actor that he can leave behind him nothing by which his contemporary fame may be contested by us who come after. How great an advantage it is, we may gage by considering the sadly shrunken reputations to-day of certain speakers accepted in their own time as orators of compelling force. In the eighteenth century, Whitefield was a widely renowned preacher, credited with genuine eloquence by all who heard him. One discourse of his was so moving that it coaxed the copper and the silver and the gold out of the pockets of the calm

and unemotional Franklin. If we had only the testimony of those who heard him gladly, we could hardly fail to regard Whitefield as one of the really great orators of the world. Unfortunately for the fame of the fervid preacher, some of his sermons survive to bear witness against him. Whitefield's burning words, powerfully effective as they were when sustained by his artful delivery, are cold enough now that we have them on the printed page.

What happened to Whitefield in the eighteenth century is not unlike what happened to Gladstone in the nineteenth. There would be little possibility of denying to the great party-leader a foremost place among the world's mightiest orators, if we had only the record of the overwhelming effect produced upon those whom he addressed, whether he was carrying the fiery cross through Midlothian or holding the House entranced hour after hour by a speech on the budget. Not Webster, not Cicero, not Demosthenes was more powerful in producing results. But we are not compelled to rely solely on the recollections of those who sat silent under the spell of his commanding personality. When we seek to test Gladstone's title to be held a great orator, we can call other witnesses—these very speeches themselves, revised by the speaker himself; and they bear testimony against him, just as Whitefield's sermons bear testimony against Whitefield.

The reputation of Gladstone and of Whitefield as orators would be higher than it is if they were judged only by the memories of those who heard them or by the records made by those who were still under the spell of their influence. Herein the actors are luckier than the orators, since it is only by such enthusiastic records that they can be judged. There can be no other proof of their great gifts; and "none can test it."

ACTORS OF YESTERDAY AND OF TO-DAY

It is true that now and again a skeptic stands up to suggest a doubt whether the renowned actors of the past really deserved their reputations. He wonders how they would be received to-day, and whether we should esteem Betterton and Kean as highly as they were once es-

teemed, each in his own day. He even ventures to opine that if these great actors could appear on our stage we should find them old fashioned, of course, and probably also stilted and stagy. And although this suggestion is hostile, it contains a certain measure of truth. The acting of the past was not exactly like the acting of the present, because the circumstances of performance have been continually changing, even though the principles of the art abide unaltered.

The actor must ever adjust himself to the theater in which he is performing. His methods must be modified in accordance with the condition of the stage at the time. Burbage played his parts on a bare platform thrust out into the unroofed yard; and Kean won his triumphs in a huge theater with the oil-footlights curving out far beyond the curtain. Burbage and Kean had to accept these conditions, and to adjust their technic accordingly. If they were to appear to-day in the modern theater, and if they were to act as they were wont to act in the wholly different theaters of their own times, no doubt they would disconcert us, and we might very well fail to perceive their real merits. But this is not the fair way to put it. If Garrick were to be born again, and to grow up amid our conditions, he would accept these, and find his profit in them. His histrionic genius would expand as freely now as it did then; and he would be as responsive to the pressure of public opinion in the twentieth century as he was in the eighteenth.

There is no doubt that the dramas in which the actors of the past appeared were more rhetorical than the plays of to-day; they were written for the platform-stage, which was only dimly lighted and which required all the acting to be done close to the out-curving footlights. The actors of to-day perform on a stage withdrawn behind a picture-frame, lighted in every part and set with accurate scenery; and they have therefore had to abandon the oratorical amplitude proper enough to the earlier conditions. They have adopted the simpler, subtler, and more realistic methods which are called for by the theater of to-day and by the plays which are written for the theater of to-day.

WHEN THE SIREN FAILED

BY H. R. DURANT

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS

BINOCULARS in hand, Burnham stood on the edge of the wide veranda and gazed seaward. Ten paces in front of him there was a sheer fall of two hundred feet to the edge of the Atlantic below. From his commanding elevation he swept the glasses indifferently across the skeleton of a sea-going tug beneath him and two pyramids of iron, marking the bow and stern of a coal-barge which had gone ashore but two months before, and in twenty minutes had crackled up like an egg-shell under the force of a relentless southeaster. Shrill-crying mackerel gulls were circling above the fishermen hauling a trap-net a short distance off shore, and still farther at sea a fleet of sword-fishing sloops and schooners wallowed like whales in the long, rolling swell of the ocean, the keen-eyed harpoon-throwers in their pulpit seats bobbing up and down like a gull on a bell-buoy. Overhead a great blue heron heavily flapped his way northward and disappeared beyond the lighthouse. In the east the sun had risen from the sea, a huge ball of fire, and was already tempering the early morning chill of the island.

A damp breath fanned his cheek from the southwest, and turning his glasses in that direction he discovered a low bank of slaty-colored clouds rolling and tumbling toward the island, like smoke from a battery fire. It was fog—one of the thick, sudden fogs that were continually enveloping his island home and then disappearing quickly. He held his glasses steadily for a moment, and then turned to his man in the doorway of the bungalow-like building behind him.

"The fog has just picked up a steam-yacht headed this way, Nelson," he said. "Now, we'll see how long it takes the

lighthouse people to get their siren going. Yesterday's fog was on us for half an hour before they had steam up—time enough for fifty vessels to butt into the island and go to pieces."

Twenty minutes later a clammy veil of impenetrable mist had suddenly extinguished the sunlight and enclosed them with dampness and silence. Nelson had thrown a log of driftwood into the great, yawning fireplace, but it was with no sense of comfort or contentment that Burnham received the cheerful glow of the blaze.

"Beastly beginning for a day's sport," he reflected, "just when forty-pound striped bass were beginning to run."

However, it was not this alone which filled his mind with bitterness—it was the gloomy recollection that this was the fifth anniversary of his wedding-day, and the thought of the stormy scene which had occurred three months after his marriage. Perhaps that was why he, laughed disagreeably. In spite of himself, his mind reverted to that closing act, again traversing with reluctant feet the worn paths which led to it. Because of it he had wandered to this Isle of Manisses, in the Atlantic, where he had since remained a self-established exile. From that day he had not heard one word from her—he had never read a newspaper or personally received a letter since. He had divided his ample fortune and transferred half of it to her, as well as deeding to her absolutely the town and country houses, and his yacht.

He had tried to be fair—he wanted to do all in his power to make amends for the wrong he had done in marrying her—as soon as he had realized they were not suited for each other. He had been born and bred to a life of idleness,

and he insatiably craved an out-door life—one free from professional and business cares, while Constance seemed to have but one ambition, that of a great career for him. His work had always been all play. She had sought to train him for things social—for the dual life of public service and a strictly conventional existence. Against this his very nature rebelled. A sharp warfare had developed between them, one that had torn and swayed them, and none the less bitter because she carried on the battle mostly for his sake. Her ambition scorched him like a continual fire, and at last his diffidence and constraint showed her his unhappiness.

Then came the day which stung him even now, as he remembered it. Forces terrible and unknown had fastened upon her and made her another woman—a being worlds apart from the girl he had wooed and won. He closed his eyes and again she passed before him—reproaching him for his deadness to her desires, for his indifference to doing a man's work in the world, for his deliberate neglect and refusal to use his great capabilities for the public good. Underneath it all he had remained silent. She had finished by showing her own discontent in lashing him with a scorn both eloquent and furious. It was then he had quietly proposed a separation, since it was manifest that their temperaments would henceforth be continually at war. They had simply made a common mistake; and, as he was now not answerable to any one, he would partake of the only possible remedy—leave her to live her own life without hindrance from him.

So he had taken up his life here, entirely alone except for his man, Nelson, the lighthouse-keepers, and the crew of life-savers at the other end of the island. In the first month of his suffocating loneliness he had been driven nigh to nervous desperation. Finally, one day, when all unstrung, he had sat down and written—written blindly of a man shipwrecked. Nelson had sent away the manuscript and had told him of the check and the glowing letter of acceptance from the publishers. After that he had worked harder, after the manner of a man desolate and stricken, and now

that success, sudden and complete, had come to him, as a new and anonymous writer, he still remained unsatisfied. The breath of praise did not soothe. Why was it when his desire for happiness was still keen, when the joy of living was still his, that all real pleasure must be denied him? Was he never to feel the clasp of baby fingers?

Yes, there was something else—something besides loneliness and solitude, the edge of which time had not dulled. That big, white steam-yacht, suddenly disappearing behind a curtain of gray fog, had awaked old memories. Probably she had steamed out of New York the day before, bound for Newport—now that the August season was at hand. New York—how he wanted a sight of the great city of his callow youth, its treeless streets, its brilliant lights, its incessant roar and restless energy—its veneer, aye, its conventional frivolities—because, after all, that was what he had been born to; it had been his life, and he desired his own people with a longing which shook his soul. Unconsciously he had partially appeased his hunger for his friends and the old life in literary labor, but now—

Nelson's startled face appearing in the kitchen doorway roused him from his unpleasant reverie.

"Beg pardon, sir, but some boat is whistling to the south'ard, and I think she's headed this way. If they don't get the siren working soon I'm 'fraid she'll come ashore."

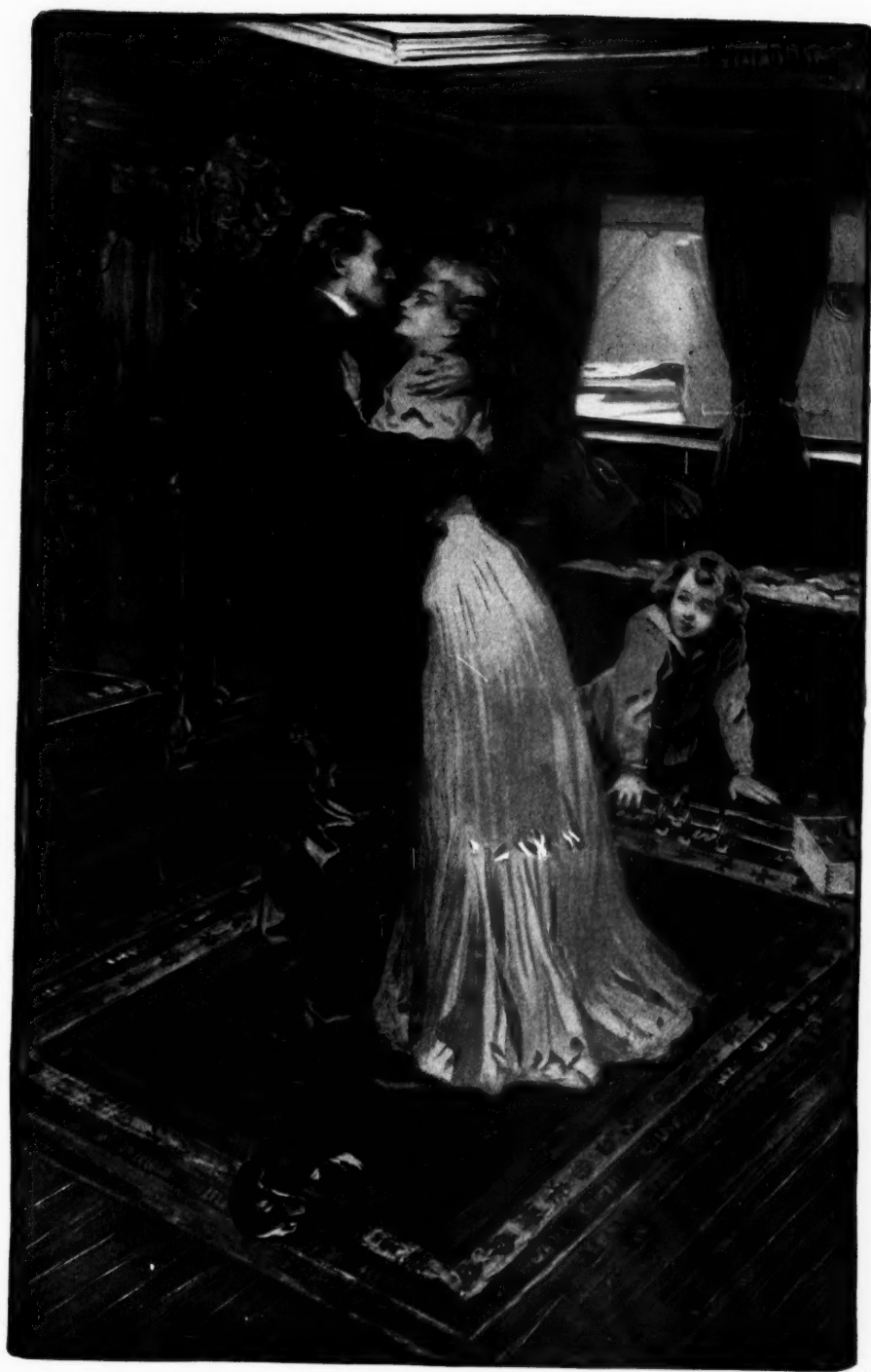
Hastily slipping outdoors they listened uneasily as the incessant "Whoo—whoo—whoo—" grew nearer in the thick mist beyond land.

"Nelson, she'll surely ground, if they don't blow the siren in a few minutes!" Burnham cried excitedly.

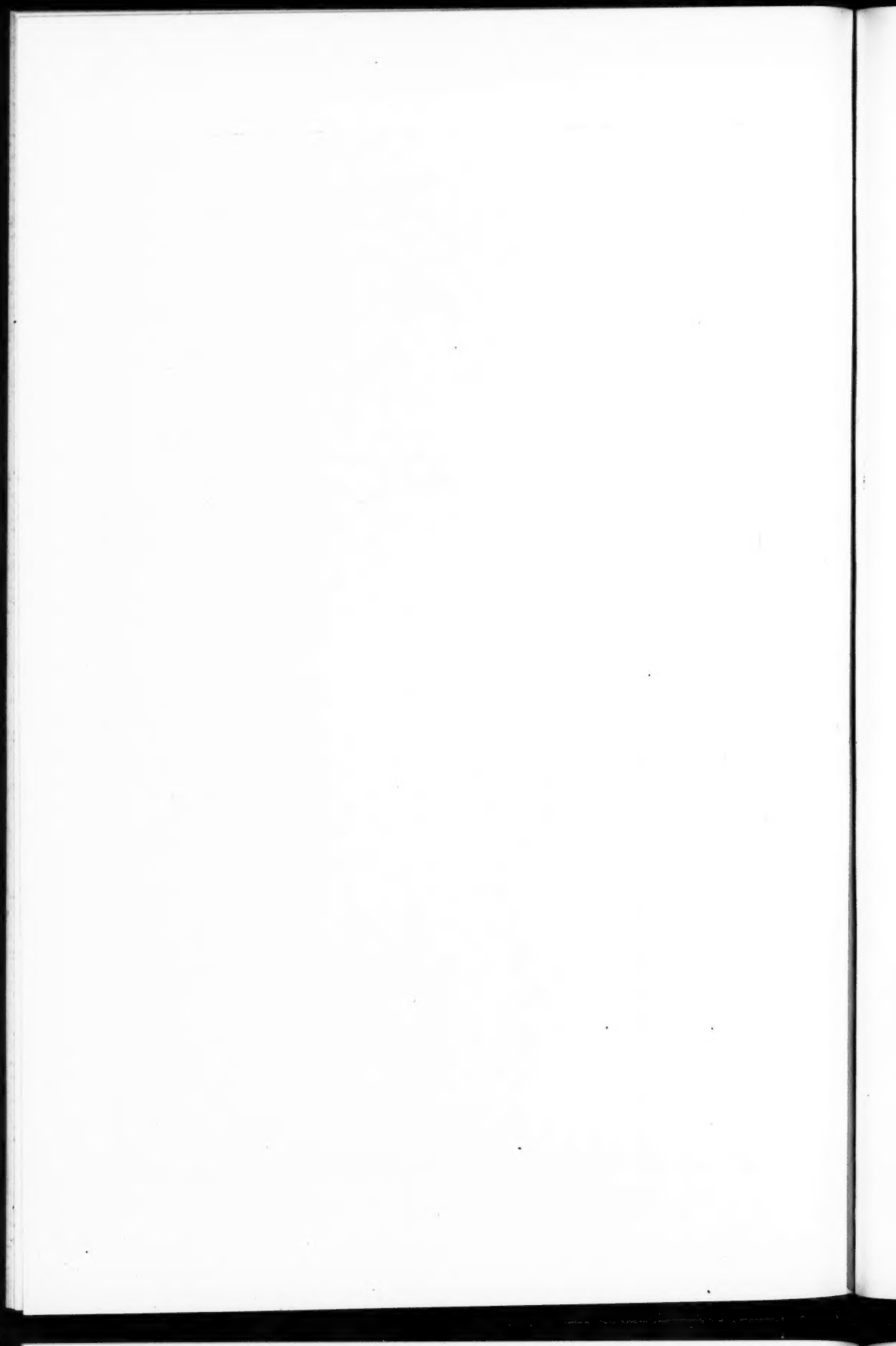
The deep whistling of the boat was now near at hand, each instant increasing in volume until it seemed at their very feet. Suddenly came a sharp cry, a long despairing toot, followed by the ringing of a bell, and then—silence!

"She's struck!" exclaimed Burnham. "Oh, steamer ahoy!" he yelled, but as an answering hail came to him through the megaphone, the delayed siren suddenly rent the fog with a terrifying wail:

"Ooo-o-o-ee-e! — Ooo-o-o-ee-e!—"



"MY HUSBAND, I NEED YOU!"



effectually smothering all other sounds. Thus they stood for a moment undecided and helpless until Nelson exclaimed:

"Look! There's the sun!" and sure enough, a great golden orange was looming beyond the fog. In a few moments sun and a southwest breeze had lifted the obliterating pall, and before their astonished gaze they saw a great white steam-yacht fast on the inner sand bar, not two hundred yards from shore and resting like a duck in the ocean swell. It was a modern pleasure craft, beautiful in outline, with polished brasswork glistening in the sunshine and a crew of sailors, clad in spotless white, scampering about the deck.

"Talk to her through the megaphone, Nelson, and ask if assistance is needed. I'll remain indoors. It may be somebody I know."

Ten minutes later Nelson entered and looked away when he saw his master's expectant gaze.

"Your face is quite red, Nelson."

"Yes, sir—you see—I had to yell uncommon loud—the wind is against me—to make them hear."

"Well?"

"She's bound for Newport. Captain lost his reckoning in the fog and got off his course. I asked him if help was wanted and he said she wasn't injured and that he'd get off all right soon's the tide rose."

"What's the tide now, Nelson?"

"'Bout half falling, sir."

"Um—well, it will take several hours for her to clear. Did you find out her name?"

"No, sir, I forgot that, sir."

"Very well—no matter. They'll be all right if it doesn't begin to blow. If a storm should come up, however, she may be driven in and smashed on the rocks. Perhaps you'd better go over to the light and see what's the matter with the siren. A boy with a tin whistle would be of more use to mariners than that counterfeit thing!"

Even now, with, perchance, friends at his door and the long-desired opportunity for intercourse with those of his own social world, the old habit of denying himself to all was too strong to resist. He slipped out the rear door and strode

rapidly toward the life-saving station, under a half-pretext of his duty to inform the crew.

II

It was two hours later when Burnham returned. There was no sign of life anywhere, though the yacht was still aground. Turning, he crossed the veranda and dropped into a chair. An instant later he heard the kitchen-door swing slowly open and without looking up, he asked:

"Any news, Nelson, of the people on the yacht?"

There was quite a pause before he realized that his man had not answered. He raised his head with a start to see—his wife! He arose to his feet, as she made a pretty gesture of recognition.

"Constance!" he said in a low voice.

"So this is where you live, is it? I felt as though I ought to call and pay my respects, you know. I came on the yacht."

Smiling, she held out one hand as he stepped forward, and then they shook hands quite formally.

"What a pleasant room," she continued easily, as her brown eyes swept the large apartment. "Books everywhere! And what are those villainous-looking things?" nodding toward the end of the room, where six large sword-fish swords were crossed in the form of a star on the wall.

He told her, after he had paused for an instant, seeking to control his voice. She stood before him all friendliness and the same old alluring charm—seeming to fill the place with her warm, gracious personality.

"You are looking well," he ventured lamely.

"Quite well, thank you," she answered, drawing off her gloves. "I hope you are well, Jim."

"Never better, thank you." Then: "I didn't recognize the yacht."

"No? She used to be black, you remember, and the deck cabins have been altered."

She noted his tall, lithe figure, the fine head, the bronzed, handsome face, and then for the first time her eyes fell. He could see that five years had made but little change in her. There was the same

wavy hair, shaded like a frost-bitten autumn leaf, the same exquisite coloring of face, the same grace of form, and—the same old imperious manner.

They were seated now—man and wife, and yet a universe apart through some incomprehensible fiat. She seemed to take it as a perfectly natural home-coming. It was as if he had left her yesterday, this physically perfect girl, and yet his puzzled brain told him vaguely that a vital change had taken place—that never again would she be the same. She had developed softly, ripening into a luxuriance beyond comparison. His clever eye could detect anew graceful curves of form, a pleasant awakening in her sweet face, and that indefinable expression in her eyes like—he racked his brain—like that which he used to see when he knelt at his mother's knee.

"Well, sir," she finally asked with a smile, "are you properly impressed by my appearance?"

"How you have changed!" he said.

"Have I? Well, you haven't. You look the same—vulgarly healthy. How am I—different?"

"What is it, Constance, that has changed you so much?" he insisted.

She smiled again with a wistful tenderness which he might have read had he been less shaken by her unexpected advent.

"How came you here—in this room?" he demanded.

"I recognized Nelson when he spoke to Captain Dodge, and so I ventured to your aerie. How could you live here, Jim, all alone—year in and out?"

He looked up with a haggard smile. "I had no choice. There is an endless variety of things to keep one occupied. I have my books—the only real, constant friends a man can have. I have wanted nothing—nothing," he repeated half defiantly, but it hurt him when to his keen eye she appeared to wince at this.

"Yes, no doubt that is true," she said calmly. "I hope your great success will make your life complete. Your fame will be lasting, I'm sure."

"What do you mean?" he demanded, startled.

"Ah, Jim, you must not forget that I was once a part of you. I know you too

well not to recognize your hidden self in your books, even though you write under another name. I did not know where you were, but in spite of yourself each new story has shown me the workings of your mind. As your career broadened and became manifest, I have been able to read your thoughts, but never have I—recognized your heart in them."

"Once you knew my heart—you ought to—you had it in your keeping."

A deep red had begun to show through his tan. She arose.

"Gracious!" she exclaimed. "I almost forgot how hungry I was. Aren't you going to invite me to luncheon?"

Her quick change of subject, direct and deliberate, caused a deeper red to sting his face. He rose to his feet with a slightly exaggerated stiffness of manner.

"I beg your pardon, Constance," he said. "I have nothing to offer you but fish. I'll call Nelson."

"Would you—would you mind, Jim, if I arranged the lunch? I assure you I can. I have learned many things since you—since I saw you last."

III

HE sat in a sort of daze as she glided in and out of the kitchen, setting the table with deft fingers. Her hands had always attracted him, and now the long, white fingers were unmarred by rings, except one—her wedding-ring. As he held the chair for her, he could not help asking:

"Have you been happy?"

"The last five years have been the happiest of my life. What is this excellent fish?"

"Bluefish. You are not free?" he persisted.

"Oh, yes, I am—perfectly free. You were good enough to supply me bountifully with toys—the horses, the yacht, and all the other things. I play where I choose."

"It may be that you will want a playground not bounded—more freedom—before long."

He was looking away and did not notice her face grow strangely white, but she turned to him with spirit.

"Be honest, Jim—do you desire complete freedom?"

"I beg pardon, sir," said Nelson from the doorway, "the tide is rising. The captain has just hailed us from the yacht."

"Mrs. Burnham is going presently."

"Very good, sir."

"A lonely place you live in," she said.

"There are worse places," he defended. "Finest bass-fishing in the world. When the snow and sleet come there is plenty of wood to keep me cozy—in summer there is always a breeze. Storms may dash themselves in blind impotence on the cliffs, because I am secure."

"Just like a man! With a woman it is often hard to escape storms," she replied.

"They had become grave again, and now she hastily broke a silence which was threatening. "You have not asked about my guests. Perhaps you are not interested!"

"Indeed I am. Who is aboard? You know I have not heard from one of my friends since I came here."

"Not one—not even about me?" she asked incredulously. Her lips had parted and she leaned toward him slightly, seemingly to await his words with breathless receptivity.

"No—not even about you. I—I am horribly ashamed to admit it, Constance, but I did not know whether you were dead or alive."

Her bosom rose and fell tumultuously and her eyes grew wet.

"I supposed you must have known about—about——" She halted and clasped her hands nervously.

"What?" he asked calmly, though a nameless fear had clutched his heart.

"Why, about—my trips abroad. I have been twice around the world."

"It has benefited you wonderfully. I am glad you could go. You were speaking of your guests?"

"Well, there is Aunt Sarah, Gertrude Wilson, and Jack Howland."

He drew in his breath sharply. Howland was the man she had not married.

"They have gone in the launch on a sight-seeing trip around the island."

"Well, the gay season is at hand," he said lightly. "To-morrow I suppose you will drop in at the Casino, then enjoy the ocean drive and consider that you

have formally begun the usual Newport routine."

"I was thinking more of to-day than to-morrow," she replied, as she arose carelessly and walked to the window.

"Do you mean that you are thinking of to-day because—because it is our anniversary?" he stammered.

"I am surprised that you should have remembered," she laughed; "you who seem to have forgotten so many things."

"I have not forgotten my mistakes," he said. "I can see now that a man's duty is not so much to himself as it is to others. For a man the world is a workshop—not a merry-go-round. I owed it to you, if not to myself, to recognize that, and to bring out the best and most there was in me."

"You did, didn't you?" she replied approvingly.

"Perhaps I did, but it all came—too late." Again did her face grow colorless. "I was not altogether to blame," he continued with a touch of bitterness. "Mother was country bred, with an innate love for things of the woods and streams. It was my heritage of a passionate desire for the open air—for freedom from all restraint. That is why I was unsafe—why I made your life a failure."

"Ah, Jim, it was all my mistake," she said with deep humility. "Yes, it was," she repeated as he shook his head. "I was too impetuous. I should have waited. You were to be just what you have become, but in my unreasonableness I could not see it. I thought I knew all men, and I did—the kind I had grown up with through Germans and house parties and all those superficial things. Not only did I expect too much in my husband, but I wanted it too soon."

She laughed; and had his thoughts been less gloomy he might have observed how akin to tears her laughter was.

"I have learned many things in—the space between. I have lived outdoors—I am no longer the shell I was, and I am almost convinced that, after all, perhaps he lives best who lives contented. Your sphere was not the market-place. I tyrannized over you, and would have driven you to great heights—I would have forced you into publicity and fame, when I should have helped you to live

your life. It would have been best for you and best for me. Well"—she turned toward the door—"it is as you said—many things are learned too late."

The outer door opened and closed carefully.

"I beg your pardon," said Nelson, "but the captain and sailors are waiting in the small boat for Mrs. Burnham."

"Ah, yes, of course. You will help Mrs. Burnham to the beach, Nelson," he said.

The man and wife shook hands again quite civilly, and in another moment he was alone. His head dropped on his arms. He had realized it at last. It was not hunger for his old life, not desire for amusement—he was torn with longing, and sick for the need of her. Always he had nursed the secret hope that the rocks which had wrecked their early married life would some time form the pavement for their future journey together, but now their paths only led farther apart. He did not hear his man until Nelson spoke.

"The wind has shifted to the sou'east, sir, and already there's quite a sea on. If the blow increases, the yacht is going to be in danger."

Burnham opened the door with a quick jerk. The air was coming in cooler waves and off shore the whitecaps were breaking with a venomous hiss. From east to west an ugly, black streak was growing larger above the horizon. The sun suddenly went out behind scudding clouds, and the steady flicker of lightning began in the south. Now a squall struck the yacht, whipping the water into spray, and his sensitive ear detected the distant roar of the wind. The ruddy lightning grew more frequent and vicious.

"Nelson!" Burnham's voice rang out sharply. "Help me slide in the dory. Then telephone from the lighthouse to the life-saving station and ask the crew to come over here. I am going aboard the yacht."

IV

IN a few moments he was in the dory, buffeted about like a cork, but making headway against the gale in spite of its increasing force. Once under the lee of the yacht the rest was easy. The cap-

tain stood awaiting, his face lined with anxiety.

"We're in a bad spot, Mr. Burnham. I can't budge her."

"It does look dangerous, Dodge, but the tide may get us off before it is too late. Where is Mrs. Burnham?"

"In her stateroom—your old one." Overhead the waters boiled as he stumbled across the white and gold saloon toward the stateroom, halting suddenly as his wife quickly opened and shut the door, and faced him. He noticed her excited look, her disarranged hair, and the strange gleam in her eyes. He also observed her hand tightly closed over the door-knob.

"I thought you might be alarmed," he said, as a heavy sea struck the yacht with a crash which shook the vessel fore and aft.

"It was good of you. I am—terribly frightened!"

"There—it's all right," he said soothingly, as another churning sea boomed against the yacht. "Gather all your valuables at once, and I'll get you ashore safely. I'd better help you."

"No—no!" she cried in a terror-stricken voice, raising her hands imploringly as he walked toward her. The rain came with a swirling rush, lashing the boat in blinding sheets and with a sound like continuous pistol reports. He stopped as though suddenly stricken, and then his eyes searched her very soul. Something seemed to clutch his throat, and the tumult in his heart made him waver dizzily. A fleeting suspicion, cowardly and base, seared his brain and made him numb. Had she—had she told him the truth about her guests? Was there some one?—though it made him ill at heart, he gave way to an inexplicable and mighty rage, which made him push her aside almost roughly. The next instant he had swept wide the door and saw—a curly-headed boy, seated on a rug with his arms full of tin soldiers and looking up to him with a happy smile on his dimpled face.

He turned to her with a countenance grown instantly old. His look of anguish was a challenge—her reply was a gesture of unconscious grace which thrilled him through and through. Her lips trembled and she bent toward him

with pliant sweetness, with a world of pride and humility.

"Your son was born four years ago to-day," she said simply. Again the vessel quivered from the shock of a deluge. "I always supposed you knew," she continued half hysterically, "until I learned differently to-day. Then I wanted to keep him from you because—you no longer cared for his mother, and because—you might take him from me. I have been so proud of your boy, Jim! I have always wanted to show him to you. That's why I have searched for you all over the world. I'm not the same—I've had my lesson. Every pain it cost me to bring him into the world only strengthened my love for you."

As he looked at her dazedly, in awe of her new sacredness, she stretched her hands toward him beseechingly.

"Jim, my husband, I need you! I'll be a good wife!"

He took her in his arms gently, while she clung to him and sobbed out her aching heart on his breast. He was pale and shaken—broken with wonder of the

mystery of it all, glorified in the knowledge that she was his wife again for all time. His boy!

Suddenly the yacht careened before the smashing fury of the storm, going gradually over, farther and farther, until it seemed as if she must capsize, then slowly righting, and meanwhile reeling and trembling like a human being, as successive seas hammered her.

"We're clear, thank God!" came the captain's resonant voice above the wild roar without.

Burnham heard "full speed ahead" rung, listened for a seemingly endless moment to the "chunk—chunk—chunk—chunk" of the engines, and then knew that they were headed safely toward the open ocean.

When the life-saving crew reached the cliffs they beheld a beautiful, gull-like yacht poking her beak seaward, riding the mountainous waves with airy grace. Away in the west the afternoon sun broke through in a splash of crimson, bathing the vessel with all the holy splendor of a benediction.

TO A LITTLE WOODEN GOD

You queer little worm-eaten Japanese god!
The dealer declared you the genuine thing,
For ages neglected in darkness and dust;
He saved you for art—and the price you would bring!

Who carved you so crudely these centuries since?
Who placed you devoutly within the dim shrine?
What gratitude offered, what vows fondly sworn,
What incense was burned for your favor benign?

Some sharp Eastern knife formed your wide, stupid face;
Some soft, slender hand left you timidly there,
Scarce daring to ask her dear boon of your grace,
With pledges of love and sweet incense of prayer.

Your blind, wooden eyes and beneficent smile
Bespeak you a love-god, for love is the same
Blind and happy divinity. Pray, were you kind
To the maiden of Nippon who first to you came?

Your uplifted hand tells the blessing you gave—
'Tis ready, methinks, a new boon to confer—
You kept her heart loyal to vows of true love;
You brought back her lover with heart true to her.

Oh, dear little, queer little Japanese god,
I burn you sweet incense, I build you a shrine;
While the centuries pass there's no difference in love;
You answered her prayers then—to-day answer mine!

Stuart Dunlap

THE ITALIANS IN AMERICA

BY HERBERT N. CASSON

WHAT THE UNITED STATES OWES TO ITALY, THE NATIVE COUNTRY OF COLUMBUS, THE LAND OF ART AND SONG, AND THE MOTHER OF MODERN CIVILIZATION—THE GREAT ITALIAN IMMIGRATION OF RECENT YEARS IS ADDING AN INCREASINGLY IMPORTANT ELEMENT TO THE POPULATION OF OUR COUNTRY

MORE than a million of Italians, on the twelfth day of this month, will be able to celebrate Columbus Day on American soil. Naturally, the sons of Italy feel a special pride in the progress of the New World, as well as in the achievement of their own race. They can never forget—and they never should—that America was discovered by one Italian and named in honor of another.

In the four centuries that have elapsed between Columbus and Marconi, comparatively few Italians have played any conspicuous part in the making of America. There was none of prominence in the Revolution. There has been none in the White House. As late as 1850 there were fewer than four thousand immigrants from Italy in the whole United States; but in the last ten or fifteen years a great change has come over the Italian people. They have begun to travel, to invent, to manufacture. You will find Italians to-day in all parts of the world.

An industrial boom has revolutionized the cities of northern Italy; and a flood of emigration to North and South America has entirely changed the situation in Sicily and the south. The Italians are now thoroughly alive to the opportunities of science and trade. The recent Milan Exposition was ample evi-

dence of this. Especially in the development of wireless telegraphy and the making of high-class automobiles, Italy is now on the firing-line of modern progress. More than three thousand Italians crossed the ocean to visit our St. Louis Exposition; and our business with Italy, passenger and freight, has grown so fast that it is making eleven steamship lines prosperous.

THE INDUSTRIOUS ITALIAN IMMIGRANT

Hundreds of thousands of sturdy laborers, the flower of the Italian peasantry, are coming here to begin at the foot of the good old American ladder, and to climb up in the same old way. At present, it must be admitted, they are not popular among the races who arrived earlier. They know how to earn money, we say, but not how to spend it. They show little desire for education and refinement. They are not "good mixers." They herd together and remain aliens, plucking the ripe fruit of a civilization which they did not create.

All this is said to-day of the Italians, as it was said years ago of the Germans and the Irish. It is the criticism that the finished product always makes of the raw material. There is no answer to it, as yet. The only reply that an intelligent Italian laborer gives is this:

"Let us have a chance," he says.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the tenth in a series of papers on the leading races that have contributed to the making of the United States. Next month's article will be on "The Dutch in America"; those already published have dealt with the Jews (in *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* for January, 1906), the Scots (February), the Germans (March), the Irish (April), the English (May), the French (June), the Canadians (July), the Scandinavians (August), and the Welsh (September).

"Wait at least twenty years, and see what sort of Americans we shall become. Just now we are ignorant. We are poor. We are slow-minded. But so would you be if you had begun life as a peasant in a backward country. Give us the same opportunity to grow that your fathers had, and we, too, shall soon have mind as well as muscle. Be patient with us, for we find that the oppression of centuries is hard to overcome. All that you can give to us now, in the day of our weakness, we shall pay back with interest when the day of our strength is here."

No one has ever denied that these laborers possess the basic American virtue—energy. They work, and they work hard. They come here with no delusions about picking up gold in the streets. In some of the Italian cities there are beggars by the thousand, but in the Italian quarter of an American city there are none. Every one is busy.

We are often surprised to see them work so hard and so happily; but from their point of view they are the most fortunate of men. Are they not toiling ten hours a day, instead of sixteen? And are they not getting nine dollars a week instead of two?

In their own opinion, too, they have shown a truly American spirit of enterprise in leaving the land of their fathers. They were rooted in the ground, like trees, yet they pulled themselves loose. In one instance, it is said that the whole body of peasants on a feudal estate in Sicily went on strike one morning, piled their shovels in a heap in front of the landlord's house, and wrote the following notice:

Sir, do your farming yourself. We are going to America.

That was their Declaration of Independence.

Many an American contractor has found these men quick to resent what they regard as injustice. A Boston employer, several years ago, cut down the wages of his Italian laborers ten per cent. The men said nothing, but there was an unusual amount of noise and activity in their camp that night. The next morning they appeared with an inch cut off the bottom of every

shovel. Less money, less dirt—that was their idea of fair play.

Although to our eyes they appear to retain their foreign ways, the fact is that an Italian laborer who has spent two years in America cannot be content with Italy. Most of those who return to their former life find it too narrow to endure. Unconsciously, they have become too much Americanized to slip into the old grooves.

SOME ITALIAN PECULIARITIES

As all other immigrants did at first, they have brought over some of the worst features of their own civilization, such as the *padrone* and the *banchiere*, for example. This is a result of the lack of a national spirit. Ask an Italian laborer if he is an Italian, and he will very likely reply, "No, I am a Neapolitan," or, "No, I am a Sicilian." A man from Palermo will refuse to work with a man from Messina. The immigrants from each province, and sometimes from each village, hold together in their wanderings, and feel hostile to all other groups.

The *padrone*, or banker, is the head of the group. It is to his interest to keep his men isolated and un-Americanized, and he does so as long as they obey him. Each group has its own lawyer and priest, as well as banker. Occasionally an entire village will transplant itself and locate in several tenements in an American city.

Another reason why the Italian laborers are slow to become Americans is that they meet our civilization on its rough side. It repels them. The only Americans whom they learn to know are their foremen, the saloonkeepers, the political heelers, and perhaps the policemen. We seem as unrefined to them, very possibly, as they do to us.

As to their alleged proneness to crimes of violence, there has been much exaggeration. Generally speaking, they are gentle drudges—honest, faithful, and inoffensive. In 1904, only one out of every twenty-eight thousand Italians in New York was sent to Blackwell's Island. The usual charge against Italian prisoners is "disorderly conduct," which often means no more than that some Irish or German policeman failed to make

sufficient allowance for the excitable Italian temperament. They are too quick with their knives. This they do not deny. But when they find that they can obtain justice in American courts they will not be so apt to be their own avengers.

For the last ten years they have been exceedingly useful. They have built railways, dug subways and canals, mined coal and iron, and done all sorts of pick-and-shovel work. They have paid their way, and more, since they left the immigrant ship. In fact, if the Italians were to be suddenly mustered out of our industrial army, the army would be seriously crippled for some time.

In their home life—such as they can have in the tar-paper shanties and the tenements that landlords and contractors give them to live in—they show many good qualities. Drunkenness is rare. Sociability is universal. To talk and be talked to is pleasure enough. The heights of rapture are reached by a little music, a game of cards, a glass of wine, and a parade with banners. Often they make their way timidly to the art museums, and point out, with many eager gesticulations, the work of their fellow countrymen. Who knows, but that one of these rough spademen may become the ancestor of a great American artist? Is not the peerless Caruso the son of a Neapolitan peasant?

THE ITALIANS OF NEW YORK

Those who have not watched the recent inrush of Italian immigrants will be surprised to know that New York is now among the four greatest Italian cities in the world. It contains about as many Italians as Rome, though fewer than Naples or Milan. Every ninth person in Greater New York is an Italian, and in the schools of the metropolis are as many Italian children as would equal the population of Salt Lake City.

Through the researches of Mr. G. C. Speranza, a well-known Italian lawyer in New York, I have obtained the following facts, showing what remarkable progress has been made by the Italians of a single American city:

The four hundred and fifty thousand Italians of New York, Mr. Speranza finds, have deposited sixteen million dol-

lars in the savings-banks, and invested thirty-five millions in real estate. They own ten thousand stores, worth seven million dollars, and do a wholesale business of eight millions annually. The total value of Italian property in New York is more than seventy-five million dollars. And practically none of it was inherited. It is owned by the people who earned the money to buy it.

There is an Italian Chamber of Commerce in New York. There are four newspapers printed daily in the Italian language. There are one hundred and fifteen Italian doctors, and a hospital with four hundred beds. Among the other professions, we find seven engineers, nine architects, twenty-one lawyers, and sixty-three druggists. One large savings-bank and one trust company, each with a million and a half in its vaults, have been founded wholly by Italian capital.

The foremost Italian financier in New York is unquestionably Giovanni P. Morosini, who has gathered into his hands a couple of millions for each one of his fingers. The descendant of a house famous in Venetian history, he took part, as a youth, in his city's brave but fruitless struggle against Austrian rule; and in 1850, a penniless exile, he came to America, where he found employment of the humblest sort in railroad work. Nathaniel Marsh, then president of the Erie, discovered his ability, and he rose quickly to a high position in the business world.

Among other Italians prominent in the business world of New York are Joseph N. Francolini and Cesare Conti, the veteran bankers; Ernesto Fabbri, who was for years an associate of J. Pierpont Morgan; Antonio Zucca, president of the Italian Chamber of Commerce, and Celestino Piva, a silk merchant, who has made himself generally beloved by his generosity.

The New York Italians can also show three professors—Carlo Leonardo Speranza, of Columbia; Edoardo San Giovanni, of the New York University; and George Bendelari, formerly of Harvard, now an editor of the *Sun*. In law, the best known is John Palmieri, who holds the honor of being the first man of Italian birth to ascend the local bench.

Judge Rapallo, who sat for many years in the New York Court of Appeals, was born in this country of Italian parents. In medicine, the name of Dr. Antonio Stella is one which all Italians are quick to mention.

ITALIANS IN ART AND MUSIC

But it is when we come to music and art that we find the fire of Italian genius burning most brightly. How desolate would our grand opera be if we took away from it the music and the singers of Italy! And what a wreckage would there be in our art museums if we were compelled to restore to the Italians all the treasures that have been produced by their race!

Three statues have been presented to New York by the Italians—that of Columbus, in Columbus Square; Garibaldi, in Washington Square; and Mazzini, in Central Park. Their next gift is to be a statue of Verdi. On New York's new Custom House, too, one of the most brilliantly executed figures is the work of Michele Tonetti, representing Venice at the height of her greatness.

In addition to Tonetti, the central Italians in the artistic world of New York are Pilade Bertieri, the portrait-painter; and three sculptors—Giuseppe Moretti and the brothers Attilio and Furio Piccirilli. The colossal monument which is to be erected in memory of the victims of the Maine will take shape under the hands of the Piccirillis.

One Italian who held for years a high place in the world of American art was the late General Luigi Palma di Cesnola, director of the Metropolitan Museum. All he had—his large private collection and half a lifetime of service—he gave to the United States.

Most brilliant among the stars of grand opera is the great tenor, Enrico Caruso. It is not quite three years since Caruso sang his first note in this country, and at the end of each season he flies back to Europe so quickly that we cannot put him down as an American; but the story of his success sounds so typically American that we feel he belongs to us by right. Born in a peasant's cottage, the fourteenth child in a family of twenty-four, he had no advantages except those which poverty con-

fers. He became a mechanic, and then, ten years ago, he was paid eight dollars a month for singing in an opera. His wonderful powers were quickly recognized; and to-day he is the reigning tenor of the hour, the courted favorite of the entire musical world.

Second to Caruso in popular favor come such singers as Antonio Scotti, who, like the great tenor, is a bird of passage; and Giuseppe Campanari, who has made a permanent home in America. Two other Italians who have made their names known to our music-loving public are the conductors Creatore and Francesco Fanciulli.

GARIBALDI'S HOME ON STATEN ISLAND

In recent years we have been visited by four Italians of world-wide fame—Eleanora Duse, the tragedienne; Pietro Mascagni, the composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana"; William A. Marconi—son of an Italian father and an Irish mother—the wizard of wireless telegraphy; and Senator A. Brunialti, who represented his country at the St. Louis Exposition. At an earlier period the United States had glimpses of Tommaso Salvini, the noted actor, and of Garibaldi, the hero of Italian unity, whose romantic career of defeats and victories was more dramatic than any drama. The great patriot fled to this country for refuge in 1850, and for two years supported himself by making candles in a little shop on Staten Island. A handsome memorial is now being built which will entirely enclose the small frame cottage in which he lived.

Outside of New York there are not so many Italians among the illustrious few. In California, where they have practically been the founders of the wine-making business, the most conspicuous figures are Congressman Saporetti and State Senator Palmieri. In Chicago there are Dr. A. Lagorio, director of the Pasteur Institute; Professor Vecchione, a composer; and many prosperous merchants. In Philadelphia there is Giuseppe Donato, the sculptor; and in Boston, where two million dollars' worth of real estate is held by Italians, there is Adolfo Rossi, who has accomplished great things for the welfare of his people.

Two other Italians who hold high places in the New World are the Apostolic delegates, Archbishops Falconio and Sbarretti, who represent the papal authority in the United States and Canada, respectively.

Such are the most prominent Italians in America—from an American point of view, of course. In the seclusion of the many Italian communities there may be others of equal greatness, who are unknown to the outside public. It is a short roll of honor, but sparkling with great names. Half of them come from the world of art and music. It seems to be the double mission of Italy at the present time to supply us with muscle and genius.

AMERICA'S ITALIAN DISCOVERER

The greatest Italian who has ever been on American soil was the one who set foot on it first—Christopher Columbus. Taking it in its results upon the world history, no other achievement of man, before or since, equals his. He did more than to double the size of the world. He altered the whole structure of human knowledge and civilization.

With every new century, the story of Columbus grows more wonderful. How his great idea came to him from the making of maps and the study of his Bible; how he traveled for eight years before he made his first convert, and for ten years more before he got his first ships; how his final success was infinitely greater than he ever knew—all this will be told to every succeeding generation of young Americans.

Even in this age of science, when every rock is charted, the man who crosses the ocean in a ninety-foot sailing vessel, as Columbus did, is marked out as a man of courage. But as long as the world lasts, no one will ever be compelled to sail again into the jaws of horror and mystery, overmastering the fears of his men and his own fears as well, and defying for ten weeks the hobgoblins of an unknown element.

Whoever may discover the North Pole, for instance, or cross the ocean in an air-ship, will have nothing to encounter except the known forces of nature. But Columbus had to grapple with the supernatural. At that time the Atlantic

Ocean was called the Sea of Darkness. Columbus, as well as his sailors, believed in mermaids, in the manatee, a sea monster that ate Christians.

"Are there no graves at home?" asked the trembling sailors, as week after week went by and the promise that Columbus had made to them was unfulfilled. But none of these things moved the great Italian. For eighteen years he had been learning to persevere.

In spite of the ill-treatment which he afterward received from his Spanish patrons, he never doubted that the world would do him justice. "I must be re-established in reputation and spoken of throughout the universe," he said; "for the things I have done are such that they must gain, day by day, in the estimation of mankind."

Other Italians who shared in the glory of discovering America were John Cabot, who sailed under the English flag and found the mainland five years later; Amerigo Vespucci, after whom the New World was named; and Verrazano, who set out with a French ship and discovered the island of Manhattan in 1504.

It was by no means an accident that America was given to the world by an Italian. During the youth of Columbus, Italy was becoming a country distinctive by its outreachings for new learning. By the capture of Constantinople the Turks shut off the old trade-route to the Indies. Mentally and materially, Italy was looking outward, seeking new ways to old goals. And the whole swing of Italian thought was toward the future. The map and chart which Columbus used had been prepared by Fra Mauro, a Venetian, and Toscanelli, a Florentine.

Italy was the mother of our modern civilization. From her came the revival of learning, the dawn of science and political freedom, and the new era of finance and industry. With this in view, it becomes impossible to tell the complete story of Italian influence upon the United States. Italy has given us much, and apparently she has much yet to give. If we may judge of her intentions by the immigration reports of the last three years, she is getting ready for a grand trek along the sea-path that was marked out by Columbus.

AUTUMN LEAVES

BY LEIGH GORDON GILTNER

AUTHOR OF "THE DUMB NIGHTINGALE," ETC.

"NOW, mother!" Mrs. Jim Bascomb set the bread-bowl down on the kitchen-table with an emphatic thump, and turned sharply to face the mild-eyed elderly lady in the chair by the stove. "You know as well as I do that it's all nonsense for you to be carting that great cumbersome feather-bed about with you from place to place! Feathers are unhealthy, and I won't have them used in my house. I've got good, comfortable cotton-top mattresses on every bed I own, and I reckon you can make out, if you'll just think so."

"Why, Elviry," faltered the elder woman, "I've always been used to feathers. I've slept on 'em all my life—me and my children. I'm pretty peart for a woman of my age, and there ain't three healthier people in the State than John and James and Drusilly."

"It's nonsense, just the same," snapped Mrs. Jim. She was by no means an ill-natured woman, but she had a sharp, incisive way of speaking which invariably caused her mother-in-law to start. "It's just a notion, anyhow, and I don't believe in giving way to whims. I had your feather-bed sent up garret the minute the wagon came, and Hannah and I'll pack it away in moth-balls to-morrow."

Mrs. Bascomb sighed faintly, and said no more. She had been domiciled under her daughter-in-law's roof less than three hours, but she already realized the futility of argument where Mrs. Jim was concerned.

The younger Mrs. Bascomb was what is generally termed a "good manager." She had certainly managed her husband—who inherited his mother's yielding disposition—into the complaisance of a well-constructed automaton. Yet she was a stanch friend in time of trouble;

she was always ready to give of her substance to the needy; she was anxious that everybody about her should be happy—provided she were permitted to be the arbiter of their felicity. She regarded the coming of her husband's mother into her home as a sacred charge laid upon her, and she earnestly resolved to make the elder lady comfortable and contented.

When John Bascomb died, some two years earlier, he had bequeathed to his widow a comfortable little property, and it had been her earnest wish to live on quietly with Martha, her one servant, at the old home which had been the scene of her thirty years of tranquil married life. But her children had raised an outcry at the bare suggestion. They had pointed out that it would seem a reflection upon them for her to live alone when their homes and hearts were open to her; so in the end Mrs. Bascomb was prevailed upon to sell the old house with its host of memories and associations and enter upon a dubious course of "living around" with her children.

The first two years, spent with Drusilla, her married daughter, and John, her eldest son, had passed pleasantly enough, though even with them the mother's sensitive nature made her feel herself an interloper at times. Jim was her youngest, and, the others declared, her favorite. He lived, too, in the village near which her old home stood; and yet she had looked forward with secret dread to her sojourn in his house.

At the tea-table on the evening of her arrival, after an ineffectual struggle with the glass of buttermilk at her plate, she looked timidly across at her daughter-in-law and ventured hesitatingly:

"May I have a cup of tea, Elviry?"

"There isn't an ounce of tea in the house," was the curt response. "Any

doctor 'll tell you that tannic acid is a rank poison, and I never allow tea on my table. We usually have coffee for breakfast—Jim's that spoilt he vows he can't do without it, though it's just a notion, of course. But as for tea! Why, mother, I'm surprised at your taking it at your age—and especially at night. It's a wonder you sleep at all!"

For a moment Mrs. Bascomb felt that she would have given much to exchange the cheerless neatness of this well-ordered house for her daughter's less immaculate home, with its brood of noisy children and its air of comfort and hospitality. But she forced back the tears that came into her eyes, and bravely essayed a smile.

"Maybe you're right, Elviry," she said gently. "I reckon I am kind o' notionate, and maybe I'll feel better without it."

"By the way, mother," interposed her son, seizing the opportunity to change the subject, "I was talking to one of your old friends down at the post-office to-day. Do you remember Henry Stiles? He says he used to know you before you were married, and he vows you were the prettiest girl in the neighborhood. He and his son bought the old Durrett place while you were with Drusilla, and they've been living there ever since. He says he's coming up to see you and talk over old times."

Mrs. Bascomb's eyes lighted up, and a delicate flush crept into her faded cheek.

"Why, dear me, Jimmy," she said, "I'll be glad to see him! He used to be a beau of mine—before your pa come around—the first beau I ever had. It'll just do my heart good to get a chance to talk over the old days. He married Malviny Peck—Zachary Peck's daughter. I always liked Malviny. We were prime friends as girls, and I'll be mighty glad to see her again."

"Mr. Stiles is a widower, mother—has been for fifteen years," her son explained. "He owns considerable property—they say he coined money out West—and he's considered a pretty good catch. All the old maids and widows in the neighborhood are setting caps for him."

Mrs. Jim shot a swift glance at her mother-in-law. The unconscious face

upon which her sharp eyes rested, though worn and faded, was still comely, and after an instant's critical scrutiny she turned and frowned her husband into silence. A sudden disquieting thought had occurred to her.

In the days that followed, Mrs. Bascomb found herself taken in hand and "managed" with a thoroughness which reduced her to the verge of melancholia. All her actions and movements were regulated by her daughter-in-law, who decided what she should eat, what she should drink, and wherewithal she should be clothed. On the Sunday after her coming, she laid out on her bed a modest, soft, gray gown, which Drusilla, knowing her mother's weakness for pretty things, had made for her as a birthday gift. Mrs. Jim entered and espied it.

"Why, mother!" she exclaimed, "you don't mean to say you're thinking of wearing that dress to church? It's entirely too young and too fixy for you. It'll make talk if you come out in colors the first thing. Folks 'll say you're setting out again!"

Poor Mrs. Bascomb meekly folded away the dainty gown, and replaced upon its shelf the box containing the becoming little gray velvet bonnet with the knot of violets which Drusilla had thought so pretty against her mother's soft, gray hair. She was glad that Mrs. Jim had not seen that bonnet.

Gradually, as the days went by, she grew more silent and listless. The old neighbors who came to see her found her oddly changed.

"You wouldn't know Lucindy Bascomb," one of them told another. "She's no more like herself than if she wasn't the same person. She used to be always busy and bustlin' and smilin'—and now she jest sets and rocks and hardly ever opens her mouth. I reckon she's still grievin' for John Bascomb, though to my mind he wasn't no great shakes of a man."

One night, as the Bascomb family sat grouped about the evening lamp, there came a vigorous knocking at the door. A moment later Hannah ushered in a man the sight of whose genial, ruddy face made the vague past—of which she had been dreaming—a vivid present for the elder Mrs. Bascomb.

Time had dealt kindly with Henry Stiles. The years had grizzled his hair and rounded out his once angular form; but the jolly, clean-shaven face, with its twinkling blue eyes, was not unlike that of the youth she remembered.

"Why, Lucindy," said the familiar voice, which time had but mellowed and deepened, "it does my heart good to see you! I reckon it's thirty year or better since we met, though nobody'd ever think it to look at you!"

Mrs. Bascomb flushed with pleasure. The sense of loneliness and desolation which had become habitual with her was already beginning to fade before the frank cordiality of this friend of her youth. He sat down and began to talk, touching lightly on old memories—pleasant ones only—and recalling amusing incidents of a day which did not now seem so remote. His cheery presence seemed to pervade the quiet room. The house rang with his jolly laughter. Mrs. Bascomb forgot her awe of her daughter-in-law and laughed with him—laughed as she had not done for many a long day. A delicate color like the tint of a seashell came into her soft, wrinkled cheek. Her mild blue eyes kindled and sparkled. A rebellious little gray curl—which Henry Stiles remembered as brown—escaped from the severe coiffure on which Mrs. Jim insisted, and fell across her brow. An unconscious shade of coquetry, reminiscent of the day when Lucinda Mitchell had been the prettiest girl in the county, crept into her manner.

Time passed unheeded, till, as the clock struck for the second time since the guest's arrival, Mrs. Jim's voice was heard to say uncompromisingly:

"Bedtime, mother!"

Mrs. Bascomb, with a swift return of her wonted manner, rose hurriedly, while Stiles, amusement and amazement struggling in his countenance, took his departure.

After that he fell into the way of dropping in twice or thrice a week, and the fact that the cordiality of Mrs. Jim's reception diminished in direct ratio to the frequency of his visits apparently disturbed him not at all.

The climax came on a Sunday some weeks after his first visit. It was one of

those bright days which sometimes come in mid-October—days with a lingering hint of summer in the air. Old Mrs. Bascomb's heart was glad within her when at dinner her son suggested that they should all drive out to afternoon service at Antioch—a country church five miles away.

Mrs. Jim readily assented.

"Well, I guess I don't mind going," she said. "It'll be a pleasant drive, and we'll be apt to meet friends. I wish we could take you, mother, but you've been coughing lately, and these warm fall days are deceiving. We'll be late getting back, and it grows pretty cool along toward night, so I guess you'd better give up going."

The look of disappointment on his mother's face incited even meek Jim Bascomb to remonstrance; but to no purpose. Mrs. Jim's laws were as those of the Medes and Persians.

When Henry Stiles drove up to the Bascomb gate half an hour after Mr. and Mrs. Jim's departure, the wistful expression on the sweet old face at the window touched him keenly; and it pleased him no less keenly to note that its gloom vanished at sight of him.

"Why, Lucindy," he exclaimed cheerily, bustling into the room, "what are you doing housed up inside four walls on a day like this? Get on your bonnet and come out for a spin behind the best pair of bays in Bracken County!"

Mrs. Bascomb looked at him distressfully.

"I'd be glad to, Henry," she murmured, "but Elviry—she thought it'd make my cough worse for me to go out."

"Nonsense, Lucy! The air's like summer, and it won't hurt you a mite. Get on your things and come along!"

Mrs. Bascomb hesitated, and was lost. Ten minutes later she was speeding down the village street behind a spanking team of blooded bays, which Henry Stiles handled with the skill of the born reinsman. A soft haze lay over the landscape; the trees glowed with rich autumnal tintings; fitful showers of bright-hued leaves drifted intermittently down; belated black-eyed Susans lifted their yellow heads along the roadways, and the sun shone warm and golden over all. Lucinda Bascomb forgot to fancy herself

a cumberer of the ground, and felt that it was good to be alive.

Suddenly they made a familiar turning, and, almost before she realized it, her old home lay before her. Quick tears sprang to her eyes. She turned her face aside and brushed them swiftly away, but not before Henry Stiles's keen eyes had perceived them.

"I'm sorry, Lucy," he said gently. "I thought you might like to see the old place again. It hasn't changed much since you left it, they say."

The square, roomy house slept in the mellow autumn sunshine. Before it stretched the broad lawn with its flowering shrubs, which she herself had planted, and its fine old trees, each of which had been like a familiar friend to her. There was the well with its ancient sweep, and the little latticed spring-house that John had built for her. As she gazed at each remembered object a great wave of homesick longing swept over the homeless wanderer, and for a moment she broke down utterly.

"I didn't mean to cry, Henry," she said apologetically after a little. "But it's the first time I've seen the old place since I left it for good—and it came over me how happy I was all the years I lived there. I've hungered so for the sight of it! It was home to me so long that it seems like I couldn't never feel at home anywheres else. I ain't complainin'—my children have all been good and kind to me; but livin' 'round ain't like havin' a home of your own."

"I know, Lucindy—I know just how it is," her interlocutor responded with eager sympathy. "I've been a fifth wheel myself for fifteen years, though Kate and Oscar have done their best to keep me from feeling it. It's natural for people to want homes of their own, and for old folks to cling to those they've always known. It's like uprooting these old oaks and beeches to try to transplant us from the spots where we've grown so long. It's different with young people—they've got life before them, and they can make new homes and grow and flourish in fresh soil; but it ain't so easy for us that have passed our prime."

There was a little silence, broken only by the soft fall of the fading leaves.

"Lucindy," Henry Stiles said sud-

denly, "I thought a heap of you in the old days—more than you ever dreamed. I tried hard to tell you so, but I couldn't ever quite get up my courage to speak. While I was hesitating, another man came and took you away from me. I reckon it was what I deserved, but it was a long time before I got over it—if I ever did get over it. Malviny was a good wife, and I was mighty fond of her, but I couldn't forget you, Lucindy!"

Lucinda Bascomb's fine old face was suddenly transfigured.

"Henry," she cried breathlessly, "did you really think of me like that, in the old days when we was boy and girl together? Oh, Henry, I thought you didn't really care! I kept waitin' and hopin' for you to speak; but when you didn't, I told myself you were only foolin', and so—so I married John. He was a good husband to me, but if only——"

"Then you did care for me, Lucindy?"

Mrs. Bascomb sighed wearily.

"Ah," she said, "let's not talk about it. It's past and gone now, and it was all so long ago!"

As Mr. and Mrs. Jim returned from Antioch that evening they chanced to fall in with Jane Craig, the village news-monger, and, in accordance with rustic etiquette, they paused for a moment's gossip.

"Well, Mr. Bascomb, I guess you're going to lose your ma before long," tittered Mrs. Craig, after a brief interchange of civilities. "I seen her out ridin' with old man Stiles this evenin', and from all I hear there'll be a weddin' at your house soon, I reckon!"

Mrs. Jim flushed angrily!

"Then you reckon without me, Jane," she said sharply. "You can rest assured that mother won't be allowed to make a fool of herself at her age—not while I'm responsible for her. You can tell people so from me. Drive on, Jim!"

When Henry Stiles next called at the Bascomb residence, Mrs. Jim curtly informed him that the senior Mrs. Bascomb was not well enough to see him. He accepted the excuse without question, but when he was refused admittance a second and a third time it began to occur to him that possibly Mrs. Jim was acting at her mother's instance. Per-

haps, he told himself, she had considered him a sentimental old fool. So he discontinued his visits to the Bascomb home, and, with a sense of loss weighing heavily upon him, took up the thread of his daily life again.

One Sunday, for the first time in many weeks, he saw Mrs. Bascomb at the village church. It gave him a shock to perceive how worn and old she looked. There was a wistful droop at the corners of her mouth; her eyes were lusterless; her manner listless and dull. Once, near the end of the sermon, their gaze met, and his heart began to beat like that of any lad, for the look in Mrs. Bascomb's eyes told him plainer than words that she had not voluntarily cut herself off from a friendship that had meant so much to both. When the service was over, he stepped boldly forward, but the daughter-in-law deftly interposed and swept her mother away without giving him opportunity for speech. That afternoon he called—only to be curtly and conclusively dismissed by Mrs. Jim.

"There, I reckon that'll settle him!" she said to herself as she closed the door upon him.

A few days later—on a cold January day when the drifted snow lay piled high and white along the roadway, Jim Bascomb found it necessary to drive to a neighboring town ten miles away. Mrs. Jim, to whom the weather was never a deterrent, decided to accompany him. The elder Mrs. Bascomb was left with Hannah to keep house.

The morning had been bleak and gray, but as noon drew on the sun came out bright and clear, making the dead, white world a fairyland of winter glitter. Mrs. Bascomb sat by the fire in the quiet room, feeling very old and tired and lonely. She tried to interest herself in the work Mrs. Jim had left for her, but her thoughts would wander to the happiness which had seemed almost within her grasp.

Presently the sound of sleigh-bells drew her to the window. Some one was stopping at the gate. Her heart gave a queer little throb as she saw Henry Stiles leap out of the cutter and come swinging up the path, lithe and active as a boy. Some indefinable impulse impelled her to send Hannah to the door, while she hurried

to her room, donned the pretty gray gown that Mrs. Jim had condemned, and fluffed the bands of hair drawn tightly away from her face.

There was a soft color in her cheek, and an unwonted light in her eyes as she opened the sitting-room door. To the man awaiting her it was as if the spirit of her vanished youth had returned. He took both her hands in his.

"Lucy," he said softly, "you're prettier—a sight prettier—to-day than you were thirty-five years ago!" Mrs. Bascomb laughed tremulously and drew her hands away. "Get on your bonnet, Lucy, and bundle up well," he went on authoritatively. "I'm going to take you out for a spin!"

"Elviry——" Mrs. Bascomb began.

"Elviry is in Salyersville, and won't be back till six. Jane Craig told me—and Jane is authority."

Henry Stiles evidently shared Drusilla's views as to the effectiveness of the violets under Mrs. Bascomb's bonnet-brim, for he gazed at her with open admiration as he helped her into the cutter and tucked the robes snugly about her.

"Lucinda," he said, as he gathered up the ribbons and chirruped to the bays, "I lost you once by dilly-dallying and delaying, and I've made up my mind I won't lose you again. I've a marriage license here in my pocket"—Mrs. Bascomb gasped—"and we're going to drive straight to the parsonage as soon as we've transacted a little business matter. I know you'll think I've taken a good deal on myself, but I can't get along without you, Lucy! And please God you sha'n't regret it if you marry me!"

Mrs. Bascomb murmured something of which the one word "Elviry" was audible.

"Elviry be—— Well, I reckon we can make things all right with Elviry. Jane Craig tells me she objects to your marrying again chiefly on account of the property. Now, I want you to drive by Lawyer Allen's office and make over to his children every cent John Bascomb left you. I've plenty to keep us in comfort the rest of our days. I deeded the Durrett place—stock and all—to Oscar this morning, and put a thousand to his credit in bank, so he'll have no cause for com-

plaint. There's plenty more to last us as long as we live. I'm taking it for granted that you're going to marry me, you see. Will you, Lucindy?"

With a new-born courage that amazed herself, Mrs. Bascomb answered resolutely:

"I will!"

It was growing dusk, and the snow was beginning to fall again, when the business was transacted and the ceremony—witnessed by the minister's wife and Jane Craig, who was calling at the parsonage—duly performed; but Henry Stiles's heart was light within him as he tucked his wife into his trim cutter. Only the thought of her daughter-in-law interposed between the bride and happiness. For the past two hours she had lived and moved in a dream—a dream from which she momentarily expected Mrs. Jim's sharp voice to rouse her.

When her husband drove out of the parsonage yard, and turned his horses' heads away from the village, she had no idea where he might be taking her; but, secure in his protecting care, she nestled cozily among the robes and asked no questions until in the gathering gloom she perceived that they were turning in at the gate of her old home. Then she drew herself bolt upright, lifting her bewildered gaze to her husband's face, and faltered:

"Henry, what—why, where are you going?"

"Home, Lucindy," came the reassuring answer. "Your home and mine! I've bought the old place from Luther Beasley, and he's just given me possession. Here we are!"

He flung the reins to a grinning youth who came out to meet them, and lifted his wife bodily from the cutter to the piazza. The front door swung open, and a

flood of ruddy light streamed out into the darkness. Dazed and bewildered, Mrs. Stiles let her husband lead her into the familiar living-room, where she stopped short with a gasp of astonishment and delight.

She might have left the room but yesterday. The light of the wood fire that crackled cheerily on the hearth was reflected in the shining surface of the quaint mahogany bureau and chiffonier. A great four-poster, surmounted by a huge feather-bed and a gay silk quilt, stood in one corner. The clawfoot table was in its wonted place, and her favorite low chair was drawn close to the fire. Through the open door of the dining-room she glimpsed a table laid cozily for two, while from the kitchen came the comforting odor of broiled ham and fragrant oolong. She sank into a chair, and looked mutely to her husband for explanation.

"I bought the house back just as it stood, Lucy," he told her, "furniture and all. Mrs. Beasley was a good housewife, and nothing was missing or damaged. I hunted up Marthy, who lived with you so long, and she helped me to fix things just as you left them. She's in the kitchen getting supper, and—and I reckon it's 'most ready."

Mrs. Stiles's glance went swiftly from the warmth and brightness within to the darkness and storm outside; then back to the cheery room and the kind eyes gazing down at her with loving solicitude.

"Henry," she said—and her voice broke and quavered for very happiness—"I s'pose it's wrong to say it, but this seems like—like heaven to me!"

And Henry Stiles, smiling tenderly down upon her, answered softly:

"I reckon it's the next thing to it, Lucy. It's home!"

PAVEMENTS

STERN and unyielding as some natures are—
Perfect in polish and precise in poise—
They seem to glory in the clash and jar,
In all the tense and immelodious noise.

What wonder, as I tread them day by day,
Passing upon life's multivariied round,
My spirit yearns for quiet paths of clay,
The springy feel of mossy woodland ground!

Clinton Scollard

THE
AEOLIAN CO.
ANNOUNCES
the
THEMODIST
an improvement in
THE PIANOLA

of the greatest importance.
It accents individual notes
or themes and "brings
out" the air or melody.

THE Pianola is universally recognized as *the standard* piano-player of the world.

It embodies, not one, but *many*, points of superiority over the numerous instruments that its success has inspired.

In the human-like qualities of its playing, in the wide scope it affords for individual expression, the Pianola stands to-day, as Rosenthal has so well put it, "in a class by itself."

The supremacy of the Pianola is abundantly borne out in the unanimous testimony of the world's foremost musical authorities, who have endorsed this instrument to the exclusion of any other, and also in the actual verdict of the purchasing public—for the *sales of the Pianola exceed those of all other piano-players put together.*

Now, there must be some good reason why the Pianola has, in its nine years of existence, been able to maintain its position as the premier instrument of its type—in fact, to steadily increase its lead, notwithstanding the many other

instruments continually being brought out, and claiming to accomplish similar results.

The explanation lies in the constant improvement of the instrument, and the protection by patent of each new device calculated to place it on a higher musical and artistic plane. The Aeolian Company has continuously employed a corps of musical and mechanical experts, combining the greatest inventive genius available in this field to-day. *No other manufacturer begins to spend so large an amount of money in experimental work.*

One of the great achievements of this system was the invention of the Metrostyle, a device enabling even the unskilled performer to play with artistic effect—to put *expression* and *soul* into the playing. This invention was revolutionary, and broke down the last vestige of prejudice in the musical world. Be it noted, that no other piano-player *has had or can have anything even approximating* this remarkable device.

Now, The Aeolian Company, the manufacturers of the Pianola, the inventors of the Metrostyle, and the owners of the most valuable basic patents in this industry, come forward with still another improvement, destined to have a most far-reaching effect, and to which the name has been given of

The Themodist

What this new device so clearly and easily accomplishes has for a long time been the goal toward which many inventors have struggled. The need for such an improvement has been keenly felt by all who have closely studied the possibilities of piano-players. But until now the problems involved have baffled the best inventive talent.

In all musical compositions runs a theme or vein of melody—what is commonly known as “the air.” Sometimes this air is woven into the midst of brilliant ornamentation, or trills, runs, arpeggios, etc. It is the function of The Themodist to seek out the vital theme or melody of a composition, to *accent* it, and *bring it out in the proper relief from the accompaniment*, or body of the composition.

This is what the composer intended, and the way it is played by the skillful hand-performer. Take, for example, a familiar composition like Rubinstein’s “Melody in F.” In playing by hand, the sweet, singing melody is brought out by the thumbs of the right and left hands alternately, while the other fingers of both hands add the accompaniment, which is to be played much softer.

The Themodist cleverly separates this melody from the accompaniment lying above and below it, and gives the whole composition the dynamic contrasts necessary to bring out its innate beauty.

Many other examples of the effectiveness of the new invention might be cited, such as Schumann’s “Traumerei,” Göttschalk’s “Last Hope,” etc. In

each case the singing melody is *lifted out of its embellishments*, and caused to soar above the maze of notes that do not constitute the main theme. Thus, the composition is given its true value—the tonal contrasts the composer intended.

As might have been anticipated from the past history of the piano-player industry, it has been left for The Aeolian Company, the recognized leaders in this field, to give the world *the first practical solution of the problem* in the Themodist Pianola, which, with the vitally important Metrostyle, presents an instrument that goes far and away beyond anything heretofore dreamed of. In the artistic quality of its playing, in its faithful resemblance to the actual hand-performance of a great virtuoso, there is no other instrument in the overcrowded field of piano-players that is *even worthy of comparison* with the new Themodist Pianola.

It marks a new epoch in music, and gives the Pianola a greater vitality and



importance than even its most enthusiastic advocates have heretofore dared to predict or contemplate.

How the Marvelous Effects of The Themodist are Attained

The Themodist, or new accenting device, does not add to the difficulty of playing the Pianola, but on the contrary simplifies it. The accent is supplied by means of side-perforations on the roll of music which control the force of the blow, causing the melody of any desired notes to sound louder than the accompaniment.

The Themodist will accent a single note, or a group of notes, exactly as called for by the character of the composition. It will accent the proper notes, not only when isolated from the accompaniment, but also wherever they may appear, anywhere along the keyboard, picking out the theme, *no matter whether it appears in chords or in the midst of elaborate ornamentation.*

To the performer, however, is left the *degree* of accent to be supplied, whether a sharp contrast or a mild one, as his taste dictates. For this purpose he still has recourse to the accent-lever and the pedaling as in former models of the Pianola.

A complete understanding of this revolutionary improvement in the construction of piano-players can scarcely be obtained from any printed words. We, therefore, urge most strongly every person, even remotely interested, to hear the new Themodist Pianola play. The Aeolian Company is represented in each city by only one dealer, in practically every instance the leading musical house of its section. In order that there may be no mistake, write to us direct for the name and address of our nearest representative. We will reply at once, giving the desired information, and also forward further explanatory literature. In writing, ask for Booklet R.

The Themodist Pianola with the Metrostyle costs \$300.
Moderate monthly payments can be arranged.

NEW YORK
CINCINNATI
INDIANAPOLIS

THE AEOLIAN CO.
362 FIFTH AVE. N.Y.

LONDON
PARIS
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Armour's

SPECIALIZING for quality—that is what makes Armour food products the standard of excellence all the year round and all round the world. The Armour name and the Armour brand on the label always mean “quality,” because Armour & Company never stop at producing something “just as good” or “good enough.” The constant effort is to produce something *better*. That is “the Armour way.” It is the every-day, all-the-year-round business creed in six of the largest, cleanest and best equipped food producing plants in the world.

The best Extract of the best Beef

¶ A kitchen without Armour's Extract of Beef is like soup without salt; it lacks savor.

A jar of Extract (if it's Armour's) will double the resources of the housewife who likes to “have things taste good.”

¶ Armour's Extract is a concentration of the rich, meaty flavors of choice beef—the best extract of the best beef. It gives life and zest to everything it touches—soups, entrees, roasts, vegetables. A

little of it helps to convert the “left overs” of yesterday into a

choice dish for today. And when chilly days come, a quarter of a teaspoonful in a cup of boiling water, with a little salt and pepper, makes a beverage that warms, cheers and invigorates.



¶ “Culinary Wrinkles,” a little cook book written by Ida M. Palmer, tells of more than one hundred ways of using Armour's Extract of Beef to advantage. It will be sent on request.

Armour's

¶ The name on the label is the best assurance of the meat quality inside the can. "Veribest"

goods are put up with exactly that thought in mind and the goods corroborate the label.

¶ The art of making your table a constant delight to family and friends lies in providing harmonious variety. By means of "Veribest" you can offer an appetizing surprise at every meal. To name but a few of the products that bear, and merit, the "Veribest" brand, which are



especially good for luncheon, tea, or an "extra" at any meal: Pork and Beans, put up

"Boston way" or in tomato sauce; Brisket Beef, the best "corning" cut perfectly "corned"; Lunch Tongue, cool, palatable and dainty; Mince Meat, that puts

within your reach without trouble to yourself, the equal of the best "home-made" mince meat you ever used. On the back of each wrapper, recipes tell a variety of ways of delicately serving each "Veribest" product.

Bacon for Breakfast

¶ Every morning is not too often to have it on the table, when it is the right kind of bacon. Doctors all recommend it, especially for children, because it is a valuable food and is easily digested.

¶ But it should be choice bacon, evenly cured and thinly sliced, tender and juicy, with fat and lean evenly balanced—the kind that doesn't cook dry and stringy. Then it comes to the table curly-crisp, beautifully brown,

sweet, and so delicate it fairly melts in the mouth. Every slice "tastes like more."



¶ But to have it always just right, get Armour's "Star" Bacon, wafer sliced and put up in glass jars or tins. The "Star" brand guarantees quality—marks the best bacon in the market—and uniformity. The first package will please, and each succeeding one will be as good as the first—better, if it can be made better.

Armour's

“The Armour way” has been tested by forty years of successful business building. *It pays.* It has put Armour products at the top. It has put them in a class by themselves. It has won for them constant use and approval by careful housewives all over the world. And these products are at the top to stay. Armour & Company cannot afford to let them deteriorate. If you want to be sure you are right when buying meat food products, look for the Armour brand on the label.

Why Certain Hams are “Star” Branded

The Armour plants produce an average of about 40,000 hams a day—all good hams, tender, juicy, nutritious and palatable. But only about one ham in fifteen wins the “Star” brand, the mark of super-excellence. That is why “Star” hams cost a little more than ordinary hams. They are *better* than ordinary hams—the pick of the total output.



the stomach's sake. The doctor-experts on diet all recommend ham—tender, mild-cure ham—especially for persons whose digestion is just a little “slow.”

But be sure you get Armour's “Star” Ham, with the five-pointed star burned into the skin. That mark guarantees you the pick—a “just right” mild-cure ham from a young, but mature and moderately fat, corn fed “barrow” hog—“The Ham What Am.”

This super-quality is important, for

Armour's

Armour food products have always been sold on their merits. Their uniformly high quality has been their best recommendation. These products are as good today as they were yesterday. They will be better tomorrow if we can make them better. In Armour plants there is no limitation on effort or expense to improve the output. This tells why Armour products improve from year to year; this tells why "Armour" on the label insures quality. For, after all, the name on the label is the best guaranty.

Armour's "Simon Pure," the very Cream of Lard

The lard that shows a deeply wrinkled and "wavy" top, when the pail is opened, is the pure *leaf* lard. But to say "leaf lard" does not tell the whole story.

The highest degree of lard excellence is secured only when the best of raw "leaf" is carefully selected and rendered in open kettles at a temperature that carries off all the undesirable and indigestible substances which are a part of natural "leaf." This process, applied to

the selected "leaf," brings forth a "dry," "flaky" product that is the very cream of lard — the best for all purposes and the *only* lard to use for fine cooking. The trade name for this perfect product is "Armour's 'SIMON PURE' Leaf Lard."

Costs a little more than ordinary lard? Yes, but it *always* gives satisfaction. You have no "soggy" pastry when you use "Armour's 'SIMON PURE' Leaf Lard."

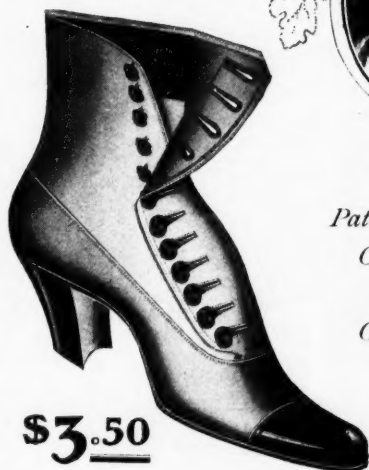


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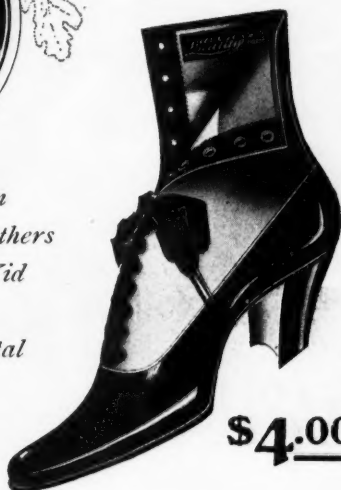
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\$3.50



*Made in
Patent Leathers
Glazed Kid
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"CASTILIAN BOOTS"

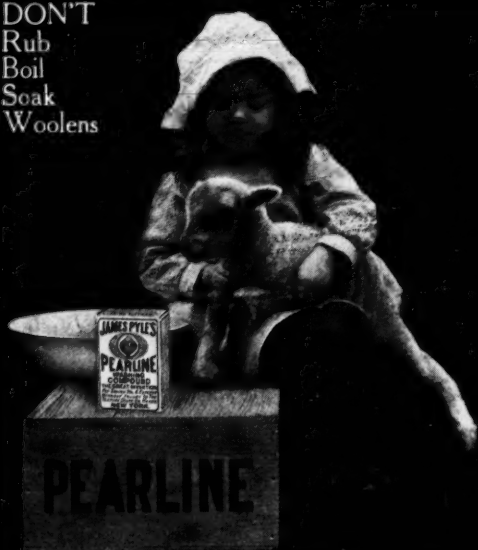
THE last word of the fashion in women's footwear is the new Queen Quality "Castilian Boot." Its distinctive features are a short vamp and forepart, a high Cuban heel and a high arched shank and instep. Another and pleasing feature is the fact that these boots not only accentuate the beautiful, graceful lines of the foot, but give it the appearance of being a full size smaller.

The favor that has been accorded these beautiful styles only furnishes another proof that Queen Quality "sets the shoe fashions." But get the genuine. Not only is their style inimitable, but the trade-mark is our guarantee of quality. And never did this signify so much as now, when shoes are being cheapened on all sides to offset the advancing cost of leather and other shoe materials.

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Rub
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Woolens



All Woolens
COARSE or FINE—RUGS
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DELICATE Flannels LAST
longer—LOOK better—FEEL
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PROOF: More millions use
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A CHILD CAN
DO THE WORK

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Ingersoll

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**Stem-wind
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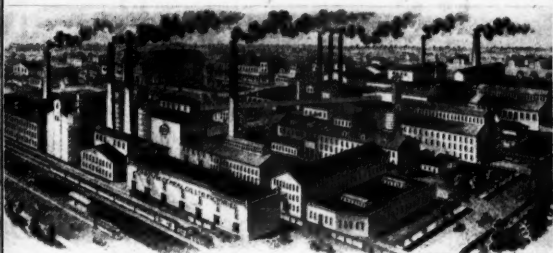
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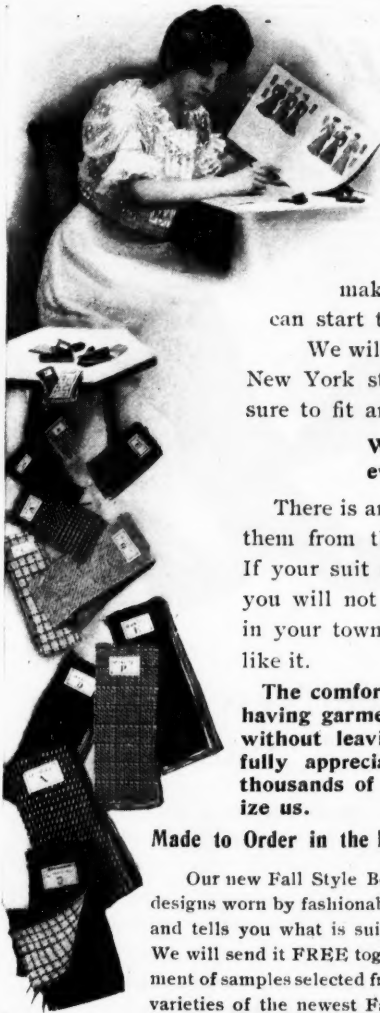
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\$6 to \$25 **MADE TO ORDER**

STYLE BOOK AND SAMPLES FREE

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The comfort and convenience of having garments made to measure without leaving home cannot be fully appreciated, except by the thousands of women who patronize us.

Made to Order in the Latest New York Styles

Our new Fall Style Book illustrates over 100 designs worn by fashionable dressers in New York, and tells you what is suitable for every occasion. We will send it FREE together with a large assortment of samples selected from our stock of over 450 varieties of the newest Fall and Winter materials.

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| Visiting Costumes | \$6.00 to \$20 |
| Tailor-Made Suits | \$7.50 to \$25 |
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| Fall and Winter Coats | \$6.50 to \$25 |
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We prepay express charges on these garments to any part of the United States, which means a big saving to you.

WE SEND FREE to any part of the United States our new Fall Book of New York Fashions, showing the latest styles and containing our copyrighted measurement chart; also a large assortment of Samples of the newest materials. **WRITE TO-DAY; you will receive them by return mail.**



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\$3⁵⁰

SHOE

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Three New Fall Styles

There's a **combination** of good qualities in American Gentleman Shoes pretty hard to equal at any price:

There's style—you're always sure of it, because our designers spend months studying the trend of fashion. What they say each year is authoritative—a standard of good taste.

There's workmanship—the shoemakers in the American Gentleman factory are selected men—they turn out one grade of work only.

There's good material—our buying capacity is unequalled in all the world. We get the best at the lowest prices.

The man at the left is wearing our No. 1086.
A Velour Calf, Button Shoe, Empire Last.

The man in the center is wearing our No. 1023.
A Glazed Kangaroo, Blucher, Corliss Last.

The man at the right is wearing our No. 1080.
A Patent Colt, Blucher, Tribune Last.

If they look good to you, ask a dealer to show you a pair. There are now more than 16,000 stores selling Hamilton, Brown shoes.

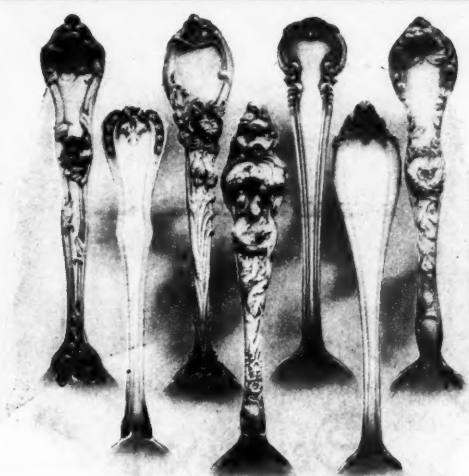
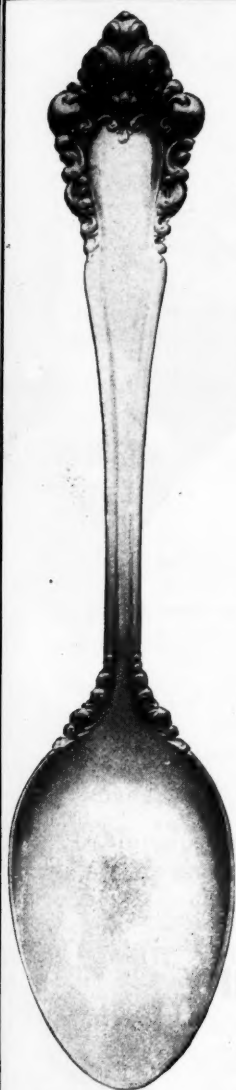
"Shoelight" for Fall

The famous style-book, Fall and Winter edition, will soon be off the press. Your name and address will bring you a copy. You can't know all about good shoes until you've seen it.

Hamilton, Brown Shoe Co.,

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Three points should be observed in buying silver. The weight must be substantial, the workmanship perfect, the design exclusive. These three requisites are found in the highest degree in the productions from the famous Reed & Barton Silver Works.

REED & BARTON Productions in Sterling Silver and High Grade Silver Plate are notably superior in workmanship and artistic individuality of design. The standard for generations. A comparison with other makes is earnestly invited.

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is one of comfort, convenience and refinement. The line of necessities and decorations that Dennison supplies for the home is endless. Ask your dealer about it. With the *genuine Dennison Crepe Paper* anyone can make the most exquisite Flowers, Candle Shades, Ice Cups, Bon Bon Boxes, Cotillion Favors, Draperies, Fancy Costumes, etc. Success is only a matter of getting Dennison's Crepe Paper. *No other Crepe Paper has the same strength or exquisite shading.* With **Dennison's Crepe Paper Napkins and Doilies** you can make your table beautiful in original effects. With **Dennison's Passe-Partout** materials you can frame your own pictures at a cost of a few pennies. With **Dennison's Glue, Paste and Mucilage** in *Patent Pin Tubes* you can fix everything without a smear. With **Dennison's Handy Boxes** you are ready for almost any household call. With **Dennison's Dictionary** to direct you, you can always find what is the right thing to fit every time and occasion, where to get it and very often, how to make it.

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is a truly wonderful book—245 pages beautifully illustrated in colors—so indexed that you can see at a glance just what you want. The Dictionary is a valuable book worthy of any bookcase or library table, but we send it to appreciative people who are willing to pay 10 cents for the mailing. If you are not perfectly satisfied, we will return the amount and let you keep the book.

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Bangles and Bracelets quoted are in 14-karat gold

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| Open work scrolls and rosettes, burmese finish, with seven amethysts, - - - - - | each | \$38 |
| Oval band, richly chased, Roman finish, with eight torquoise matrix, - - - - - | each | \$44 |
| Open work, burmese finish, with eight peridots, - - - - - | each | \$50 |
| Carved scrolls, and open work, burmese finish, with six oblong amethysts, - - - - - | each | \$55 |
| Rosettes and open work, burmese finish, with seven aquamarines, - - - - - | each | \$65 |
| Renaissance scrolls, open work, burmese finish, with six Montana sapphires, - - - - - | each | \$80 |
| Double wire bracelet, with diamonds and seven Montana sapphires set in platinum - - - | each | \$95 |
| Double wire bracelet, with diamonds and baroque pearls set in platinum, - - - - - | each | \$95 |

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| | | |
|---|------|------------------------------|
| Gold bangles, - - - | each | \$13.50, \$15.50, \$17, \$20 |
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| Gold engagement bracelet, with permanent locking catch, - - - | each | \$18.50, \$27, \$28, \$36 |

Photographs of above or richer bracelets sent upon request

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Tiffany & Co. always welcome a comparison of prices

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To those known to the house, or who will make themselves known by satisfactory references, Tiffany & Co. will send for inspection selections of their stock

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A compact catalogue without illustrations—over 500 pages of concise descriptions with an alphabetical side index affording quick access to the wide range of Tiffany & Co.'s stock, with the prices at which articles may be purchased. Patrons will find this little book filled with helpful suggestions of jewelry, silverware, clocks, bronzes, and other artistic merchandise suitable for wedding presents or other gifts

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Tiffany & Co. manufacture SOLELY for their own retail trade. Their wares are never sold to other dealers, and can only be purchased DIRECT from their establishments in New York, Paris or London



The Angle Lamp

is not an improvement on the old-style lamp, but an entirely new method of burning oil which has made common kerosene (or coal oil) the most satisfactory of all illuminants.

And when we say **satisfactory** we mean satisfactory—not an illuminant that merely gives a brilliant light, but one that combines brilliancy with soft, restful, pleasing quality; that is as convenient as gas, safe as a tallow candle, and yet so economical to burn that in a few months' use

It Actually Pays for Itself

For where the ordinary lamp with the round wick, generally considered the cheapest of all lighting methods, burns but about 5 hours on a quart of oil The Angle Lamp burns a **full 16 hours** on the same quantity. This, even where oil is cheap, soon amounts to more than its entire original cost. But in another way it saves as much—perhaps more.

Ordinary lamps must **always** be turned at full height, although on an average of two hours a night all that is really needed is a dim light ready to be turned up full when wanted. **A gallon of oil a week absolutely wasted**, simply because your lamps cannot be turned low without unbearable odor. All this is saved in The Angle Lamp, for whether burned at full height or turned low, it gives not the slightest trace of odor or smoke.

You should know more about the lamp which for its convenience and soft, restful light might be considered a luxury were it not for the wonderful economy which makes it an actual necessity. Write for our catalogue "B" fully explaining this new principle of oil lighting and for our proposition to prove these statements by

30 Days' Trial

When such people as ex-President Cleveland, the Rockefellers, Carnegies, and thousands of others, after trying The Angle Lamp, find it profitable to rip out gas and electric-light fixtures, to throw away gasoline and acetylene outfits or ordinary lamps, it is surely worth your while to send a penny postal to find out about it.

Write for catalogue "B" which lists 32 varieties from \$1 80 up, and gives you the benefit of our ten years of experience with all kinds of lighting methods.

THE ANGLE MFG. CO., 78-80 Murray St., New York.

In answering this advertisement it is desirable that you mention MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

Artists who are proud to perform for the Victor.

Nearly everyone knows Sousa's Band, but not one-twentieth of the people of the United States have actually heard it. Richard Jose's marvelously high tenor, De Wolf Hopper, with his inimitable "Casey at the Bat," Len Spencer's funny sketches, Arthur Pryor and his Band—all have a national fame; but how many of them have *you ever heard?*

You can hear anyone and everyone of these great singers, great bands, great entertainers—and a hundred more—with the Victor. They sing for you, play for you, or bring a good laugh, whenever you "feel in the mood."

Think what an inspiration to an artist—to be heard by enthusiastic millions today and in years to come.

Victors and Victor Records for sale by all leading Music Houses and Talking Machine dealers.

The Victor Talking Machine Co. Camden N.J. U.S.A.
Berliner Gramophone Co. of Montreal, Canadian Distributors.

Photos of Ada Jones, Collins, Spencer and Macdonough, by the Channell Studio.



"His Master's Voice"

FILL IN, CUT OUT AND MAIL TODAY
Victor Talking Machine Co. Camden, N.J.
Please send me catalogue of Victor Records
—especially the new October Records.
Name _____
St. _____ City _____ State _____ M

In answering this advertisement it is desirable that you mention MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

GORHAM SILVERWARE

For Wedding Gifts and Family Use

Can be obtained from the leading Jewelers throughout the country at exactly the same prices as charged at the Company's New York establishment

The Company's undeviating rule of supplying their productions only to jewelers of established reputation assures that exclusive individuality which for so many years has characterized Gorham silverware

Prices of Gorham Silverware

| | | | |
|---------------------------------|----------------------|--------------------------|-----------------------|
| Almond Dishes | \$1.50 to \$3.00 and | Salts (Pair) | \$2.00 to \$10.00 and |
| Bon Bon Dishes | 2.25 to 15.00 upward | Peppers (Pair) | 2.00 to 15.00 upward |
| Candlesticks | 5.00 to 25.00 " | Loving Cups | 3.50 to 85.00 " |
| Vases | 4.50 to 30.00 " | Mustard Pots | 4.50 to 10.00 " |
| Sugar Baskets | 5.50 to 15.00 " | Pepper Mills | 5.00 to 10.00 " |
| Compotiers | 9.50 to 30.00 " | Tea Caddies | 6.50 to 16.00 " |
| Muffineers | 10.00 to 15.00 " | Sugar and Creams | 10.00 to 30.00 " |
| Sauce Boats | 11.00 to 30.00 " | Bowls and Dishes | 13.00 to 75.00 " |
| Sandwich Plates | 19.00 to 35.00 " | Butter Plates (Doz.) | 15.00 to 35.00 " |
| Bread Trays | 22.00 to 50.00 " | Pitchers | 21.00 to 65.00 " |
| Tea, Sugar and Creams | 22.00 to 50.00 " | Vegetable Dishes | 22.00 to 45.00 " |
| Entrée Dishes | 36.00 to 75.00 " | Coffee Sets | 32.00 to 75.00 " |
| Bread and Butter Plates (Dozen) | 60.00 to 120.00 " | Meat Dishes | 40.00 to 75.00 " |
| Asparagus Dishes | 65.00 to 75.00 " | Ice Cream Plates (Dozen) | 60.00 to 214.00 " |
| Punch Bowls | 95.00 to 200.00 " | Dessert Plates (Dozen) | 120.00 to 340.00 " |
| Tea Services | 100.00 to 500.00 " | Service Plates (Dozen) | 375.00 to 450.00 " |

For over three-quarters of a century Gorham Silver has been distinguished for originality of design, superiority of workmanship and integrity of material

THE GORHAM COMPANY

Silversmiths and Goldsmiths

STERLING SILVER

Spoons and Forks

The Gorham Company are the largest makers in the world of Sterling Silver Spoons and Forks

Every improvement in methods of manufacture is immediately adopted and many valuable processes are exclusively controlled

These advantages enable the Company to offer their productions at prices more favorable to the purchaser than is possible with makers operating on a smaller scale

Prices by the Dozen

| | | | | |
|----------------|-------------------|------------|-----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Tea Spoons | \$9.00 to \$12.00 | and upward | Breakfast or Dessert Knives | |
| | | | (Steel Blades) | \$18.00 to \$22.00 and upward |
| Dessert Spoons | 15.00 to 25.00 | " | (Plated Blades) | 19.00 to 23.00 " |
| Table Spoons | 22.00 to 38.00 | " | Medium or Dinner Knives | |
| Breakfast or | | | (Steel Blades) | 20.00 to 26.00 " |
| Dessert Forks | 15.00 to 25.00 | " | (Plated Blades) | 21.00 to 28.00 " |
| Table or | | | Carving Sets | |
| Dinner Forks | 21.00 to 34.00 | " | (5 pieces) | 20.00 to 25.00 " |

Individual and Serving Pieces to match in the various copyrighted designs at correspondingly low prices

Every article of silverware made by the Gorham Company is easily and positively identified by the well-known Gorham Trade Mark



Fifth Avenue and Thirty-sixth Street
NEW YORK



YOU may think you know what a Phonograph is; you may think you have heard one; but you do not know what a Phonograph will do—you do not know how good it can be until you have heard the



Improved Edison Phonograph

Thomas Alva Edison invented the Phonograph idea. The Edison is his own best development of the Phonograph idea. It possesses the marvelous quality of giving you "your kind of music" better—that is more clearly, more entertainingly, more musically—than any other talking, singing or playing machine. "Your kind;" that is the keynote of the Edison Phonograph. You don't have to learn to like it. It plays what you like.

"The American Nights Entertainment," a booklet which will suggest many ways of making home more desirable than the club, which will help entertain friends, which will give ideas for money-making programs, sent free on request.

National Phonograph Co.
22 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.

New York London Paris Berlin Brussels Sydney Mexico City



May we send you free, SAMPLES of our Novel and Exclusive Line of Ticking and our 144-page illustrated book?

The samples include the good old-fashioned A.C.A. Ticking in wide and narrow stripe; dust-proof Satin Finish Ticking in linen effects; and our exclusive Mercerized Art Twills in fancy stripe with floral effects, in blue, pink, yellow, green or lavender. See the coupon below.

OSTERMOOR

MATTRESS

\$15.

THE PERFECT MATTRESS

is the one you never feel,
the one that never forces
itself upon your mind, the
one that *lets* you sleep if
sleepy, and *lulls* you to
dreamland when restless.

With a *hair* mattress beneath
you, you are constantly squirm-
ing around to avoid lumps and
hollows. Hair mattresses are
bound to be lumpy and uneven
because the hair is stuffed into the tick in handfuls.

The Ostermoor is made of Ostermoor sheets of uni-
form thickness, *laid* in the tick by hand—*built*, not stuffed. Dust and vermin-proof.

The Ostermoor is aseptically clean, non-absorbent, does not mat, pack or lump, keeps
its original resiliency, and never needs remaking. Better than hair—much cheaper.

Send at Once for Samples of Ticking and the Book

With the samples that we will send you, you can select a ticking to harmonize with the
furnishings of your bedroom, and please your individual taste. The full line of samples we
send you free, together with our 144-page book, "**The Test of Time**." This is not an ordi-
nary advertising booklet, but a complete work upon sleep and beds, and contains over 200 illustra-
tions. To get ticking samples, book and name of your local Ostermoor dealer, all you need to
do is to fill out and mail us the coupon, or send request on a postal if you prefer. But do it now.

We Sell by Mail or Through 2,500 Ostermoor Dealers

Regular Sizes and Prices
2 feet 6 inches wide, 25 lbs., **\$8.35**
3 feet wide, 30 lbs., **10.00**
3 feet 6 inches wide, 35 lbs., **11.70**
4 feet wide, 40 lbs., **13.35**
4 feet 6 inches wide, 45 lbs., **15.00**
All 6 feet 3 inches long.
Express Charges Prepaid.
In two parts, 50 cents extra.

Exclusive Ostermoor agencies everywhere—that is our aim. We
were compelled to this move to protect the public against worthless
imitations. The Ostermoor dealer in your vicinity—we tell you
who he is if you mail the coupon—will show you a mattress
with the Ostermoor name and label; that alone stands for
mattress excellence. Be sure to look for our name and
trade mark sewn on the end. If you order of us by mail,
we ship mattress, express paid, same day check is re-
ceived, and allow you **30 Nights' Free Trial**. If
not satisfied you may return mattress and we
will refund price without question.

OSTERMOOR & COMPANY
113 Elizabeth Street, New York

Canadian Agency: Ideal Bedding Co., Ltd., Montreal

From us EXPRESS PREPAID
or of an

OSTERMOOR
Dealer

Ostermoor
& Company,
113 Elizabeth
St., New York

Without obligation
on my part, please send
Samples of Ticking

and your 144-page book, so
that I may learn about the
Ostermoor, and the name of my
Ostermoor dealer.

Name.....

Address.....

JAP-A-LAC

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

A STAIN AND VARNISH COMBINED



TWO HANDS, A BRUSH AND A CAN OF JAP-A-LAC WILL WORK WONDERS, FROM CELLAR TO GARRET, IN EVERY HOME.

JAP-A-LAC is a quick-drying, beautiful, hard, lustrous finish for general household use. Everything of wood or metal you may have can be kept in perfect condition all of the time, at a trifling cost, with JAP-A-LAC. Sixteen beautiful colors.

For genuine economy there is nothing to compare with JAP-A-LAC. The thousands of uses around the home; the frequent marring and scuffing of furniture, woodwork and metal work, make JAP-A-LAC a household necessity. If you have never used JAP-A-LAC, get a can today and try it on some article which needs refinishing. You will at once realize how **JAP-A-LAC SAVES YOU MONEY.** All sizes, from 15c. to \$2.50. For sale by Paint, Hardware and Drug Dealers.

Colors of JAP-A-LAC

| | | | |
|--------------|-----------------|---------|-----------------|
| Flat White | Brilliant Black | Cherry | Dark Oak |
| Dead Black | Oak | Natural | Aluminum |
| Gloss White | Blue | Ground | Hahogany |
| Ox Blood Red | Gold | Walnut | Malachite Green |

Some of the Articles on Which JAP-A-LAC Should be Used

| | | | |
|------------------|--------|-------------|----------------------|
| Wire Screens | Chairs | Radiators | Interior Woodwork |
| Refrigerators | Tables | Andirons | Plate Racks |
| Porch Furniture | Floors | Linoleum | Picture Frames |
| Wicker Furniture | Ranges | Chandeliers | Weather-Beaten Doors |

A WARNING AGAINST THE DEALER WHO SUBSTITUTES

Suppose you went to a dealer's store to buy a pair of gloves and he met your request with the statement: "You don't want GLOVES; you want a pair of shoes." You would no doubt think that he was either crazy or trying to make a POOL out of YOU. There is just as much sense in a dealer making that statement as there is in his making the statement: "You don't want JAP-A-LAC; you want what I offer you." We say, if you ASK for gloves, GET gloves. If you ASK for JAP-A-LAC, GET JAP-A-LAC. INSIST on it.

If YOUR dealer does not keep JAP-A-LAC send us his name and 10 cents (except for Gold, which is 25c.) to cover cost of mailing, and we will send a FREE Sample (quarter-pint can) to any point in the United States.

Write for beautiful, illustrated booklet and interesting color card. FREE for the asking.

The Glidden
Varnish Co.

Address Dept. B-10,
1012 Rockefeller Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio



On a Cuban Tobacco Farm

\$300,000,000 a Year Spent by Americans for Cigars

Every smoker every time he smokes invests an installment on this immense total amount.

Is this \$300,000,000 spent with the proper degree of care for the value received?

The "chance-may-offer"—"hope-I'm-lucky" manner of buying cigars has in the past been due to the absence of any reliable standard of cigar values. Until recently all but the highest priced cigars had always been sold without any definite assurance as to their quality or value and in nearly every case the responsibility of the retail dealer for the cigars he sold has been very undependable.

The smoker of medium priced cigars has been at the mercy of thousands of brand names, plenty of them merely stock labels that left room for plain robbery. Cigars worth \$10 to \$15 a 1000 have sold for 5c. each—generally to the manufacturer's profit. The dealer has been deceived fully as much as the public.

Five years ago the dealer could offer the public no definite, reliable assurance of the quality of the cigars he sold—and the smokers of medium priced cigars could not prevent these impositions.

Today conditions are changed. In the past few years cigar quality has been immeasurably improved—and the new standard of quality—*real, tangible* cigar value—is distinguished by a simple mark—the "△" (Triangle A) mark of merit.



**Insures
Honest**

How You Can Get Honest Value for Every Cent You Spend

The American Cigar Company produces a great many classes of cigars, of characteristics varied to suit every whim and variety of public taste. No one brand will suit all smokers, nor is any one man sure to be suited with any one brand for any considerable time.

What you want is a guarantee that covers a lot of brands, of different characteristics, so that you may make a selection in the comfortable assurance that whatever cigar suits your taste it will be the best value your money can buy and always uniform in quality as long as you smoke it.

So the American Cigar Company has established a distinctive mark of merit—a reliable standard of cigar qualities—this "△" (Triangle A) mark of merit. Fundamentally this merit mark stands for honest cigar value in whatever cigar you buy, wherever you buy it.

Among the brands distinguished by the "△" (Triangle A) guarantee of honest cigar values are the following:

The New Crema (Victorias), Anna Held, George W. Childs (Cabinets), Buck, Spanaflora, Tarita, Stickney's New Tariff, Cubanola, The Continental, Chancellor, Caswell Club, The Unico, Benefactor, Captain Marryat, Roxboro, General Braddock, Orlando. Also the Palma de Cuba and Isle of Pines.

Smoke any one in critical comparison with the best cigar you know at the same price and prove to your own satisfaction that the "△" (Triangle A) merit mark does really mean better cigars for you if you look for it every time you buy.

AMERICAN CIGAR COMPANY.

Scene in American Cigar Co. Stemmy



Nothing to watch—but the clock



LISK'S

Sanitary

SELF BASTING ROASTER

A roast means a rest to the owner of a LISK SANITARY SELF BASTING ROASTER. Put the roast in the oven, look at the clock, and rest. There's nothing else to do until it's time to serve the roast.

Because of its **self basting** feature the LISK ROASTER takes away all the drudgery of cooking. The juices of the meat, vaporized by the heat, collect in drops on the inner roof of the ROASTER and fall back upon the meat in a continuous shower of gravy.

Incidentally the LISK ROASTER saves one fifth of every roast—one pound in five, and so pays for itself over and over again.

The LISK SANITARY SELF BASTING ROASTER is made in Lisk's Imperial Gray Enameled Steelware. Can be used on the stove or in the oven. Cleans like china. No seams, joints or corners to hold grease, therefore **absolutely sanitary**.

Made in four sizes, unconditionally guaranteed, and sold by all leading hardware dealers and housefurnishing stores.

Illustrated booklet, C, sent free on request.

THE LISK MANUFACTURING CO., Ltd.
CANANDAIGUA, N. Y.

We furnish these spoons without cost

except the expense of
mailing and packing



They are A-1
standard grade,
superbly fashioned,
French gray (sterling) finish, free from ad-
vertising, and manufactured exclusively for
us by the celebrated silversmiths, Wm. A.
Rogers, Ltd., whose name they bear.



For Soups, Sauces, Savory Sundries and Beef Tea

Careful analysis by food experts establishes
CUDAHY'S REX BEEF EXTRACT
as absolutely pure.

Available always for instant use.

How to get the spoons

For each spoon desired send a metal cap
from a 2-oz. or larger sized jar of **Rex Beef
Extract** or Cudahy's Nutritive Beef Extract
and ten cents in silver or stamps to cover
packing and mailing expense. (A set of six
spoons requires six metal caps and 60 cents.)

State plainly whether you want Tea Spoons
or Bouillon Spoons.

If you cannot obtain it, send us the name
of your dealer and 50 cents in stamps and we
will send you the regular size, a 2-oz. jar of
Rex Beef Extract; or 60 cents, and we will
mail you spoon and jar.

Cudahy's Rex Beef Extract is sold by
grocers and druggists.

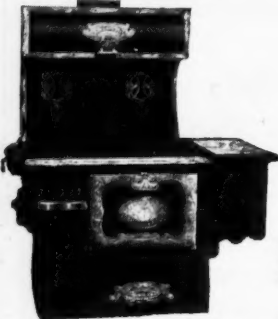
The Cudahy Packing Company
Beef Extract Department B
South Omaha, Neb.

Send 2-cent stamp for "From Ranch to
Table," an illustrated cook book.

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"



All Kalamazoo Cook Stoves and Ranges are equipped with our patented oven thermometer which makes baking and roasting easy.



Royal Steel Range for all kinds of fuel.

you every cent you have paid us, if your purchase is not in every way exactly as represented.

Kalamazoos are fuel savers,—
They last a life time—
Economical in all respects.
They are low in price and high in quality—

They are easily operated and quickly set up and made ready for business.

Buy from the actual manufacturer—
Your money returned if everything is not exactly as represented—

You keep in your own pocket the dealers' and jobbers' profits when you buy a Kalamazoo.

HIGHEST QUALITY

We guarantee you under a \$20,000 bond, that you cannot secure *anywhere, at any price*, a stove or range of higher quality, of greater durability, of more convenience and of greater economy in fuel than the Kalamazoo. They have proved *best by every test*.

To let you prove this to your own satisfaction, we send you the Kalamazoo on a 360 Days Approval Test, and bind ourselves, by a strong, legally binding bond to return to

LOWEST PRICES

We sell you a Kalamazoo *direct* from our factory, at lowest factory prices.

You save all middlemen's, dealers' and agents' profits and commissions, amounting to from \$5 to \$40 on every purchase.

Is there any good reason why you should not save that money?

Is it not as good to you as it is to your local dealer?

We are the *only* actual manufacturers who do business on this basis.

Don't confuse us with "mail order dealers" who buy "job lots" and retail them. Will you not investigate?

Send Postal for Catalog No. 251.

(Showing 267 styles and sizes)

Compare our prices with others, note our strong guaranty and the high quality of our stoves and ranges and then decide to save money by buying direct from the factory at factory prices.

All Kalamazoo stoves are blacked, polished and ready for immediate use when shipped. Write to-day for our big list of stove bargains.

We Pay the Freight

You simply cannot afford to buy a cheap, poorly constructed stove or range from a dealer or mail order retailer, when you can get a genuine high grade "Kalamazoo" for the same or even less money. A poor article is dear at any price. Buy the best, and secure lasting satisfaction.



Radiant Base Burner.
High grade parlor heater for hard coal.

KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Manufacturers,, Kalamazoo, Mich.

*Fine Birds
Grow Fine Feathers.*

Ostrich Feathers

FROM CALIFORNIA

Are absolutely the finest obtainable. The birds producing them are magnificent creatures, grown under ideal conditions in an ideal climate.

We manufacture our product on the farm and sell direct, thus saving our patrons all middlemen's profits as well as import duty. Our trademark insures superior quality. We guarantee satisfaction or refund your money. We have no agents anywhere. **We prepay all shipping charges.**

French Curved Plume

This magnificent plume is

made of the finest extra wide, selected feathers from male birds. The French Curve is a most graceful and effective plume and will be particularly fashionable this season. 15-in. length, any color, prepaid, \$3.75

Duchesse Tips

These tips are

9 inches long, made of superior stock from male birds, are strong and lustrous and will retain their curl indefinitely. Very effective and stylish. 9-in. length, any color, prepaid, per bunch, - - - \$2.00

OUR NEW CATALOGUE is a history of ostrich farming in America, interestingly written and splendidly illustrated. It also contains prices and illustrations of Tips, Plumes, Fans, Boas and Stoles of every description. Your name and address on a postal will bring it free.

Send us your old feathers—our factory does repair work.

CAWSTON
OSTRICH FARM

P. O. Box 31, SOUTH PASADENA, CAL.

"THE ORIGINAL HOME OF THE
OSTRICH IN AMERICA."

The printed spaces on this page outline the exact size and shape of an ostrich and a hen's egg. The former weighs 3 pounds and contains 30 times the amount of meat contained in the latter. The upper portion of the halftone represents a farm scene, while below is a brood of young chicks a few days old, and a nest as prepared by the parent birds.



In his travels by land or
sea, in buffet-car or on prome-
nade deck, the American smoker relies on

MURAD CIGARETTES

to add to the pleasure and relieve the monotony of the journey.
The incomparable mildness of the Murad never fails to delight—
its rich, rare fragrance always satisfies.

"THE METROPOLITAN STANDARD"

10 for 15 cents

S. ANARGYROS, Manufacturer, 111 Fifth Ave., New York

GAGE MILLINERY

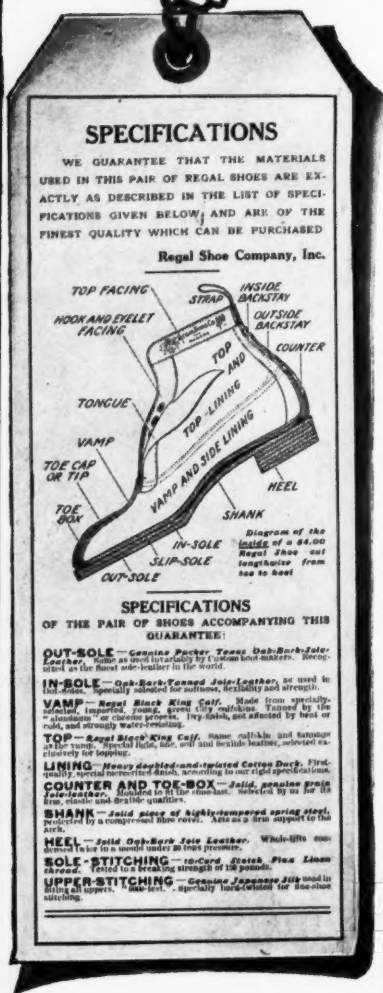


For sale at leading
retail millinery de-
partments and es-
tablishments. Ask
your dealer
for .



GAGE HATS

(This Tag) Goes With Them



SPECIFICATIONS

WE GUARANTEE THAT THE MATERIALS USED IN THIS PAIR OF REGAL SHOES ARE EXACTLY AS DESCRIBED IN THE LIST OF SPECIFICATIONS GIVEN BELOW, AND ARE OF THE FINEST QUALITY WHICH CAN BE PURCHASED

Regal Shoe Company, Inc.

SPECIFICATIONS OF THE PAIR OF SHOES ACCOMPANYING THIS GUARANTEE:

OUT-SOLE—Genuine Porter Tanned Oak-Bark-Tanned Leather, made as used heretofore by a famous shoe maker. Reputed as the finest sole-leader in the world.

IN-SOLE—Oak-Bark-Tanned Sole-Leather, as used in foot-dress, specially selected for softness, flexibility and strength.

VAMP—Patent Black King Calf. Made from specially-selected, young, green city calfskins. Tanned by the "patent" method, giving a firm, elastic, and strong water-resisting.

TOP—Regal Black King Calf. Same reliable and famous as the vamp. Special hide, soft, and inside leather, selected exclusively for topper.

LINING—Heavy double-tanned and-treated Cotton Duck. First-quality, special selected duck, according to our rigid specifications.

COUNTER AND TOE-BOX—Solid, genuine grain leather, selected to fit the counter, selected by us for its fine, elastic and durable qualities.

SHANK—Solid piece of high-tempered spring steel, protected by a compressed fibre cover. Acts as a firm support to the foot.

HEEL—Solid Oak-Bark-Tanned Leather. Whole-lift construction. Made in a mould under an iron pressure.

SOLE-STITCHING—in-Cord Straps, Fine Linen thread. Tested for breaking strength of 100 pounds.

UPPER-STITCHING—Genuine Japanese Silk used in stitching all upper. "Sew-lock," specially constructed for shoe-shoe stitching.

Every important part of every pair of Regals is now listed on a *Specifications tag* which you'll find in the box with the shoes.

Most people know little or nothing about what goes into their shoes. We *tell* you in advance and *prove* to you, by this Specifications tag, just what first-grade materials are built into your Regals. No other shoe-manufacturer gives you any such proof. *Why?*

There is vital need nowadays for you to *know* positively what you are getting in your footwear—for the cost of shoe materials has advanced 52%, and the tendency to substitute inferior materials has increased tremendously.

Insist on having shoes with the *Specifications tag*!

If you do not live near one of the 123 Regal stores order from our Mail-Order Departments.

The Fall Issue of the Regal Style-Book Free for a Postal.

The Largest Retail Shoe Business in the World

DEXTER \$4.00

Style IRD4—As Illustrated, High Shoe, Lace Style, Military Heel. Made of Patent Calf. Style IRD5.—Same, except Button Style. Made of Patent Calf.



THE ONLY SHOE MADE IN

$\frac{1}{4}$ Sizes

REGAL SHOES

\$350 and \$400

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

\$350 and \$400

REGAL SHOE CO., Inc.

Mail Order Dep't: Boston, Mass., 209 Summer St.
Mail-Order Sub Stations: Factory, East Whitman, Mass., Box 902. San Francisco, Cal., 820 Market Street.

Whipped Cream Chocolates

I believe that Darby's Whipped Cream Chocolates are now sold, by **every** confectioner and druggist, by **most** department stores and by a **great many** grocers in **every** town in the United States. If, however, you have **looked** for them and could not **find** them, I want you to send me an order **direct** and I will fill it for you at the retailer's price if you accompany the remittance with the name of the place where you enquired.

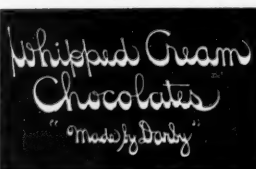
Now mind you, I would rather **not** fill your retail order, because I have to handle it and pay the cost of sending it to you (except if you live West of the Mississippi River, and then I can only stand half the forwarding charges).

But I want to put **Darby's Whipped Cream Chocolates** in the mouth of **every** man, woman and child in the United States. There is not a candy like it. Nobody else knows how to make Whipped Creams. It's my **secret**. It's the **only original** way of producing a chocolate cream since the first candy maker discovered that sugar and chocolate and vanilla made a perfect combination of deliciousness.

There is no candy like Darby's Whipped Creams; so if you don't **get** Darby's Whipped Creams you get **something else**. The center is fluffy, dainty, smooth as satin, and the outside is a chocolate of pure, deep, rich flavor that crackles and crunches under your teeth; **it's the one candy that never sates you**. You can eat a **pound** at a time and want **more**.

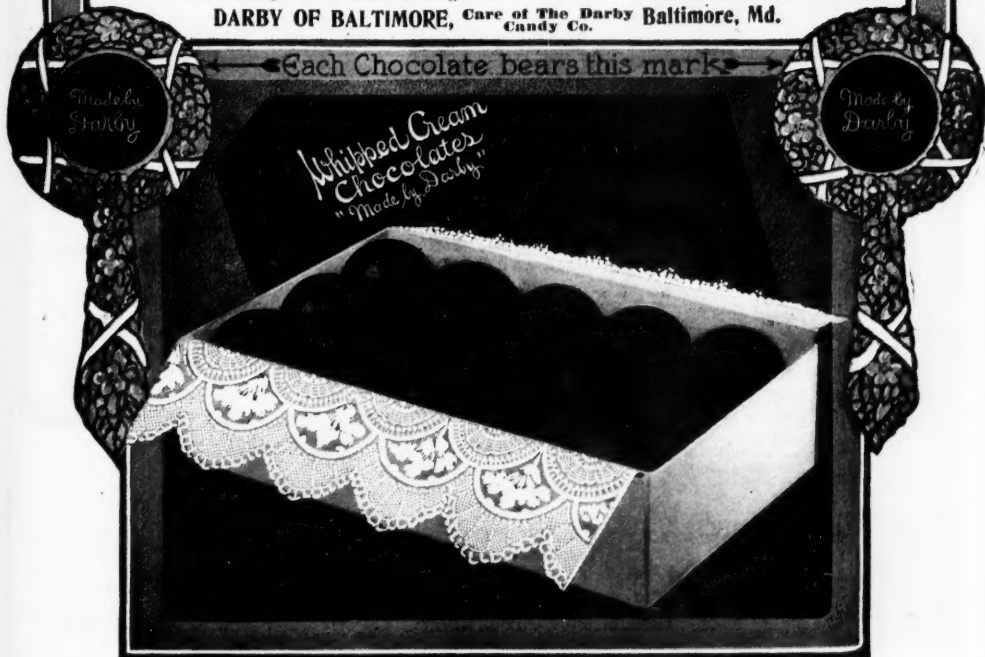
Although they are the best candies as far as quality is concerned, I don't ask nearly as much for them as **other best** candies cost. For instance, a **full pound** is retailed at fifty cents—half pounds cost twenty-five cents—for fifteen cents you will get a full quarter of a pound package (not a "fifteen cent size"), and the **ten cent acquaintance boxes** are surprisingly generous.

My package is the most distinctive in America. It can't be mistaken. It's always black with lettering like this in white.



**DARBY OF BALTIMORE, Care of The Darby Baltimore, Md.
Candy Co.**

Each Chocolate bears this mark—



In answering this advertisement it is desirable that you mention MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.



LIFE

is full of bounding buoyancy for the person whose body is nourished by a food that is rich in proteid—the element that supplies energy and keeps the tissues in repair—the element that gives litheness of limb, suppleness of sinew and those graceful curves that make the human form a thing of life and beauty.

¶ Such a food is **SHREDDED WHEAT**, rich in the muscle-making, bone-making elements of the whole wheat berry, made digestible by the shredding process. Unlike any other cereal food—because it's so different—made in the cleanest, finest and most hygienic industrial building in the world.

¶ Every detail in the process of cleaning, cooking and shredding wheat is open to the world—no “secret process”—nearly 100,000 visitors last year. **YOU** are invited.

The BISCUIT (warmed in the oven) is delicious for breakfast with hot milk or cream, or for any meal in combination with fresh fruits, creamed meats or vegetables. **TRISCVIT** is the shredded wheat wafer, used as a toast with butter, cheese or preserves.

THE NATURAL FOOD COMPANY
NIAGARA FALLS NEW YORK

Let Us Send You this
Two-Horn

DUPLEX

Phonograph
on Trial

Direct
from our
Factory
to your
own Home.



An Entirely New Principle in Phonographs

- Two vibrating diaphragms to reproduce the sound.
- Two horns to amplify and multiply all the sound from **both** sides of **both** diaphragms.
- No tension spring and no swing arm to cause harsh, discordant, mechanical sounds.

Consequently, the Duplex produces a sweeter tone and greater volume of music than any other phonograph and is absolutely free from all metallic sounds.

Double Volume of Sound.

HERE is the explanation of the Duplex principle: When you hit a tin pan with a stick, which **side** of the tin pan gives forth the noise? Why, both sides, of course.

If you collect the waves from **one side** of the vibrating pan, you get only **half** the noise. That's plain, isn't it? Well, the same thing holds true of the diaphragm of a phonograph.

In every talking machine made heretofore, one-half of the sound waves were **wasted**. You got just one-half the sound that the diaphragm made—the rest was lost.

The **Duplex** is the first and the only phonograph to collect the vibrations and get **all** the sound from **both** sides of the diaphragm.

Because the reproducer or sound box of the Duplex has **two** vibrating diaphragms and **two** horns (as you see) to amplify the sound from **both** sides of **both** diaphragms.

The **Duplex**, therefore, gives you **all** the music produced—with any other you lose one-half.

Compare the volume of sound produced by it with the volume of **any** other—no matter what its price—and hear for yourself.

Purer, Sweeter Tone.

BUT that is not all, by any means. For the Duplex Phonograph not only produces **more music**—a greater volume—but the tone is clearer, sweeter, purer and more nearly like the original than is produced by any other mechanical means.

By using **two** diaphragms in the Duplex we are able to dispense **entirely** with **all** springs in the reproducer.

The tension spring used in the old style reproducers to jerk the diaphragm back into position each time it vibrates, by its jerking pull **roughens** the fine wave groove in the record, and that causes the **squeaking**, squawking, harsh, metallic sound that sets your teeth on edge when you hear the old style phonograph.

In the Duplex the wave grooves of the record remain perfectly smooth—there is nothing to roughen them—and the result is an **exact reproduction** of the original sound.

As a special guarantee against the presence of harshness resulting from vibration, the points of contact between the horns and reproducer are protected by rubber,—an exclusive feature of the Duplex Phonograph.

Write today for catalog and full particulars of our **FREE** trial offer. You will never regret it. Please address

The Duplex Phonograph Co., 126 Patterson Street, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Direct From the Factory.

WE ask the privilege of **proving** to you that the Duplex gives a double volume of music, of purer, sweeter tone than any other phonograph made.

We want to prove it at our expense. We ask you to let us send you one **at our expense**—under an arrangement mutually satisfactory—for use in your home one week.

Invite your neighbors and musical friends to hear it, and if they do not pronounce it better—in volume and in tone—than the **best** old style phonograph, return it at once at our expense. That's a fair offer, but it isn't all.

We save you in the price exactly **\$70.15**—because we save you all the jobbers', middlemen's and dealers' profits. We sell it to you at actual factory price.

Sold through dealers the Duplex would cost you at least **\$100**—and it would be a bargain at that. Bought direct from our factory it costs you (one profit added) only

\$29.85

And you get a seven days' trial in your own home—and are under no obligation to keep it if you are not satisfied. You run no risk, for this advertisement could not appear in this magazine if we did not carry out our promises.

Music In Your Home.

THINK what a Duplex Phonograph will mean to you! The variety of entertainment you can command at trifling expense is practically unlimited.

You can enjoy a delightful selection of songs, poems, piano, banjo, guitar, or violin music, short stories, anecdotes or dialect pieces, all reproduced by the marvelous two-horned Duplex with the faultless fidelity of an instantaneous photograph.

You can bring to your family and friends, in all their original beauty, the priceless gems of musical art, the classic performances of famous Artists like Paderewski, D'Albert, Raoul Pugno, and Jan Kubelik.

Or, you can listen, entranced, to the magic notes of melody fresh from the throat of a Patti, Melba, or Calve, and the great dramatic tenors, Caruso and Tamagno.

And, best of all, you can hear once more, the voice of dear old Joe Jefferson as, with matchless pathos, he delivers the lines of Rip Van Winkle so familiar to a former generation.

For just before his death, this greatest and best loved of American actors left a perfect record, which, reproduced by the Duplex Phonograph, will preserve his living tones for the admiration and delight of thousands yet unborn.



Confessions of a Flat-iron

By A. Taylor-Cutter.

THE "Tailor's Goose" forsooth!
"Well, if I'm the Tailor's 'Goose' who is the Tailor's Fox?—tell me that.

"Better ask the Tailor—he knows!

"When there's any 'foxing' to be done with a Suit of Clothes or an Overcoat, you'll find Old Doctor Goose is the star performer.

"When the journeyman tailor leaves a *fulness* here, that should have been worked out by the needle; or a *shortness* there; a tight seam, or a slack one, that's the time Old Doctor Goose gets busy, and increases his practice.

"I can do more stretching and shrinking in *ten* minutes than your poor old *needle-working* Tailor could do in ten hours, as the Tailor knows.

"And no Consumer can tell, *at sight*, the difference in effect between *my* ten minute job and the needle-working *ten* hour job.

"Of course, *my* work won't last beyond the first damp day of wear.

"But what does Brother Tailor care for *that*?

"Before the Purchaser can *wear* the Coat on a damp day, he must *buy* and pay for it.

"And, when he has bought it, and worn it, then it's 'up to him' to *keep* his Coat in shape—viz., get it pressed up and shaped over *regularly* by Old Dr. Goose.

"Oh, yes—I know that's *expensive*!

"But the expense *then* comes out of the Purchaser's pocket—not out of Brother Tailor's pocket.

"Of course, Brother Tailor and I have to make our little Profit, you know.

"And it costs about *ten* times as much to shape a Coat Collar fully with *permanent needle-work* as it costs with *my* quick and easy process of hot flat-iron faking.

"What's the use of putting *permanence* into the shape of a Coat Collar, or into the Shoulders, when you can't get any more *price* for them from the Clothier, and it doesn't '*show*' to the Consumer *on the day of sale*?

"'Sincerity Tailoring'—Bosh!

"What does Brother Tailor, or Brother Clothier, care for *that* if he can make a dollar or two more per suit, by the Dr. Goose method?

"Why, 80 per cent. of all the Coats and Overcoats made are *shaped* by the *flat-iron*.

"Granted they *do* wilt out in a hurry, and need constant pressing.

"But *that's* the Consumer's funeral.

"I tell you, Neighbor, this Kuh, Nathan & Fischer method is just so much *profit* wasted.

"Their idea of opening up every faulty seam, in a Revision Room, and their re-shaping it by costly *hand-needle-work* is as foolish, to my mind, as their shaping of all Collars, Lapels, and Shoulders by the same tedious and permanent method.

"The Retailer won't *pay* them any more price for their Clothes on that account.

"And the Consumer doesn't care much, either.

"He doesn't *know* enough about the difference in *permanence* to care.

"Yes, yes—I grant you—the Consumer must *frequently* pay for pressing a *flat-iron* shaped suit, if he would *keep* it looking as well as a "Sincerity" *needle-shaped* suit would look *without* pressing.

"But that's the Consumer's Loss, not the Manufacturer's, nor the Retailer's loss.

"Oh, very well then—

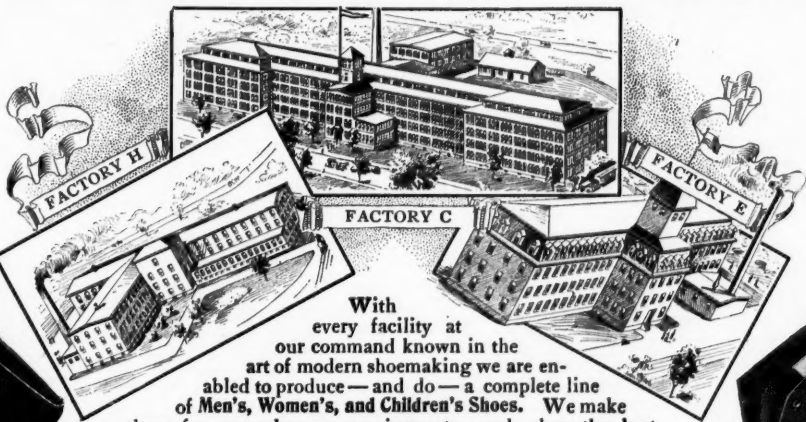
"People who *know* enough to want needle-shaped clothes instead of Flat-iron shaped clothes, *can* get them if they look for label of the 'Sincerity Clothiers' on them. That label reads—

SINCERITY CLOTHES
MADE AND GUARANTEED BY
KUH, NATHAN AND FISCHER CO.
CHICAGO

RICE & HUTCHINS

WORLD SHOEMAKERS FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

Our seven modern factories in which we make footwear for the family.



With every facility at our command known in the art of modern shoemaking we are enabled to produce—and do—a complete line of Men's, Women's, and Children's Shoes. We make shoes for every known requirement—each shoe the best adapted for the purpose it is intended. 40 years' experience back of every pair of shoes made and sold by us.

Send to-day for "Our Family Footwear" Catalogue showing hundreds of styles of our footwear, covering the needs of the whole family.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR RICE & HUTCHINS SHOES
if he will not supply you—send your order to us.

4.00 and 3.50

RICE & HUTCHINS, Inc., 7 High Street, BOSTON, MASS.

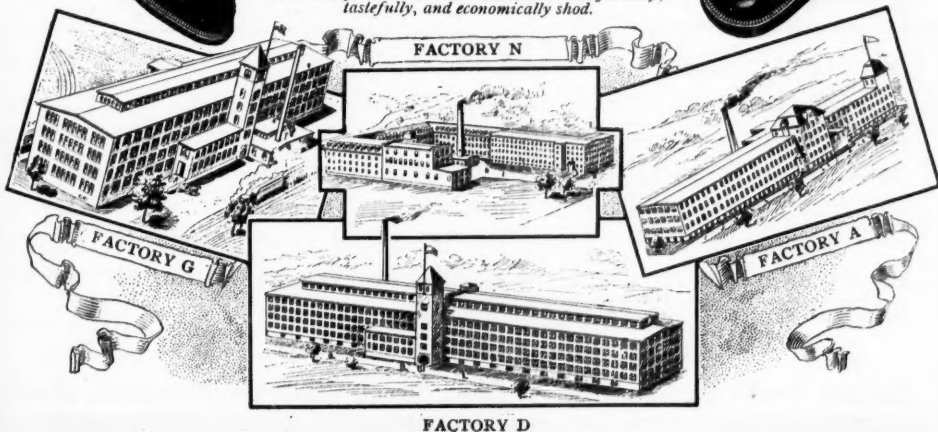
Weavers of Rice & Hutchins Shoes are comfortably, tastefully, and economically shod.

Pat. Colt
Button—
All America
Astor Last.

\$4.00

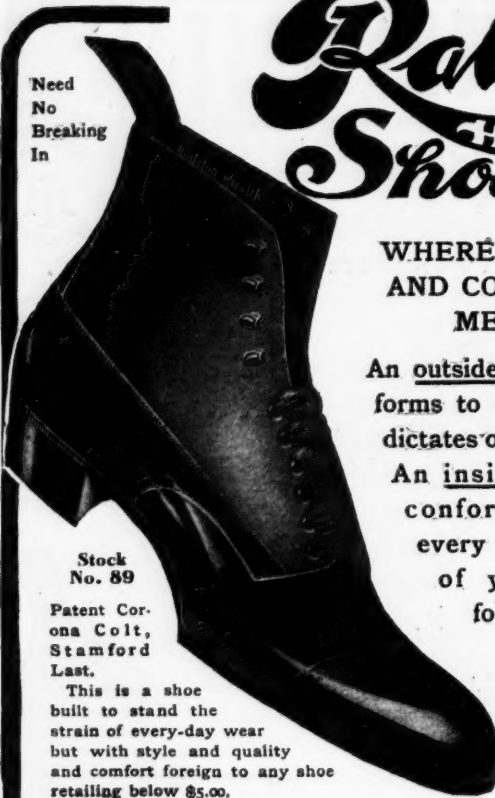
Chrome
Kid Lace
All America
Mat Calf
top.
Heavy sole.

\$4.00



In answering this advertisement it is desirable that you mention MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

Need
No
Breaking
In



Stock
No. 89

Patent Cor-
ona Colt,
Stamford
Last.

This is a shoe
built to stand the
strain of every-day wear
but with style and quality
and comfort foreign to any shoe
retailing below \$5.00.

Ralston HEALTH Shoes \$4

WHERE STYLE
AND COMFORT
MEET

An outside that con-
forms to the latest
dictates of fashion.

An inside that
conforms to
every curve
of your
foot



The only shoes
built to meet the
needs of the bone
and tendon structure
of your foot.
Immediate and
lasting com-
fort.

Our New
Fall Style
Book
Sent Free

It shows the styles
that fashionable
dressers are wearing
now in New York. Also
an interesting discussion of
the Ralston idea, and ex-
plains the peculiar construc-
tion of the Ralston Sole with its
five layers—leather, cork, rubber
and wool felt.

“A Triumph in Shoe-Making”

is the way one man expresses his opinion of Ralston shoes. He is a man of fastidious tastes—demanding up-to-date style and graceful lines in his footwear, but he also has tender feet made more so by years of wearing the ordinary straight-soled, non-conforming shoe.

The moment he put on his new Ralstons, he walked off with that feeling of perfect foot-comfort that reminded him of the days he had spent last summer running barefoot on a sandy beach.

Anyone anywhere can duplicate his experience. Where we have no agents we sell direct by mail and charge only 25c. extra for delivery. Price in Canada, \$5.00. We guarantee perfect fit and satisfaction or refund your money.

UNION MADE

SEND FOR THE FALL STYLE BOOK TO-DAY

Ralston Health Shoemakers, 982 Main Street, Campello (Brockton), Mass.



Are You in the Line Or in the Lead?

Where are you, in the dinner pail line or in the chair of the leader?
The whole world is looking for men who have been trained to lead by doing things with their brains as well as their hands.

Where do the leaders come from? From the line of course! Ninety men out of every hundred in good positions began in the line where you are to-day. The truth of the matter is—it's up to you.

If you want to get out of the line **YOU CAN**. The **International Correspondence Schools** will show you the way and help you to get there. There is no theory about this. It's a **TRUTH** backed up by thousands of men who are leaders to-day because they had the desire to do better and asked the **I. C. S.** how.

It makes no difference where you are, what you do, or how little you earn, the only requirement is the ambition to win—the **I. C. S.** will do the rest.

Let us show you how. Cut out this coupon, mark the occupation you prefer, and mail it to-day. In return we will go into the matter carefully with you—make it plain, make it easy. There will be no charge for this information and no further obligation on your part unless you want to join the great **I. C. S. Army of Success**.

ACT TO-DAY.

International Correspondence Schools, Box 840, SCRANTON, P.A.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part how I can qualify for a larger salary in the position before which I have marked **X**

Book Keeper
Stenographer
Advertisement Writer
Show Card Writer
Window Trimmer
Commercial Law for
Justices of the Peace
Illustrator
Civil Service
Chemist
Textile Mill Supt.
Electrician
Elec. Engineer

Mechanical Draftsman
Telephone Engineer
Elec. Lighting Supt.
Mechan. Engineer
Surveyor
Stationary Engineer
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Architect
Structural Engineer
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Why not Home Comfort, too?



The largest and most modern of office, store and factory buildings in the world are warmed by our Low Pressure Steam and Hot Water outfits. It is because the genial warmth yielded puts every bread-

winner therein at ease and

comfort for best work. The home

can be made equally delightful for the loved ones

by use of smaller sized outfits of

AMERICAN & IDEAL RADIATORS & BOILERS

The bread-winner thus gets a right start for the day's work by rising, bathing, dressing and breakfasting in a cozily warmed house. So, too, an evening in a cold house—no matter how brightly lighted or richly furnished—is a sad climax to the day's efforts. Then, there are the vacant chairs in a cheerless room—the genial, cozy warmth of "other places" often lure family members away from what should be the place of all places—*home*.

IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators soon repay their cost in fuel, labor and repair savings—and thereafter pay dividends. Their cleanliness halves household drudgery and saves furnishings. Made in sizes to fit all classes of buildings,—OLD or new—FARM or city. A child can operate the outfit—which never wears out. True investments for prudent bread-winners. Sales Branches and Warehouses throughout America and Europe. Write today for catalogue (free).

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Dept. 23.

CHICAGO



THE short-story writers of America produce about three hundred publishable stories every month.

NOW it is one of the functions of the National Weekly to secure for its three millions of readers the cream of these stories.

TO accomplish this, Collier's pays the highest average price per word, and in addition gives a quarterly prize of one thousand dollars for the best story submitted during each three months.

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THE result is that probably sixty per cent of the month's production of stories is submitted to the fiction editor of Collier's before being sent elsewhere. Under the working of this policy it is not difficult to maintain a real supremacy in the short-story field.

Perhaps you do not really know Collier's. Send your name and address for a booklet and a handsome Gibson miniature, free

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within easy reach of
the operator is the
small lever which
enables

The New Tri-Chrome Smith Premier Typewriter

to write PURPLE for letters to be copied;
BLACK for documents to be preserved; RED
for emphasis and for billing.

This three-color feature, which enables the modern office to produce all of its work in the proper kind of typewriting with one machine and one ribbon, is the last word in typewriter construction. Let us send you a bit of printed matter describing it fully.

The price is the same as that of all Smith Premier models.

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Branch Stores Everywhere.



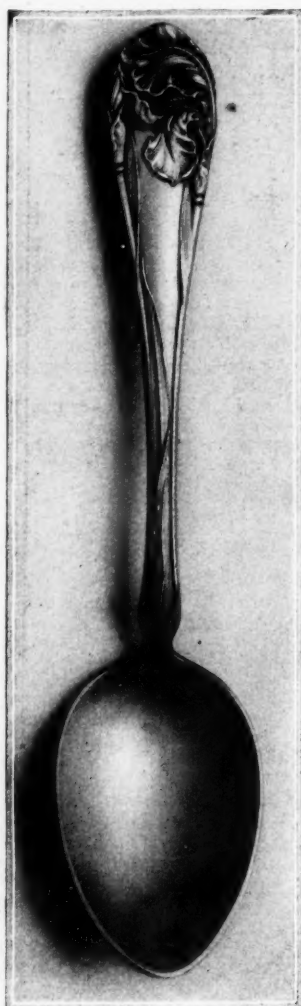
Copyright 1906 by Hart Schaffner & Marx

IF you want style like this, and want it to last, be sure you get all-wool fabrics, and right tailoring. The way to be sure is to find our label.

Its a small thing to look for, a big thing to find;
it means all-wool absolutely

Send six cents for our new Style Book

Hart Schaffner & Marx Good Clothes Makers
Chicago Boston New York



YOUR TABLE SILVER

should have the
heaviest possible plate
of pure silver, at a
moderate price.

**Community
Silver *Has.***

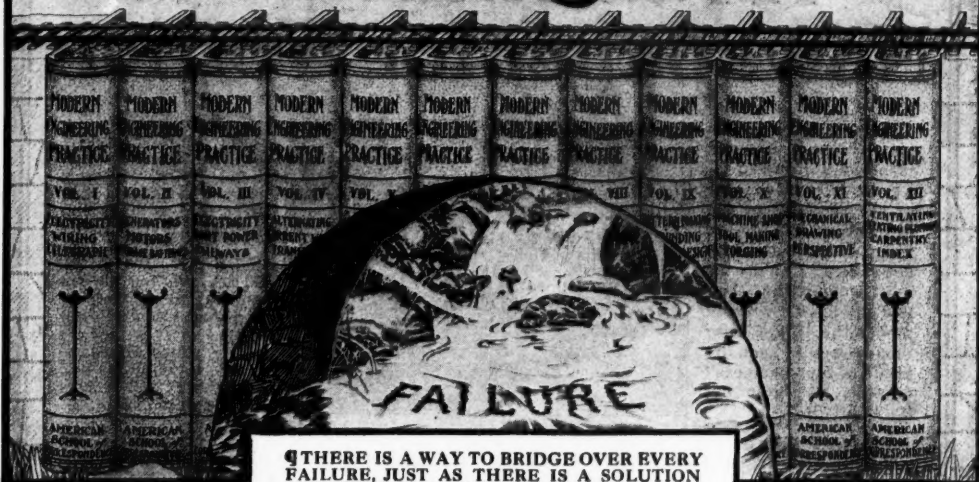
U. S. Government Assayer's test showed that Community Silver Teaspoons have an ounce more pure silver than any other make.

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**ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LTD.
ONEIDA, N.Y.**

FOUNDED IN 1848

Bridged



¶ THERE IS A WAY TO BRIDGE OVER EVERY FAILURE, JUST AS THERE IS A SOLUTION TO EVERY ENGINEERING PROBLEM.

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¶ Reference Library Modern Engineering Practice. New Edition, twelve volumes. Bound in ¾ red morocco. 6,000 pages of reading matter. 4,000 illustrations. Compiled by 59 associate editors; 41 practical experts; 157 chapter heads; thousands of sources of information.

¶ You cannot buy it outright, but you can get it **FREE** if you act before November 1st. This set of books is not a part of our regular correspondence courses; it is not embodied in *any one* of our regular courses; but it contains the *essence of all* our courses. The entire set is **FREE** to anyone answering this advertisement who enrolls in one of our regular full engineering courses.

¶ The difference between success and failure, in nine cases out of ten, is education. Have you ever stopped to consider the mere money value of education?

\$ 22,000.00

¶ The average educated man earns \$1,000.00 a year. He works forty years, making a total of \$40,000.00 in a life time. The average day laborer gets \$1.50 a day—300 days in a year—or \$450.00 per year. He earns \$18,000.00 in a life time—40 years. The difference between \$40,000.00 and \$18,000.00 is \$22,000.00. This is the minimum value of an education in mere dollars and cents. The increased self-respect you gain cannot be estimated in money.

¶ If a general education is worth so much, what is a special engineering education worth to you? The "Help Wanted" columns in any daily newspaper tell the story. Compare the number of "Draftsmen Wanted," "Engineers Wanted" advertisements with the hundreds of stenographers, book-keepers, clerks, etc., advertising for work.

¶ The American School of Correspondence offers to qualify you for a better position. If your present employment is not agreeable, it will fit you for more congenial work. It will bring the instruction to you. You can study wherever you are and whenever you please without interfering with your present work or leaving home. Your lessons are put before you in type. Every question is answered in writing. You have your instructors' criticisms always before you. We arrange payments to meet your circumstances, and, as

WE EMPLOY NO AGENTS

and have no large commissions to pay, our tuition fees are lower than those of other correspondence schools. Every penny you pay us is spent for your instruction.

¶ Check the coupon, send it to us immediately, and receive **FREE** by return mail, our 200-page hand-book, giving the names of hundreds of people who have completed our courses and who have bettered their positions through our instruction.

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Please send me 200-page handbook. I am interested in the course marked "X."

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| Stationary Engineering | College Preparatory Course (fitting for entrance to engineering schools) |
| Marine Engineering | |
| Locomotive Engineering | |
| Structural Engineering | |

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Address _____

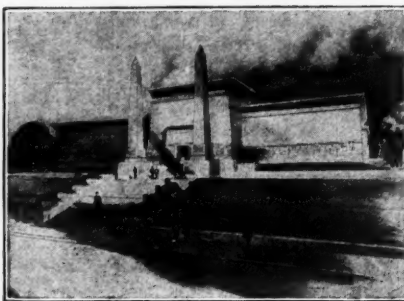
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AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE
3105.8 Armour Avenue
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

(Mention MUNSEY'S, Oct.)

A National Daily Newspaper for Women

If there is an intelligent woman in America who has not longed for a great daily newspaper of her own, full of the things WOMEN want to know, clean, fearless, independent, ready to fight womankind's battles and handle without gloves the things busy money-seeking men are afraid of for "business" reasons, we have not found her yet.



This great publishing plant, built expressly for The Woman's National Daily, covers a city block and will print, fold, address and mail ONE MILLION EIGHT-PAGE PAPERS IN 200 MINUTES, sending them whirling to all parts of America by the fastest mails. It is owned by nearly thirty thousand small stockholders and has three and a half million dollars capital.

After a year of vast preparation, the building especially for it of the largest and finest publishing plant in America and the largest and fastest printing press in the world at a cost of hundreds of thousands of dollars, a great national daily newspaper to circulate from coast to coast by fast mail each day has become an accomplished fact. By special facilities this great daily paper, already having more subscribers than any newspaper in America, can be delivered in homes even on rural routes a thousand miles from St. Louis the day of date of issue. Published by a corporation with three and a half million dollars capital, but owned by the people, **fearless, clean, independent and powerful**, it will give the TRUTH of each day's world events. The only woman's daily newspaper in America, every member of the family is provided for in its columns. If you want to know more about what is really going on all over the world each day than the men do, the latest news from Paris, London, Berlin, Rome, the best daily short stories, the latest advance daily fashion notes from Europe, the daily "doings" at Washington, what men and women are doing each day throughout the world, with INSIDE information about them, all beautifully illustrated, if you are interested in some of the greatest battles for better things for womankind that have ever been fought, you want The Woman's National Daily.

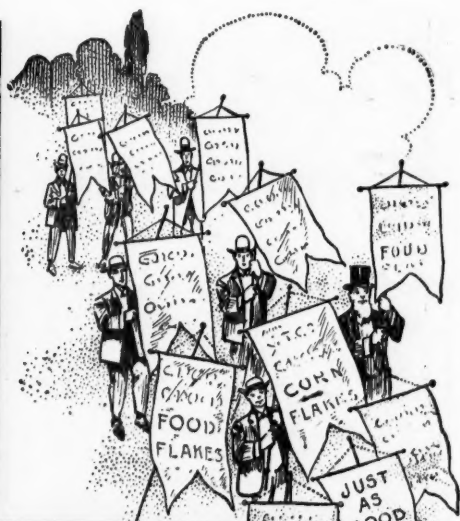
Simply Send Us a Postal Card

The women of this country have never been united as a force in public life because the daily papers are published for men. The Woman's National Daily will make them a force that will be felt. We want you to see and read this great daily woman's newspaper, to know what it is doing for women, to be better posted, better read. You need not send us any money in advance. The subscription price is one dollar per year (313 issues, every day but Sundays). Simply send us a postal card as follows: **"Enter my subscription to The Woman's National Daily for one year, and if at the end of three months, thirteen weeks, I do not want it longer I will send you 25c for the 78 issues I will have received and you are to stop the paper."** Sign your name and full address and we will send the great daily to you by fast mail each night, delivered to you every morning but Sunday. If after three months you do not want it longer, simply send the 25c and it will be stopped. We know that once you have read it you will always wonder how you got along each day without it before.

IF THE MEN OF YOUR FAMILY CAN TAKE A DOZEN DAILY NEWSPAPERS, CAN YOU NOT HAVE ONE OF YOUR OWN? After looking over the "news" in your husband's daily paper you will find the FACTS in THE WOMAN'S NATIONAL DAILY and can tell him some things.

The Woman's National Daily

Care of LEWIS PUBLISHING CO., - Dept. 25, - ST. LOUIS, MO.



Now

Watch the Imitators.

Sanitas Toasted Corn Flakes is the greatest cereal success ever produced in America. The delicious flavor of the new food has created an unprecedented demand. We are working night and day trying to fill all orders—but thousands of grocers are still unable to get a supply. This great success is encouraging unscrupulous imitation. Unfortunately we can not protect the public. All we can do at present is to state that,

Sanitas Toasted Corn Flakes

Can be Imitated in Name only

The delicious flavor of the Real Toasted Corn Flakes can not be reproduced. Remember the name Sanitas Toasted Corn Flakes and keep the package in mind. If someone does sell you a substitute, don't judge the original by the imitation. Sanitas Toasted Corn Flakes has a flavor of its own.

**Battle Creek Toasted Corn Flake Company
Battle Creek, Michigan**



THIS IS THE FIRST NEWS OF THE
NEW STYLE IN WRITING PAPERS:

EATON'S HOT-PRESSED VELLUM



A "hot-pressed" paper is a beautiful paper, made more beautiful by being pressed between hot plates.

A "hot-pressed" paper is the finest paper you could have—so fine artists use it to do their best work upon—far too expensive to write letters upon—until now.

We have found the way to make, for correspondence use, "hot-pressed" paper that you can afford. Just think what that means, your letters upon "hot-pressed" papers, like pictures of an artist. Eaton's Hot-Pressed Vellum is so

fine to look upon, so pleasing and so easy to write upon that it is an inspiration to good letter writing.

If you want to know what this paper is like, just ask some artist friend to show you a sheet of "hot-pressed" paper—that is what it is like; the same exquisite beauty, texture and surface. You won't be able to tell Eaton's "Hot-Pressed" Vellum from artist's paper.

HOW TO GET IT

Buy it of your stationer if you can. That will always be the easiest way. But if he hasn't it, and you want to see the newest thing in writing papers, send 25 cents and his name and we will send you a half-quire box of it, containing two of the most fashionable shapes, with envelopes to match.

Eaton's Cold-Pressed Linen can also be had. It is like the Hot-Pressed, but has a rough finish.



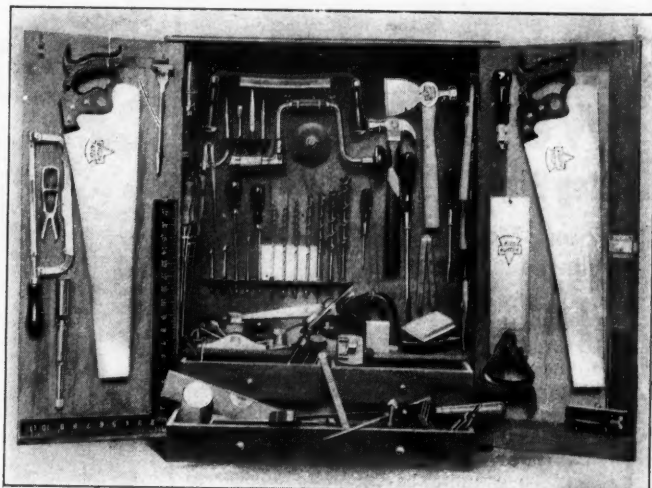
NOTE—Those who still prefer the fabric surfaces will always be able to buy Highland Linen and Berkshire Linen Fabric. No other fabric papers have ever been so popular, or ever will be.

Every woman interested in fine writing papers—and that means every woman who writes a letter—should write one letter to us, asking for the book, "The New Style in Writing Papers," which tells all about our "Hot-Pressed" and "Cold-Pressed" papers.

Eaton-Hurlbut Paper Company

Dept. 17, Pittsfield, Mass.

The
Right
Tool
in



The Right Place

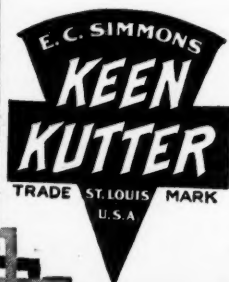
What do you do when a door sticks, or when you want a shelf put up, or a curtain pole sawed off.

Have you all the tools necessary for the numberless jobs about the house, and are they all keen and sharp and always in perfect condition?

KEEN KUTTER

TOOL CABINETS

are made of handsomely finished natural oak, hand rubbed and contain just the selection of tools for practical purposes. Every tool is a **KEEN KUTTER** and fully guaranteed. Each tool has its own place so that it is always where you can lay your hand on it and is easily kept in perfect condition.



Ask us to send you handsomely Illustrated Catalogue showing our complete line of **KEEN KUTTER** Cabinets; then select the Cabinet containing the assortment of tools you want and your dealer will supply you. If not, write us and give us your dealer's name.

This booklet contains Cabinets from \$8.50 to \$50.00, according to assortment of tools. *A postal will bring it.*

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY,
St. Louis and New York, U. S. A.

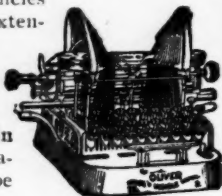
Young Man— We Want YOU!

Step Right Into a Big Business

Young Men Wanted at Once

We need several more young men to fill vacancies in our sales

force. These vacancies are due to the rapid extension of our business into new territory, and to the promotions of local agents to higher positions in the Oliver Organization. They must be filled quickly.



Limitless Possibilities

We are the largest independent typewriter manufacturers in the world. In the ten years of this Company's existence we have not only overtaken but far exceeded the sales of every one of the "trust" machines.

Oliver Typewriter Writes in Sight

The visible writing of the Oliver Typewriter is its supreme advantage over the old-style machines. But we add to this advantage light key touch, great manifold power, perfect alignment and adaptability to a very wide range of uses.

We Want Young Blood

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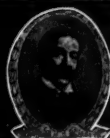
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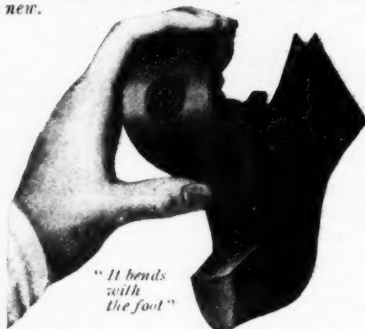
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The sole of the Red Cross is of regular *walking thick-
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it's new.



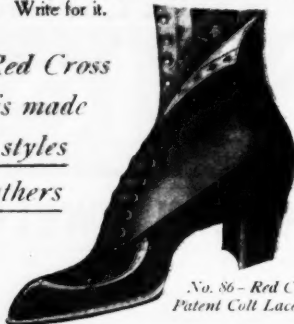
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Shoe is made
in all styles
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who has, or supply you direct, fit guaran-
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the name *Krohn, Fechheimer & Co.*
stamped on the sole; if you don't see it
don't buy. Imitations have neither the
comfort, style nor wearing qualities of the
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The filling of MAISH COMFORTS is one continuous, fluffy piece, the same thickness at every point; no lumps, no thin places. By a special process, the *long fibres* of the finest snow-white cotton are separated, curled, and then woven into thin, filmy layers. These layers are then merged into a *supple*, downy layer, the *exact size and thickness* of the comfort.

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These things add greatly to the cost of making, but are worth their cost to us in the satisfaction you get from the added wear.

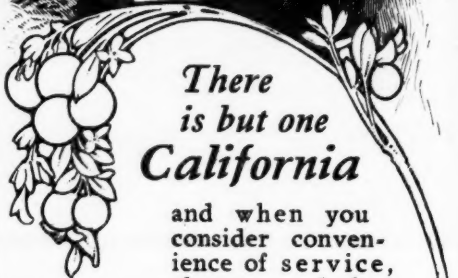
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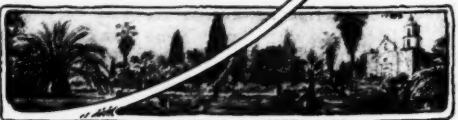
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your hosiery is certainly wonderful."

No. 400

split-sole hose are just the kind of



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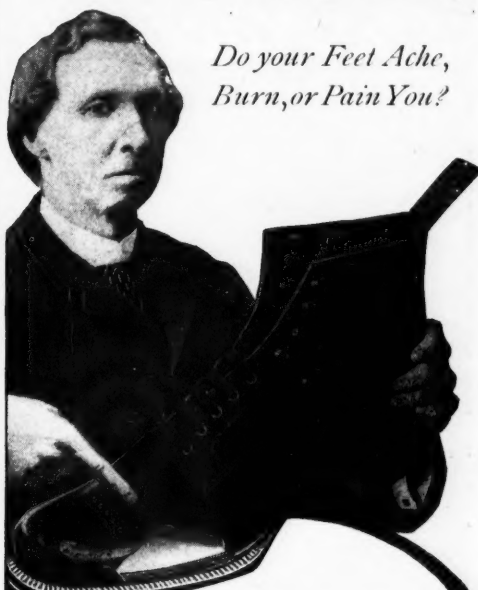
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My whole life has been spent in
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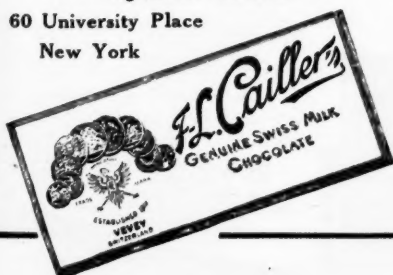
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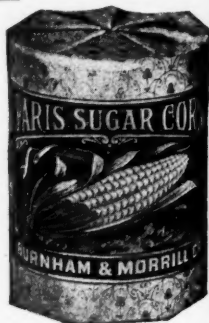
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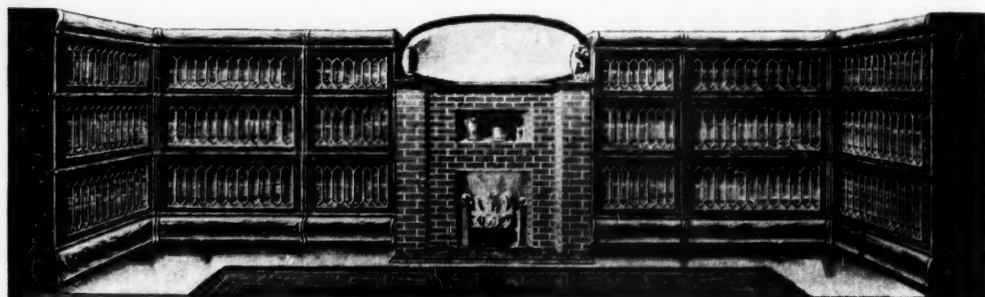
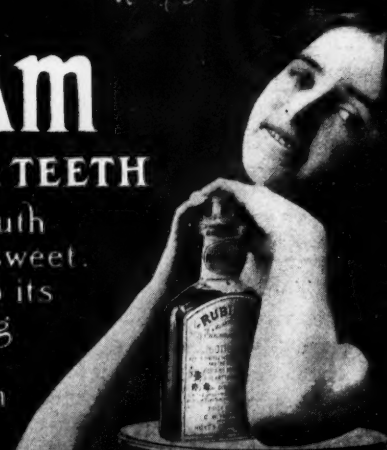
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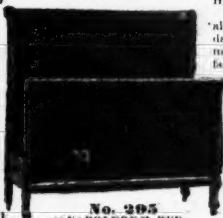
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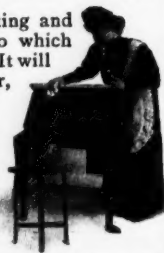
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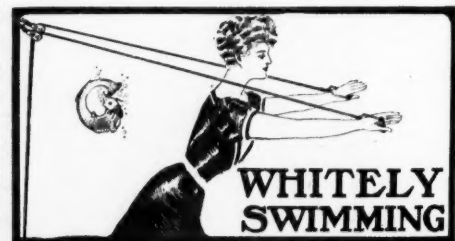


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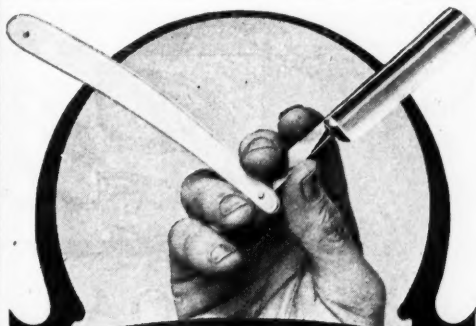
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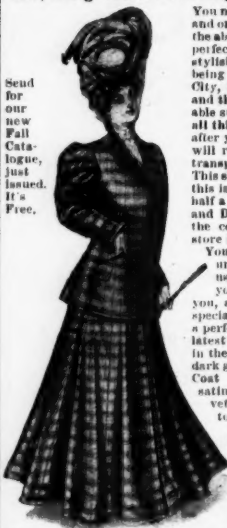
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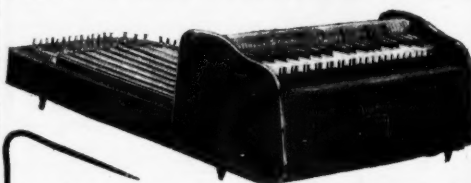
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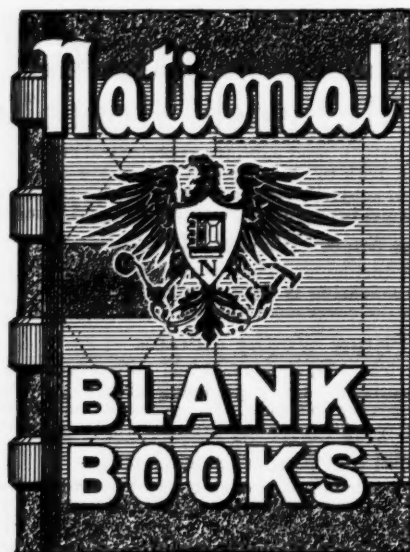
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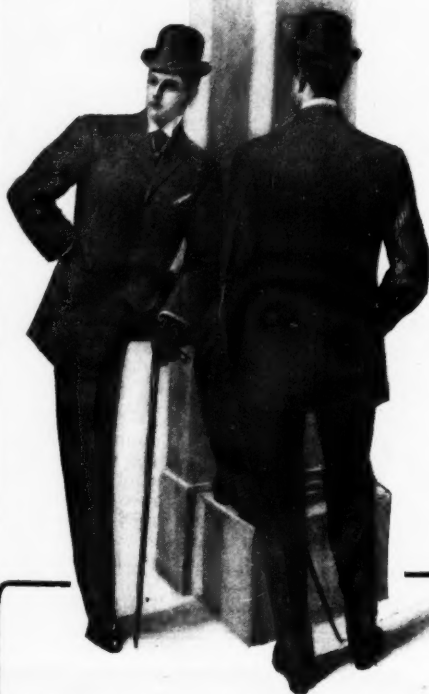
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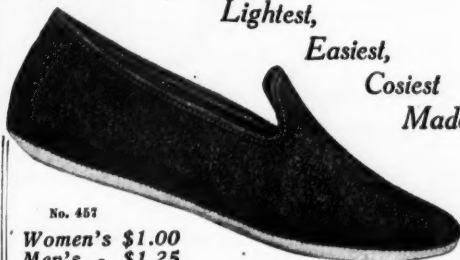
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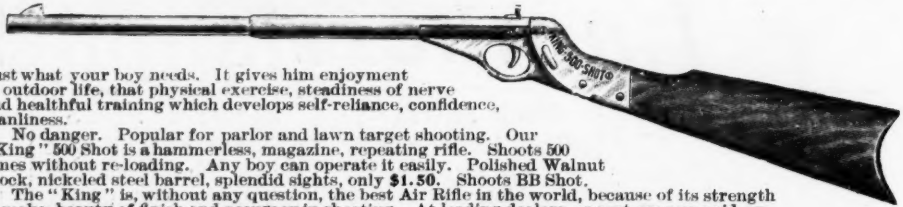


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Makes low sounds and whispers plainly heard. Over fifty thousand sold, giving instant relief from deafness and head noises.

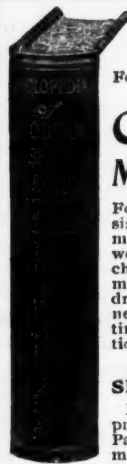
There are but few cases of Deafness that cannot be benefited.

Write for booklet and testimonials.

THE MORLEY COMPANY

Department A

31 South Sixteenth Street, Philadelphia



FREE

For examination. Sent at our expense if you mention this advertisement

Cyclopaedia of Modern Shop Practice

Four massive volumes. Over 3,000 pages—size of page, 7x10 inches. Bound in ¾ red morocco leather. 2,000 engravings. This work is especially designed for the machinist, tool maker, blacksmith, foundryman, pattern-maker, sheet metal worker, draftsman, steam and gas engine engineer, electrician, etc., who has not the time to take a regular course of instruction or who cannot afford it.

**REGULAR PRICE \$24.00
SPECIAL 30 DAY OFFER \$12.00**

Let us send you the entire set, express prepaid, for five days' free examination. Pay us \$2 down and \$2 a month for five months if you keep the books. Cash price, \$10.50. We send for them at our expense if not satisfactory.

The only reason we make such a liberal offer is to interest the public in the extraordinary advantages offered by the regular courses of the American School. A 200-page handbook sent free on request.

BRIEF TABLE OF CONTENTS

Machine Shop Work, Tool Making, Pattern Making, Machine Design, Metallurgy, Gas and Oil Engines, Producer Plants, Automobiles, Elevators, Steam Engine, Steam Turbine, Management of Dynamoes and Motors, Forging, Sheet Metal Work, Tinsmithing, Mechanical Drawing, Mechanism.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE

3105-8 Armour Avenue,

CHICAGO, ILL.

Mention Munsey's, Oct.

FACTORY PRICES TO MUNSEY READERS.

Selling Direct to Consumers since 1877.



We warrant every blade hand-forged razor steel. This is "Our Special Pet," has three blades (one is a file); handle is choicest selected pearl; German silver back and ends. Price, in chamois, \$1.50, postpaid. Same knife, 2 blades, \$1; plainer finish, 3 blades, same quality, \$1; smaller, 2 blades, for lady, \$1; plainer finish, 50 cents. The lower cut is our razor steel Jack-knife, 2 blades, price 75 cents, but 48 cents for a while; 3 for \$2. Knife and 7 inch best Shears, \$1. Hollow ground razor, with strip, \$1.33 postpaid. Illustrated 80-page list free, and "How to Use a Razor."

MAHER & GROSH CO.,

75 A Street, TOLEDO, OHIO.

In answering any advertisement on this page it is desirable that you mention MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

RAIN-COATS

OVERCOATS

Overcoat styles have changed. Rain coat's also. Kenyon Overcoats and Kenreign Coats show the highest forms of the latest fashion.

Send dealer's name and address for latest style book for either line (say which you want) and "How to Judge an Overcoat," a factory story of both lines the information in which will save you money every time you buy any kind of clothing.

Remember we will see that you can get Kenyon Coats wherever you live.

G. Kenyon Co. 706 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Only in our factories, the largest in the world that make clothing, is it possible to produce these coats. Every modern device and expert supervision insure the finest workmanship and finish—no sweat shop work. We control cloth mills securing exclusive novelties and absolute first cost.

THE NEW VISIBLE

FOX TYPEWRITER

A Record Never Equalled

Perfect Visible Writing and the Durability of the Basket Type Machine

Whether you are interested in the mechanical features of a typewriter or not, if you are buying typewriters you are most vitally concerned in two things.

First, your typewriter should write in sight. It's reasonable that if you can see what

you are doing, you can do more than when your work is hidden from view.

Second, your typewriter should be durable, so you will receive proper value for your money.

Previous to the advent of The Fox Visible it was impossible to build a Visible Typewriter with the wearing qualities of the old style machine.

Here is the Reason The "basket type" machines, such as the old style Fox, the Remington and the Smith-Premier, have had an "assembling surface" of eighteen inches in which to assemble their type bar hangers. This allowed the use of a wide hanger and accounts for the recognized durability of such machines. In building other visible typewriters than the Fox Visible this "assembling surface" HAD TO BE SACRIFICED and instead of eighteen inches such machines have four and one-half inches and a type bar hanger $\frac{3}{16}$ of an inch wide.

On the Fox Visible the Assembling Surface is $16\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and the Type Bar Hanger $7\frac{1}{16}$ of an inch wide. This admits of adjustment and means durability.

With a narrow type bar it is a mechanical impossibility to secure permanent alignment and durability.

Just ordinary business economy demands you investigate the Fox Visible before you buy. We make it easy for you. Send for descriptive literature.

FOX TYPEWRITER COMPANY Executive Office and Factory:
472 Front Street, Grand Rapids, Michigan
Branch Offices and Agencies in Principal Cities.



Men and Women Anywhere can Buy Stylish Clothing on Credit



No security required—no publicity.
Every transaction strictly confidential.

Buy stylish clothing by mail.
Direct from the manufacturer.
Save the middleman's profit. Get
better clothing for less money, and
pay conveniently.
Small payment down—\$1.00 a week.

No matter where you live we can sell you fashionable and dependable clothing on easy terms of payment at lowest cash store prices.

We are able to do this because of the immense volume of business we do.

We are the largest credit clothiers in the world. We operate 64 stores in all the principal cities of the United States.

We send garments on approval. If not satisfactory, return them at our expense.

Our Fall and Winter catalogue illustrates the new styles in Ladies' Suits, Coats, Skirts, Waists, and Raincoats. Also Men's Suits, Overcoats, Topcoats, and Raincoats.

It's free. Send for it to-day.

Menter & Rosenbloom Co.
32 St. Paul Street Rochester, N. Y.



Ivers & Pond Pianos



Style 403. Latest Model.

Its size, rare musical qualities and tasteful case design make it ideal for home use.

IF in a piano you value that pure, rich, singing quality of tone so fascinating to a music lover, the **Ivers & Pond Piano** will give you supreme satisfaction. And if in addition you have an "eye for the beautiful" and wish for the most tasteful creations of the designers' art, the pianos of this famous make will be certain to delight you, for in grace of outline, chaste simplicity and exquisite beauty they are incomparable.

If you contemplate buying we should like to send you our New Catalogue with beautiful half-tone pictures of our 1907 models, the finest musically and the handsomest architecturally we have ever made, and put before you a proposition to purchase that has seemed attractive to many. Wherever you live we can supply you, and our **Easy Payment** system greatly lessens the financial inconvenience of a piano purchase. Write us if interested.

IVERS & POND PIANO CO., 129 Boylston Street, Boston.

MAKE *Miracle* CONCRETE A MODERN MONEY MAKING BUSINESS



The Greatest Building Material

Are you going to build? Then learn about the *Miracle Double-Staggered Air Space Concrete Blocks*. They insure a better building than brick or stone, save at least 20 per cent of your money and have many advantages over wood. They are the only positively fire- and moisture-proof blocks. They are fire proof and they grow better as they grow older.

We Publish a Large 84-page Book

(Pages 9x12 inches with over 500 illustrations.)

Covering the Concrete Industry; showing numerous buildings with size and cost, over 100 designs of blocks and the process of manufacturing; giving standard specifications for manufacture of concrete for various purposes; the proper mixing, curing, laying and coloring of concrete blocks and specialties; the proper principle of concrete construction, air spaces, etc., for buildings of all kinds, from a \$500 house to a \$50,000 office building, or a palatial mansion. It also contains expert opinions on concrete.

Mailed for 24 cents in stamps, provided you state whether you intend to build, or wish to look up concrete as a business.

Miracle Pressed Stone Company
LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF CEMENT MACHINERY IN THE WORLD
189 WILDER ST., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

The man who gets the early start makes the money in every business.

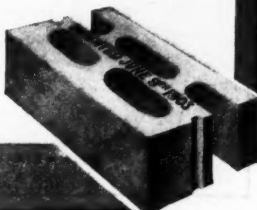
Start right by getting the best—the tested and successful—the guaranteed.

Miracle *More* Money for Making *Molds*

Miracle Double-Staggered Air Space Building Blocks, Cement Brick, Cement Sidewalk Tile and the Patented Miracle Cement Sewer Pipe and Drain Tile.

The increasing demand for Miracle Concrete is fast exceeding the supply. There are thousands of excellent opportunities for small or large investments.

With a few hundred dollars, sand and a supply of water and cement, and plain business sense, a money-making business can be established in nearly every community.



SHOES THAT LOOK LIKE NEW EVERY MORNING



Shoe trees are no longer a luxury. They are a positive necessity if the full measure of comfort and wear is to be realized from shoes and their appearance maintained. Placed in shoes at night they bring them back to their original shape preventing curling or warping and when removed in the morning the shoes have that bright, new appearance which distinguishes the footwear of all those who use them. Correctly used they

ADD 25% TO THE WEAR

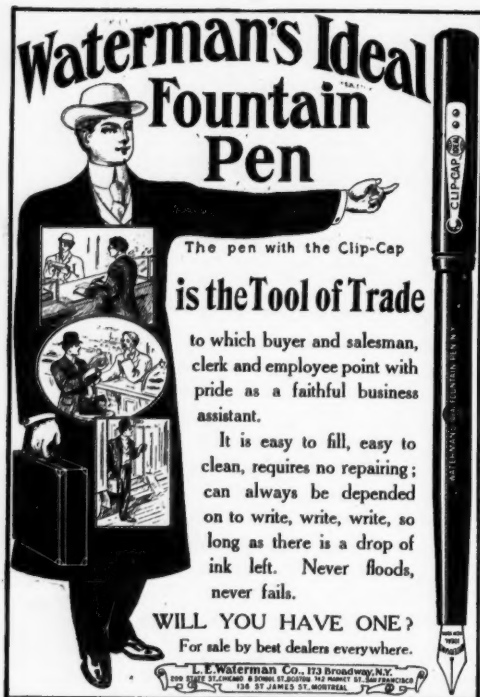
Our illustrated booklet on shoes and their care explains why. Leading shoe dealers everywhere sell trees of our manufacturers at prices which

place them within the means of everybody who wears shoes. If your dealer does not sell them our booklet tells how to order them by mail and shows illustrations of the twelve kinds we manufacture. Write for booklet E. Sent free.

O. A. MILLER TREEING MACHINE COMPANY
BROCKTON, MASS.



Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen



The pen with the Clip-Cap
is the Tool of Trade

to which buyer and salesman, clerk and employee point with pride as a faithful business assistant.

It is easy to fill, easy to clean, requires no repairing; can always be depended on to write, write, write, so long as there is a drop of ink left. Never floods, never fails.

WILL YOU HAVE ONE?
For sale by best dealers everywhere.

L. E. Waterman Co., 113 Broadway, N.Y.
100 STATE ST. CHICAGO & 100 N. ST. PHILADELPHIA
124 ST. JAMES ST. MONTREAL

A Woman's Bank Book

Gem Chopper Cook Book
Gem Chopper Cook Book Helps a Woman Save Money

A valuable cloth bound book sent free on application, containing over 200 recipes, also suggestions which enable the housewife to save money yet supply her table better, by the use of

SARGENT'S GEM FOOD CHOPPER

Chops everything a woman wants chopped, does it easily, quickly, noiselessly—nothing to get out of order, easy to keep clean, quickly changed from coarse to fine, useful every day.

Sold by hardware and house-furnishing stores. Write for the Cook Book to-day.

SARGENT & CO.
145 Leonard St., New York



"GUNN"

Sectional Book-Cases



There is a great similarity in all other makes of Sectional Bookcases which precludes an artistic arrangement in the home. The exclusive (patented) features of the Gunn System give the handsome appearance of a solid piece of furniture.

All iron bands and sectional earmarks entirely eliminated. Roller bearing, non-binding, removable doors are found only in Gunn Sectional Book-cases.

Look for these features before purchasing. Take none other.

A postal card will bring our new complete catalogue with valuable suggestions for library furnishing. Write to-day.

GUNN FURNITURE CO.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Mfrs. of Gunn Desks and Filing Devices.

REMOVABLE DOOR—EASY TO SLIDE OPEN OR SHUT—IF BROKEN

ROLLER BEARING—NON-BINDING—DOORS

TO REMOVE DOOR—SHUT—EASY

Die in open air seeking water.



Rat Bis-Kit

"Gets them all."

Has cleaned out the worst infested "rat-holes." Rats and mice leave choicest food and grain for it. Dry, clean; never leaves a mark.

At druggists—15 cents a box.

If yours hasn't it, send us 25c. for one box or 60c. for three boxes, express prepaid.

THE RAT-BISCUIT CO., Dept. B, Springfield, O.

Packed in boxes, ready for use.



Shaw Knit Socks are not the kind that require the "needle doctor" like some socks which are "always on the mend."

The reason why!—We manufacture our own yarns from the best of high-grade cottons thereby insuring uniform and superior grades of yarns which are most durable, as the wearing qualities of our socks have demonstrated for the past 29 years.

We use dyes which contain no mineral or injurious matter, and cost more than cheap dyes which will rot any fabric and will soon fade. This is why *Shaw Knit* socks always hold their color.

Your dealer can supply you with *Shaw Knit* Socks, or we will send a box containing 6 pairs, correct weight of cotton socks, assorted, as follows, upon receipt of \$1.50, sent prepaid to any point in the United States.

- Style 19*9 Black—Famous SNOWBLACK.
- .. 19F20 Black—Embroidered with small cardinal figures.
- .. 5P1 Black and White Oxford mixture outside, pure white inside.
- .. 3*8 Rich Navy Blue.
- .. 5P14 Black and Cardinal mixture, nicely blended.
- .. 9*2 Rich Tan.

Our new and beautifully illustrated catalog is just out.

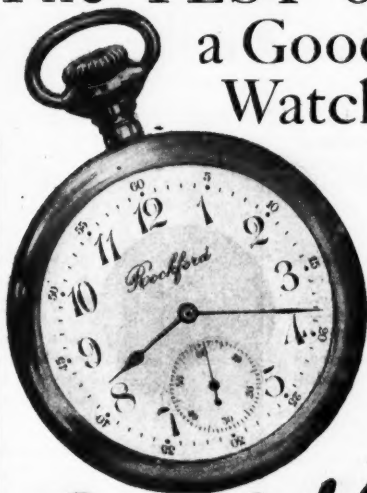
May we send you one? It is free. Write for it to-day.

Should you order direct, please be sure and specify size or sizes desired.

SHAW STOCKING COMPANY

Shaw St., Lowell, Mass.

The TEST of a Good Watch



Rockford Time for a Lifetime

Unless all the parts are perfect and accurately put together, a watch soon loses or gains time.

Defects in the watch itself soon upset the adjustment to temperature and position.

To be accurate, a watch must be "adjusted" to overcome the contraction and expansion caused by heat and cold.

It must also be "adjusted" so that it will keep perfect time in any position.

The hair spring controls the balance wheel of a watch, and the balance wheel is where the adjusting is done.

So every Rockford Watch is tested to run without a hair spring, to prove that the parts are perfect and accurately fitted together.

With no defects to "throw it off," Rockford adjustment to temperature and position is permanent.

That is why a Rockford Watch keeps time for a lifetime, without continual readjusting.

Watch dealers everywhere know about the real superiority of Rockford Watches. They will be glad to sell you a Rockford Watch because it will give long-time satisfaction.

If you are not willingly supplied with any type of Rockford Watch, write us and we will see that you get what you want.

We will gladly send you complete information about Rockford Watches. Write us today.

Rockford Watch Co., Rockford, Ill.

Gordon
TRADE MARK REG. IN U.S. PAT. OFF.
SUSPENDERS
FOR
HOLIDAY PRESENTS

For Christmas, Birthday and Holiday Presents, Gordon Suspenders are packed in beautiful single pair Boxes. Grand designs in gorgeous Colorings represent the Colorado Canyon at various times of the day. Send us 10c. in stamps for a set of 3 covers in Calendar form for 1907 for pause-partouts.



Dawn, Noon and Evening in the Colorado Canyon. The Gordon Girls are American Models of Blonde, Auburn and Brunette Beauties.

Ask your Dealer for Gordon Suspenders packed in Holiday Boxes.

These sell for 50c. and \$1.00 per pair as usual.



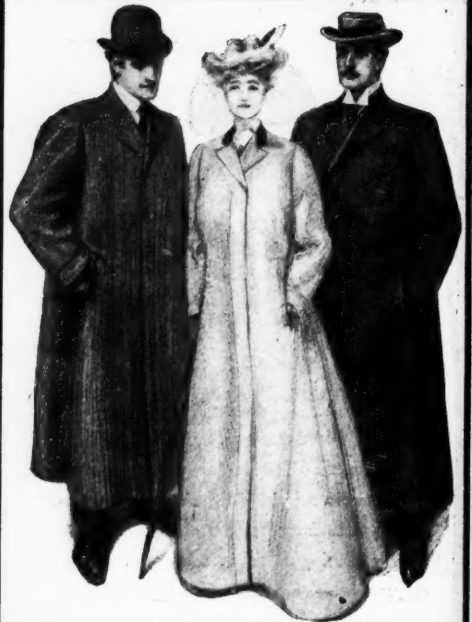
If you have not yet worn "Gordon" Suspenders, do so at once, if you wish to be well dressed and avoid irritation. We can fit you. "Gordons" are made in four sizes: 33 in., 35 in., 37 in., and 40 in. Which is your right length? They slide and conform to the height of the shoulders. They keep the pants even. The "Gordon" is different from any other Suspender, and far more satisfactory than a belt. You should not be without them. Every pair makes a life long friend. Those who wear "Gordons" to-day will tell you that.

Of the thousands of dozens we have sent out, not one comes back. This is absolute proof of their merit. "Gordons" once "Gordons" all the time. If your dealer hasn't them, he can get them for you from any jobber. Don't let him sell you a substitute. Insist on your dealer procuring a pair. "Gordon" Suspenders are made by the suspender brains of this country. If your dealer positively refuses to procure them for you, we will send you a pair.

Write us for our descriptive booklet.

50
CENTS

THE S. H. & M. CO.
299 MERCER STREET, N. Y. SOLE SELLING AGENTS FOR
GORDON M'F'G. CO.



The Only Sure Way to Know

the genuine

"Cravenette"
Rain Coat

is by this circular trade-mark stamped on the back of the cloth and by this label



sewed at the coat collar or elsewhere. Rain will neither wet nor spot a genuine *Cravenette* Rain Coat. Ask your dealer—he knows.



Write for interesting booklet—FREE

B. Priestley & Co.

Manufacturers of Black Dress Goods, Mohairs, Woolens, Cravenette Cloths, etc.
71 GRAND STREET NEW YORK

or to
GREENSHIELDS, Limited
MONTREAL, CANADA



Kenyon

RAIN-COATS GIVE DOUBLE SERVICE

Hold their shape in spite of weather and rough usage, giving you a smart Coat on fair days and yet ready for the sudden shower. Correct for walking, driving, traveling, boating, the theatre, calling, shopping, or at church. Approved for morning or evening wear. No other garment so safeguards your health.

Only in our factories, the largest in the world that make clothing, is it possible to produce these coats.

Every modern device and expert supervision insure the finest workmanship and finish—no sweat-shop work. We control cloth mills securing exclusive novelties and absolute first cost.

Write to us and say about what price you desire to pay for your Rain Coat; also give the name of the store where you trade. We will then send samples of the fabrics with illustrations showing front and back of each coat.


Remember we will see that you can get a KENYON Rain Coat wherever you live.

G. Kenyon Co.
720 Pacific St., Brooklyn, New York.



STYLE 79

STYLE 84



The picture depends on the film, far more than on lens or on camera. Kodak film passed the experimental stage years ago.

"Kodak" on the spool end means quality in the roll.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.
Rochester, N. Y.
The Kodak City.

Kodak Catalogues free at the dealers or by mail.



KING MANTELS

are made and marketed by men of experience with whom the production of high grade wood mantels for all classes of homes has been a lifelong study. We know the merits of our productions and back them with the strongest guarantee possible. Our "Evidence" book (free on request) proves every claim and shows 35 special bargains in King Mantels offered as leaders at record breaking prices. Our 72 page catalogue of King Mantels, grates, tiles, grilles, etc., is the handsomest and most complete book of its kind ever issued. This and our Copyrighted Supplement entitled "Colonial Beauties" both sent for 12 cents in stamps to cover actual postage.

KING MANTEL CO.
620 Gay St., Knoxville, Tenn.

"Looking for the Diamond"

The final touch that makes or mars a shoe is the eyelet. Where ordinary eyelets become brassy, the Diamond Fast Color Eyelet keeps its original color longer than any shoe can last.

In Diamond Fast Color Eyelets the tops or parts which are in sight are of solid color and simply can't wear brassy. The only metal is the part which holds it in the leather and is nickel-plated and non-corroding.

Thousands of men and women of refinement are daily demanding this eyelet when they buy shoes.

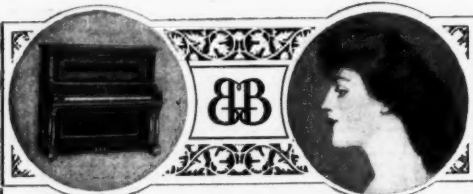
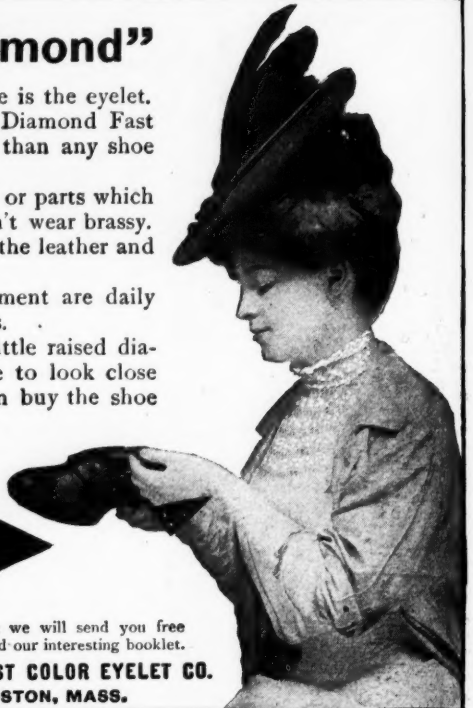
You can tell them by looking for this little raised diamond — trade mark on the rim; you'll have to look close to find it, but if it's there you can buy the shoe with an added satisfaction.

**DIAMOND
FAST COLOR
EYELETS**



On request we will send you free samples and our interesting booklet.

**UNITED FAST COLOR EYELET CO.
BOSTON, MASS.**



The Beautiful Behr Piano

It is just as true of a piano as of a woman, that beauty is but skin deep. A beautiful woman does not necessarily possess a beautiful voice, but when she does, she is doubly beautiful.

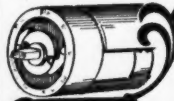
The beauty of the Behr Piano only begins with the external beauty of the case. The beauty of tone, full, clear, sonorous—never harsh; the bird-like quality of the upper notes, the deep diapason of the bass register, are as captivating to the instrumentalist as they are stimulating to the vocalist.

In all that makes a piano a perfect musical instrument, in all that unites to give a piano individuality and charm,

THE BEHR STANDS FIRST

Our booklet, sent you upon request, tells where you may hear and examine the instrument. We are satisfied that if you see it and hear it—you will want it.

BEHR BROS. & CO., 298 11th Ave., New York
Established 1881



IMPROVED HARTSHORN Self Acting Spring Rollers

Each improved HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLER—no tacks required—is perfect when it leaves the factory and *does act right*. That's the way it is made.

Wood Rollers—Tin Rollers

Sold everywhere in good stores. Be sure to look on the label for the script signature of Stewart Hartshorn, *never omitted*, and thus avoid trouble and expense.

Stewart Hartshorn



Model '93, Large Caliber Rifle. When the crash of the fleeing buck and doe makes your heart jump and brings your gun with a jerk to your shoulder,

And your eye follows those good *Marlin* sights as you lead the white flag for a shot, it's a comfort to know the gun is going to do its part.

Marlin Model '93s are sure-fire and accurate. All *Marlin* rifles are simple, strong, easy to carry and have that balance which makes you shoot well.

Marlin '93 rifles are made in calibers .25-36 to .38-55. They are getting the best results everywhere at big game, from Virginia deer to Kadiak bear.

The barrels are of "Special Smokeless Steel,"

the best obtainable, and are rifled deep and severely tested.

The working parts are all of drop-forged steel blocks cut to simple patterns. All *Marlin* parts are interchangeable.

The *Marlin* solid top is accident insurance of the best kind. The *Marlin* side ejection throws the shell aside, not into the line of sight or into the eyes.

Remember all *Marlin* Rifles are proved and tested for safety. Safe, sure and strong. What more can we say to the hunter of big and dangerous game?

These and many other valuable *Marlin* features are fully explained in our handsome catalogue. Sent FREE upon receipt of six cents in stamps.

The Marlin Firearms Co., 22 Willow Street, New Haven, Conn.

\$33 Pacific Coast

Second-class one-way Colonist tickets from Chicago on sale daily until October 31st, inclusive, to various points in California, Oregon and Washington.

Correspondingly low rates from all points.

Tickets good on the famous electric-lighted Los Angeles Limited, (less than three days to Southern California without change of cars)

via the CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN, UNION PACIFIC and SALT LAKE ROUTE, and on the CHINA & JAPAN FAST MAIL through to San Francisco and Portland daily, via the

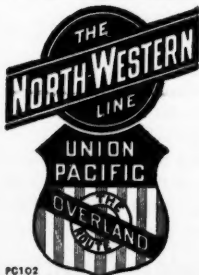
CHICAGO, UNION PACIFIC & NORTH-WESTERN LINE.

Daily and personally conducted excursions in Pullman tourist sleeping cars, through without change. Double berth Chicago to the Pacific Coast only \$7.00.

Round-trip tickets also on sale at reduced rates. All agents sale tickets via this Line.

Full particulars concerning these excursions can be secured by addressing S. A. HUTCHISON, Manager Tourist Department, 212 Clark Street, Chicago.

W. B. KNISKERN, Pass. Traf. Mngr., C. & N.-W. Ry., Chicago, Ill.



BRODNAX Diamonds

**A Good Way to Invest Money
They Earn 11% Yearly
Partial Payments If You Desire**

AN investment that earns 4% is considered very good in financial circles, and bonds paying this amount sell at a considerable premium. Diamonds have for over ten years earned 11% a year, and all of our information points to just as great an increase in the future. Is it not sound business, then, to put your money in diamonds and earn this advance, instead of burying the money in a savings bank at from 3 to 4% a year.

Diamonds Turned Into Money

An investment to be good must have a ready market. Diamonds have this requisite, perhaps better than any other security. There is not a city in America of any size where you would have any trouble in selling a diamond in half an hour's time; but to insure you a market, we give a contract with every solitaire diamond; and that we sell, agreeing to buy it back at any time within a year for its full purchase price, less only our reasonable profit of 10%. There is no other line of business that comes anything like so near giving the buyer absolute assurance against loss.

Diamonds Exchanged, Full Value

We often find that a customer desires to exchange a diamond for a larger one, therefore we have perfected our exchange plan, by which we accept any solitaire diamond for at least the price at which we sell it. If diamonds have advanced since the time of the sale, we give you credit for the full amount of the advance, and in this we believe that we are exclusive. The usual plan is only to allow in trade the amount that you paid, but as diamonds are advancing 11% yearly, you can see how unfair such a system is to the customer.

Monthly Payments If Desired

It is better to buy diamonds now at present prices on time and to pay a small amount for carrying the account than to wait until you have saved up enough to pay all cash. The advance in price would far more than cover the difference between cash and time prices. You, of course, understand that every house charges something for selling on time; some don't tell you how much they charge, and it is impossible to say whether the amount is a fair one or not. Our plan is to mark all diamonds, in fact all of our goods are so marked, in plain figures, for spot cash, and then to add a small amount, varying according to the time desired, but just enough in all cases to cover the cost of the accounting necessary. We tell you our cash price and our time price, and leave to you the decision as to which is the most advantageous.

Ask for Selection Shipment

To intend pur-
chasers we will send anywhere in the United States by express prepaid several diamonds for careful examination. They are sent direct to you and can be taken to your home and thoroughly examined. It is our rule of business to make only sales that are satisfactory, and this is why we are willing and anxious to submit samples before making a contract. References of course are desired from customers if they have not had previous credit transactions with us.

Get Our Book No. 21 This book about diamonds, No. 21, will be a big help to you in buying or in ordering a selection shipment. It is well illustrated and you can tell just how large a diamond a given sum of money will purchase. Cash prices and exact weights are quoted and our various attractive selling plans are described in detail.

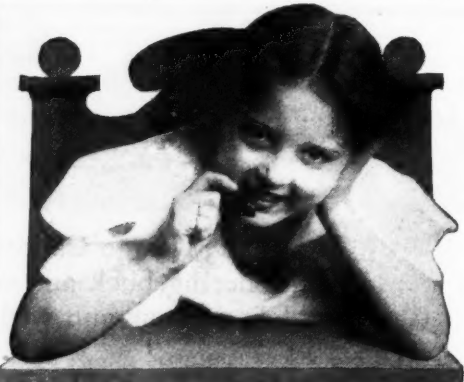
Your inquiries will be promptly and carefully answered.

GEO. T. BRODNAX, inc.

Wholesale and Manufacturing Jewelers

21 South Main Street

Memphis, Tenn.



"Taylor-Made"

Honey Comb Chocolate Chips

THESE dainty chocolate-coated wafers of crisp, honey-molasses taffy are the most delicious confection. Made of best sugar-cane molasses, fresh clover honey and pure, rich chocolate. "Taylor-Made" is stamped on every chip.

To any lady who sends us the name of her candy dealer, druggist or grocer and five 2c. stamps we will send, once only, a fancy box of our famous confection.

TAYLOR BROS. CO.

258 Taylor Bldg.

Hattle Creek, Mich.

Suit Like This \$5 HALF YOUR MONEY BACK



in any articles you select to the cash value of \$5.00 on your first order for one of our latest style \$10 Suits.

We make the best \$10.00 business men's sack suits that good tailoring can produce. Use only cloth that wears, and is latest in coloring and pattern. Your local tailor's \$25.00 suit will not compare with it in looks and fit. Besides

**\$5 CASH VALUE given
away with every Suit,**

so your suit will cost you only \$5.00.

Write at once for our fall and winter suit samples, fashion plate, etc., and full particulars; all are free.

Will also send you our latest catalogue of men's fine furnishing goods, ladies' silk waists, skirts, fur collars, men's overcoats, boys' suits, **MEN'S COMPLETE DRESS OUTFITS** and illustrations of our \$25,000 stock of hundreds of articles for the home and wear, all to be given away with our \$10.00 suits.

Write at once, you will be very much interested.

The Gents' Complete Outfitting Co.

Dept. B 77,

242-244 Market Street, CHICAGO



This Book Tells How People Save Money In Different Businesses. Read It and Find Out How to Save in Yours. It is FREE

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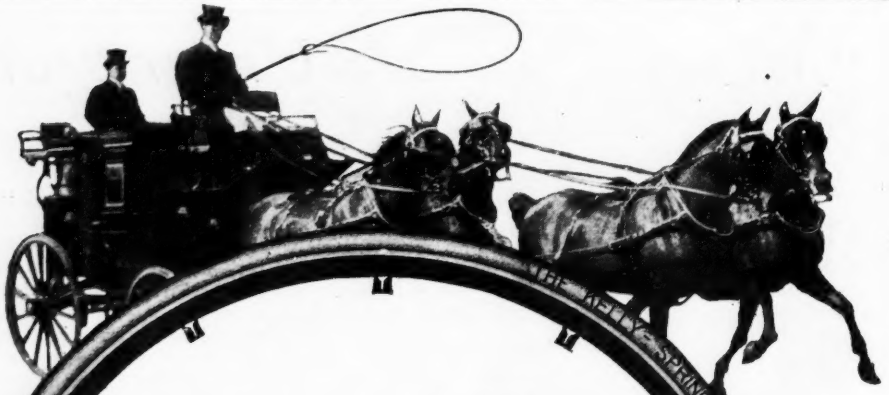
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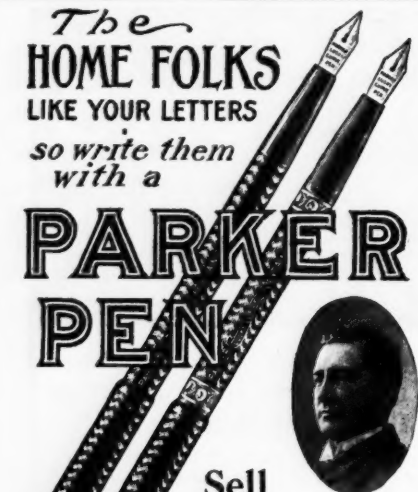
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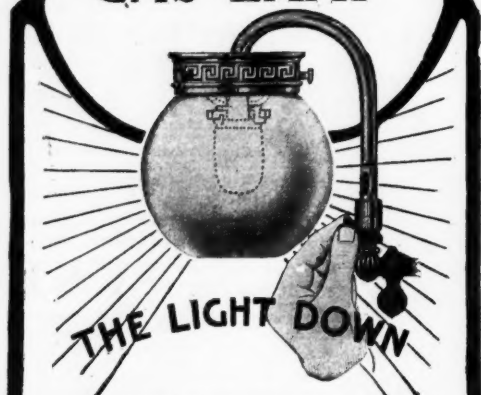
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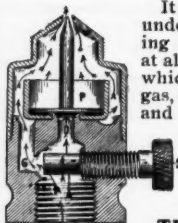
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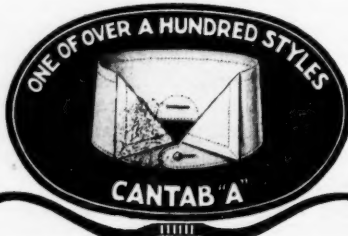
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"IMPERIAL" Smyrna Rugs

The Designing of "IMPERIALS"

is attended with as great care as if they were to be sold at the costly figures of genuine Oriental rugs. Such beauty of pattern and richness of color have never before been achieved nor even attempted in rugs of such moderate price. The cleverness with which the "IMPERIALS" imitate the rarest Oriental specimens, and the charming character of the Two-tone, Delft and Medallion effects will prove a revelation to you.

Each "IMPERIAL" is pure wool, seamless, and reversible (both sides exactly alike) and will twice outwear a carpet.

Sizes 18 in. x 36 in. to 12 ft. x 18 ft.

CAUTION: The registered trade mark "I.S.R." is woven into the selvaige of every "IMPERIAL" It's your guarantee and ours.

Send for booklet "Art and Utility" showing "IMPERIALS" in exact colorings.

W. & J. SLOANE Established 1843
Sole Selling Agents
33 East 18th St., New York



BABY'S DELIGHT And Mother's Comfort



Cuticura SOAP

And CUTICURA Ointment,
the great Skin Cure.

Not only are they the purest, sweetest, and most effective for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the Skin, Scalp, Hair, and Hands of infants and children, but they afford instant relief and refreshing sleep for skin-tortured babies, and rest for tired mothers, in the severest cases of torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, and pimply skin and scalp humors, eczemas, rashes, and irritations, with loss of hair, and are sure to succeed when all else fails.

Sold throughout the world. Cuticura Soap, 25c., Ointment, 50c., Resolvent, 50c. (in form of Chocolate Coated Pills, 25c. per vial of 60). Depots: London, 27 Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 5 Rue de la Paix; Boston, 137 Columbus Ave. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props.

Send for "All About Baby's Skin, Scalp, and Hair."

Rex Flintkote

ROOFING



The Fire Test

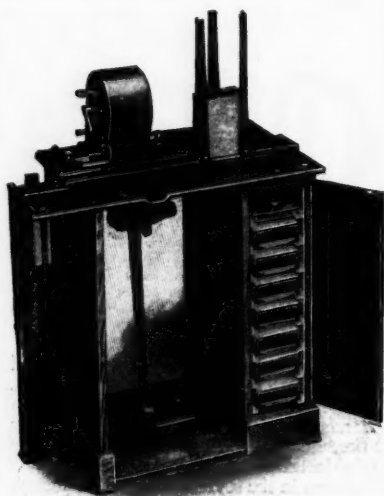
Rex Flintkote Roofing has many times withstood the two most severe sorts of fire-tests. First, it has protected the building covered by it from outside fires. Second, it has prevented the spread to other buildings of fire originating in the building covered by it.

You can demonstrate the fire-resisting qualities of Rex Flintkote Roofing.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLES

upon which you may lay a red-hot coal and watch the result. Rex Flintkote keeps out water as well as fire. It doesn't rust, it doesn't warp or buckle, and it wears and wears. "Look for the Boy" trade-mark to get the genuine. If your dealer hasn't it, write us. If you prefer a red roof, our special red paint will give an artistic effect. Write for free samples of roofing and booklet of roofing points.

J. A. & W. BIRD & CO.
37 India St., Boston
Agents everywhere.



The Elliott System of Addressing

Will address 2,000 envelopes, wrappers, tags, gas, water, electric light or telephone bills, etc., an hour at a cost of 5 cents a thousand.

Hand addressing consumes valuable time which should be used in producing business. Why not eliminate this waste of energy and turn a day's addressing into one of energetic business getting?

Whenever an opportunity presents itself to lessen the cost in any branch of your business, you wish to be advised. **May we tell you all about it?**

ELLIOTT ADDRESSING MACHINE CO.

106 Purchase Street, Boston, Mass.

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'TIS HEALTHY- DECENT-WISE

'TIS a fine habit - self-respect -
due to others - proven thrift -
a simple duty - better than cosmetics

Be Clean

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JEWSBURY & BROWN'S ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE

Will make your teeth pearly white and sound.
Removes Tartar. Preserves the Gums.

**ENGLAND'S
FAVORITE DENTIFRICE
100 Years in Use**

Imparts a delicate fragrance to the breath.
Contains the most valuable vegetable anti-
septics for cleansing the mouth.

F. R. ARNOLD & CO., - New York }
MARSHALL FIELD & CO., Chicago } *Sole
Importing
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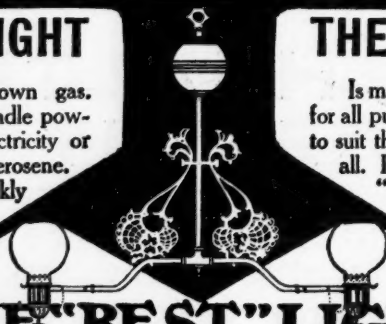
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GOOD STORES

THE "BEST" LIGHT

Makes and burns its own gas. Produces 100 to 2,000 candle power light. Brighter than electricity or acetylene and cheaper than kerosene. Saving effected by its use quickly pays for it. Absolutely Safe. No Dirt, Smoke or Odor. Agencies all over the world.



THE "BEST" LIGHT

Is made in over 100 different styles for all purposes, for in and outdoor use, to suit the fancies and pocketbooks of all. Every lamp warranted. More "Best" lamps in use than all other makes combined.

Agents wanted everywhere. Write for Catalog. **THE BEST LIGHT CO.,** 822 E. 5th St., CANTON, OHIO.

THE "BEST" LIGHT



Trade Mark Registered.

A PERFECT Complexion Beautifier and Remover of Wrinkles

The Only
Electric Massage Roller
(Patented United States, Europe, Canada.)

"A new beautifier which is warranted to produce a perfect complexion, removing wrinkles and all facial blemishes. Will develop or reduce, as desired. A very pretty addition to the toilet-table."—*Chicago Tribune*.
"This delicate Electric Beautifier removes all facial blemishes. It is the only positive remover of wrinkles and crow's-feet. It never fails to perform all that is expected."—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

"At one stroke the art of acquiring beauty has become simplified. Any woman may achieve beauty at home and unaided. She will discharge the army of beautifiers she employs to exercise their arts upon her, and buy the Electric Massage Roller. The Roller will do the rest."—*N. Y. World*.

FOR MASSAGE PURPOSES
A most perfect complexion beautifier. Will remove wrinkles, "crow-feet" (premature or from age), and all facial blemishes. Whenever electricity is to be used for massaging, it has no equal. No charging. Will last forever. No shock, sting or burn, as in old-style batteries, but pleasant and soothing in its action. Always ready for use. The professional standing of the inventor, with the approval of this country and Europe, is a perfect guarantee. PRICE: GOLD, \$4.00; SILVER, \$3.00 each. By mail, or office, Dr. John Wilson Gibbs Co., 1370 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Book Free.

The Only Electric Roller is guaranteed every way.
"Anything you see advertised from year to year must be good. You are safe in buying it. It has stood the test of time."—*N. Y. Sun*.

For over nine years this advertisement has occupied this space. The Roller has stood "the test of time." It has proven satisfactory to thousands, as it will to you.

"Electricity for the face. An aid to good looks when properly applied. Then the Electric Roller presses out wrinkles. The woman who is going in for electricity as an aid to beauty can have her wrinkles rolled out with an Electric Roller. The Electric Roller is passed over the forehead and the wrinkles come out as if by magic."—*N. Y. Sun, Feb. 8, 1903*.



EVERYTHING
you require in the way of Tambos, Bones,
Burnt Cork, Gags, Jokes, Wigs, etc., etc.

FOR AMATEUR MINSTRELS

in our catalog No. 2, illustrated. You can have it for a postal. Write for it to-day, POSTPAID
THE CREST TRADING CO., 27 D Witsmark Bldg., New York

FREE



Try the "NEW WAY"

By the "New-Way" you can secure this table and 125 other articles of the latest design of Mission, Arts and Crafts and other up-to-date styles of furniture at one-fifth the usual cost. We furnish all the material which is of the best quality already prepared with complete instructions. You set it up. Boys or girls can do it. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Agents wanted. Write for terms. Catalogue sent postpaid on request.

THE NEW WAY FURNITURE CO., Dept. 1, Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

In answering any advertisement on this page it is desirable that you mention MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

A Savings Bank at Your Door

It is just as easy to open a Savings Account with us by Mail as if you lived next door. No more trouble and just as safe as a personal visit to the bank.

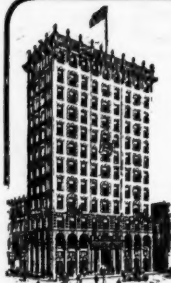
We Pay **4%** on SAVINGS
Pay **4%** on ACCOUNTS

Interest Compounded Twice Annually

Deposits made before the 16th of any month draw interest from the first of that month.

Write to Department "F" for our booklet, "Banking by Mail."

Surplus, . . . \$2,000,000.00
Deposits, over \$28,000,000.00



Our Building

STRONG
LIBERAL

UNION TRUST COMPANY

Providence, R. I.

COURTEOUS
PROGRESSIVE

ALBRECHT FURS at MAKER'S PRICES



You can get maker's prices on your furs and save the dealer's profits by sending two 2c stamps for the New Albrecht Mail Order Fur Catalogue No. 14. It illustrates and describes over 100 exclusive styles for the winter's wear. It gives you a wider assortment to choose from—newer, fresher, more beautifully finished furs and better quality.

You see we buy the raw skins direct from the trappers, make them up in our own work-rooms in the newest and most exclusive styles and sell them direct to you.

The photograph illustrates Model 42, one of the Albrecht exclusive styles in neckwear, lined with best satin, guaranteed prime fur, just as styled. In Japanese Mink, \$7.65; Blended Sable Squirrel, \$7.25; Persian Paw, \$5.85. Genuine British Columbia Mink, \$16.80. Sent express prepaid on receipt of price. Money promptly refunded if not found perfectly satisfactory.

Let us show the other styles, and explain the advantages of buying furs The Albrecht way. Write today for Catalogue No. 14.
E ALBRECHT & SONS, Station K, Sixth & Minnesota Sts., St. Paul, Minn.



HOW TO BREATHE

For Health, Strength and Endurance
Read **Lung and Muscle Culture**, the most in-structive book ever published on the vital subject of

BREATHING AND EXERCISE

64 pages. Fully illustrated. 200,000 already sold. Cor-rect and incorrect breathing described by diagrams, etc. Book sent on receipt of 10 cents.

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FOR MEN UNION MADE

\$3.50 and \$4.00



Look well before you buy shoes. Buy the Packard and you will look well afterwards. It is the golden-rod around which foot comfort twines . . .

On sale in most cities and towns in the United States, Canada, and Mexico. Write us if you cannot find it, and we will send a pair, postpaid, anywhere in the U. S., Canada, or Mexico, upon receipt of money-order covering price.

Send for catalogue

M. A. PACKARD COMPANY,
Brockton, Mass.



Coal Bills

*Reduced **25** per cent*

BY USING

The Powers Heat Regulator

on your heating plant, whether steam, hot water or hot air. It is easily applied and to prove its worth we will send you one on trial.

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of all kinds for the home, club, lodge, sewing circle, etc., are in our 144 page illustrated catalog No. 6, yours for the asking. Send us a postal and it will be sent to you, postpaid.

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This Book on Furs

FREE

Write for our large, new, beautifully illustrated book

"Style in Furs by Shayne"

before buying furs. It gives interesting fur facts that all intending purchasers should have. Tells how to select furs, how best to clean and protect them. Also shows our complete line of fur garments, muffs, scarfs, collars, gloves, etc. Shayne's Fur Goods are known the world over as foremost in quality, style, fit and workmanship. Send your name and address today for this book. It will give you the latest fur styles. Mention Edition C10.

JOHN T. SHAYNE & CO., 187-189 State St., Chicago, Ill.

"America's Fur Authorities." Established 1873.



Send for it today.

SMITH & WESSON

"HAMMERLESS" SAFETY Is the Only Real Safety

ALL SMITH & WESSON Revolvers have this Monogram trade-mark stamped on the frame. None others are genuine.



Our new booklet, "The Revolver," illustrates and describes each model in detail and gives an expert's instruction for target shooting. The most interesting and instructive revolver catalogue published. Sent free upon request.

With the SMITH & WESSON revolver you will eliminate every possibility of accidental discharge. There is no hammer to slip from the hand while cocking — no hammer to be left cocked or to catch on clothing or other objects. YOU cannot even pull the trigger accidentally. You must press the safety lever in the back of the handle in a natural way at the same time you pull the trigger. If you do not do this, you cannot explode the cartridge. When you realize that there has never been one single accident reported from 250,000 SMITH & WESSON revolvers that have been sold, you will appreciate that it is the safest revolver for you to use.

SMITH & WESSON, 13 Stockbridge Street, Springfield, Mass.
Pacific Coast Branch, 2330 Alameda Avenue, Alameda, Cal.

BRIGHT AS DAY



THE SOFT RADIANCE OF THE BECK-IDEN ACETYLENE LAMP

WITH several times the illuminating power of city gas or electricity, acetylene light is easy as daylight to the eyes. The new "Beck-Iden" is the perfect acetylene lamp. Simple, clean, without wick or chimney, odorless and smokeless. It burns ten hours with one filling, at a fuel cost of about one cent an hour. No other light as good.

Made of brass and finely burnished, and finished in bronze. Height 16 inches from base to burner.

If your dealer does not have this lamp write us for complete description.

ACETYLENE LAMP CO., 50 University Place, New York

Write Today For The Book "Dainty Wall Decorations"

It will show you in beautiful colored illustrations, how you can make your home more attractive, while making it more sanitary.

It explains what Alabastine is, why it is the most durable and economical wall covering, how it positively destroys disease germs, and thus adds to the healthfulness of your home.

Send 10c coin or stamps, today for this valuable book, with its beautiful colored plates, giving many practical suggestions for home furnishings and wall decorations. If you are not more than satisfied, we will cheerfully refund the 10c.

Alabastine

The Sanitary Wall Coating

comes in many dainty and charming tints, all ready for application to the wall after simply mixing with cold water. Any one can apply Alabastine with a flat brush. Its use costs far less than wall paper, oil cloth or kalsomine, and it has no objectionable features.

**Ask your dealer to show you the
Portfolio of Alabastine Prize Designs**

These designs illustrate, in actual Alabastine tints, an almost endless variety of decorative schemes for the different rooms of the ordinary house, and show you exactly how your home will look, when the walls are coated with Alabastine.

Alabastine is sold everywhere by dealers in paints, hardware, drugs and general merchandise at 50c the 5 lb. package for the white, and 50c for the tints. Buy only in properly labeled packages. Accept no substitute. Unless the package has the word "Alabastine" on it in large letters, it is not the genuine article.

The Alabastine Company.

912 Grandville Avenue, Grand Rapids, Michigan, or 112 Water Street, New York City.

How to save **DOLLARS** in Cooking and Heating

It has cost many Stove users **HUNDREDS OF WASTED DOLLARS** to find this out.



Sold by Leading Dealers
Everywhere

We have solved this vital problem and Will tell YOU how to do so, Sending this valuable information FREE. Write us and we will fully advise you, also send attractive book of information free. Inform us the kind of stove you want:

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Steel Range
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THE MICHIGAN STOVE COMPANY,
Detroit, Mich.

Largest Makers of Stoves and Ranges in the World.



Everywhere the traveler's favorite table water. On train and liner—in hotel and club—the popular drink is

White Rock

the purest of mineral waters. Always fresh and sparkling. A beverage whose health-giving virtues ever refresh the wayfarer.



"EXER-KETCH"

(Patented)
GAMES, PUZZLES
AND NOVELTIES

For Young People, Old
People and Everybody.

Buy Them at Your
Own Dealer's Store.

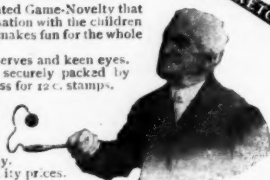
"EXER-KETCH"

The great patented Game-Novelties that
has created a sensation with the children
everywhere. "It makes fun for the whole
family."

Makes steady nerves and keen eyes.
It's Great. Sent securely packed by
mail to any address for 12 c. stamps.

Dealers and
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"Exer-Ketch"
is a great and
most effective
advertising novelty.
Write us for quantity prices.



"Exer-Ketch" Electric Engine
A marvelous and practical little Electric En-
gine. "It's simplicity itself." Can't get out
of order. Has power enough to operate
small Mechanical Toys or Machinery.
"Built-like-an Engine." Will last for
years. A 19-cent battery will run it for
months as a toy. No smell. No danger
of fire as with Alcohol or Gasoline Mo-
tors. Runs any speed desired. Every
child from 2 to 15 years of age should have
one. *Sold on a Guarantee. Only \$3.50.*
Express Paid.

**"Exer-Ketch"
Prodigal's Return Puzzle**
The greatest Block Puzzle since 13-14-15.
Nicely finished blocks in a substantial box,
size 2 1/4 x 3 1/4 inches. "A Family Puzzle" to
"get the Prodigal son" to
return home the
shortest and quickest
way." Sent for only
12 cents stamps.



"Exer-Ketch" Parlor Punching Bag

It's fine exercise and most entertaining for
the baby in the Crib, for the Boys and Girls,
even for the older folks. It's simple, made of
the finest quality of rubber, and inflates to 10
inches in diameter.

"12 cents worth of fun in 12 minutes." Sent
Post-paid for 12 cents stamps.

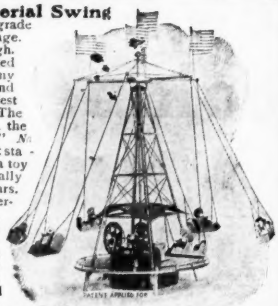
"Exer-Ketch" 4-Ball Magic Puzzle

"It's a Revelation to the most wise."
"Dead easy after you are shown how." A
trick toy that is bound to fool you. Made
of aluminum, with nickel balls. Fits your
pocket. Any man, woman or child would
not be without it, if we could only show it
to them. Send 12 cents stamps and we will
mail it to any address. We will send your
money back and give you the puzzle if you
don't say it's a winner.

"Exer-Ketch" Aerial Swing

The most wonderful high-grade
Mechanical Toy of the age.
Thirty inches (24 feet) high.
Equipped with our patented
Electric Engine. Runs any
speed desired. Starts and
stops at will. The smallest
child can operate it. "The
faster you run the engine, the
farther out the swings go." *No
Smell, No Danger.* A 19-cent sta-
tionary battery will run it as a toy
for months. Mechanically
perfect and will last for years.
Educating and most enter-
taining for everybody.
Other toys can be attached
to our Aerial Swing En-
gine and operated at the
same time. *Notice:* We
can only manufacture one
thousand of these patented
Aerial Swings this year.

The first one thousand orders re-
ceived will be the ones filled. **NOTICE TO MERCHANTS—**
Merchants will find this Aerial Swing the greatest advertising attrac-
tion you can place in your windows or store. Every Toy Dealer in the
United States should have it as an attraction. *Sold on a Guarantee. Write
for Descriptive Booklet and Introductory Price.*



"Exer-Ketch" Game of "Tit-Tat-Toe"



The greatest game of the year. Your plays
are concealed and out of sight. It makes
the best Chess Player think carefully,
yet when played by the "little ones"
as "3-in-a-row," it's easy but hilarious
sport. Play "Tit-Tat-Toe" once and
you become an enthusiast. Try it. You'll
find it extremely fascinating and inter-
esting. "To play it means you will buy
it." "It makes Gray Matter." Sent post-
paid to any ad-
dress for 12 cents
stamps.

"Exer-Ketch" Merry-Go-Round

More interesting for the "Little Ones"
than the real thing. Size 6 x 9 inches.
Amuses the little tots by the hour.
"Guess which Doll will catch the ring."
Substantially made and packed in a box.
Sent post-paid for 50 cents stamps.



INTRODUCTORY OFFER

"Exer-Ketch" Novelty Co., 899 State Life Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.:
Dear Sirs:—Enclosed you will find 50 cents, for which you are to
send, post-paid, to the address given below, the following (5) five
Games, Puzzles and Novelties:

- | | |
|--|---------------|
| (1) Exer-Ketch Game, "Tit-Tat-Toe," | Price 12 cts. |
| (1) Exer-Ketch Prodigal's Return Puzzle, | Price 12 cts. |
| (1) Exer-Ketch 4-Ball Magic Puzzle, | Price 12 cts. |
| (1) Exer-Ketch Parlor Punching Bag, | Price 12 cts. |
| (1) Exer-Ketch, | Price 12 cts. |

Total Price 60 cts.

NOTE—All of these to be sent to the following address, post-paid,
for the **special introductory price** of 50 cents.

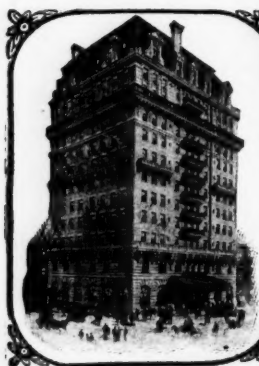
Name.....
Street.....
Town.....State.....

P. S.—Also kindly send me your complete Illustrated Descriptive
Catalogue of Games, Puzzles and Novelties.

Notice—If you desire to order a different assortment from the above,
enclose the price quoted for each article ordered as quoted in the above
advertisement.

All of your money will be refunded if any "Exer-Ketch" article
ordered is not entirely satisfactory.

Our Reference—American National Bank, Indianapolis, Ind.



The ST. JAMES

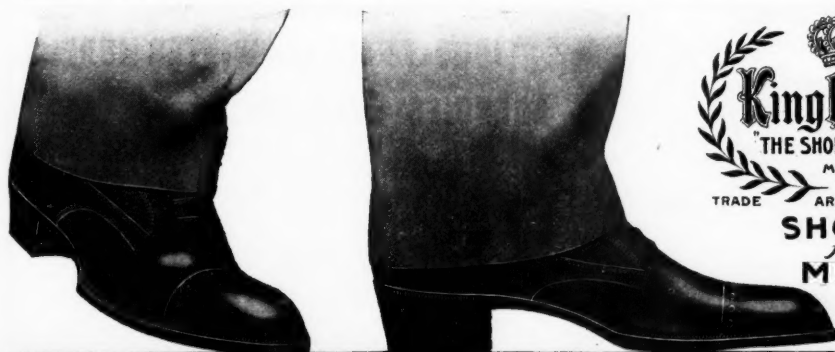
Cor. Walnut and Thirteenth Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE IDEAL HOTEL of Philadelphia NEW, MODERN, LUXURIOUS

Convenient to railroad stations, shopping centers and points of general interest.
Sanitary conditions throughout. Fireproof construction. All linen sterilized daily.
Elegant appointments.

Rooms without bath, \$2.00 per day. Rooms with bath, \$2.50 per day and upwards.
Wire for accommodations at our expense.

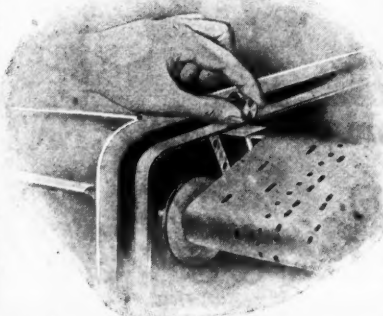
EUGENE G. MILLER, Manager.



King Quality Shoes

¶ What kind of a man do you suppose wears the shoes pictured above? Can you not instantly form a pretty correct estimate of his appearance? You see at once that he is well and stylishly dressed because his feet are correctly shod. ¶ This simply shows the importance of perfect fitting, well made stylish shoes. Well dressed men realize this fact when they buy King Quality Shoes. They realize they are getting exactly that extra touch of style and distinction which perfect taste in wearing apparel demands.

Sold by first-class dealers everywhere. If your local dealer does not carry them, write us for catalogue. Sample line of \$4 and \$5 King Quality Shoes sent express paid to any dealer in the U. S.
ARNOLD SHOE COMPANY, - - NORTH ABINGTON, MASS.



The Great Transposing Mouthpiece.

Has an 88 Note Range

Would you buy a 65 Note Piano? Then why buy a 65 Note Player Piano when you can buy the

Apollo Player Piano

with a range of 88 notes, or the entire piano keyboard?

Its Great Transposing Mouthpiece—Its Finger Stroke, Securing Human Expression—Its Beautiful Finish and Durability—Its Very Exceptional Range—Make the APOLLO PLAYER PIANO the Best in the World.

The transposing mouthpiece changes the music to any key to suit the voice or accompanying instrument and corrects the shrinking or swelling of the music roll. The 88 note range gives the orchestral mass of tone needed for the artistic interpretation of the larger musical compositions. *We build more styles and combinations of Piano Players than all other manufacturers together. Investigate and you will buy only the APOLLO.*

Send for Illustrated Booklet to the manufacturers—

**Makers of the
Melville Clark
Art Pianos**

**Melville Clark Piano Co. Dept. F. Steinway Hall
CHICAGO**



1906-7 FALL and WINTER MODELS

Now on sale through

AGENCIES EVERYWHERE

with our broad Money-Back-if-Wanted

GUARANTEE

of better all-around hat satisfaction than comes with hats offered at nearly twice the \$3 price.

MODERN METHODS OF MAKING and MARKETING

in largest quantities and varieties justify the \$3 price and the broad guarantee.

MAIL ORDERS

In any city where we have no agency, we will, on receipt of \$3, deliver by prepaid express any of the hats shown herewith. Send the order to our factories, Danbury, Conn., with your age, height, and waist measure; giving the size of hat worn and naming the color and hat number wanted. The stiff hat shown in oval is No. 4325, the soft, No. 7354. The hats are made in black, in light, medium, and dark brown, and in pearl.

HAWES, VON GAL CO., INC.
Factories: DANBURY, CONN.

Wholesale Offices:

New York Chicago Boston

Send for Catalog M, 1906-7



Englewood Musicalphones

ON CREDIT OR FOR CASH

Direct from
Factory to
User



Talking machines that are real musical instruments. The grandest, most magnificent, clearest, and sweetest toned talking machines in the world. Guaranteed for 10 years. We sell on easy monthly or quarterly payments or for cash to people all over the world at prices from 1-2 to 2-3 lower than the quotations of dealers, agents and others.

Note and compare specifications, size, price and liberal terms of the Englewood Concert Grand Musicalphone with all other makes. Elegant 24-in. royal blue morning glory steel horn with 17½-in. amplifying bell. Polished quartered oak cabinet 13½ in. square, 7½ in. high. Solid hinge top and rubber feet. 10-in. forged steel turn table. Solid cast sound proof detachable elbow. Triple expansion spring motor. Plays three to four 10-in. and six to eight 7-in. records with one winding. Improved analysing reproducer with spring needle holder. Handle, arms and all other parts detachable and highly polished. Plays any make or any size disc record.

Complete with all improvements and ten 10-in. Golden Crown concert grand records and 500 needles only \$29.85 on credit terms of \$8.50 cash and \$4.00 monthly. No interest. Cash with order price only \$27.85 or shipped C. O. D. for \$28.85 if \$2.50 is remitted with order to show good faith. We guarantee safe delivery to your depot. Money refunded if purchase is unsatisfactory. We also make lower priced Musicalphones. Sold on payments as low as \$1.00 monthly. No mortgages required. Credit dealings confidential.

Englewood Nightingale 10-in. records only thirty-seven cents each or \$4.00 per dozen. Improved Silver Toned 10-in. records only 58c each or \$6.50 per dozen. Golden Crown Concert Grand records \$1.00 each or \$10.00 per doz. Records also sold on credit.

Englewood Diamond pointed needles for all disc machines only thirty-two cents per 1000. Add 8c extra for postage.

You will save money by dealing direct with our factories. Write today for free descriptive price lists. Address,

THE ENGLEWOOD CO., Consolidated Factories
Department 951. CHICAGO, ILL.



MEN OF JUDGEMENT WEAR

Bull Dog

SUSPENDERS

50¢
Men of Judgement—
50¢

of good judgement—the discriminating man, or, to be more explicit, the average man—the man you touch shoulders with every day—he is the man whose judgement has made possible the great success of these simple, sensible and serviceable suspenders.

For every reason given in favor of other make suspenders at least two logical arguments can be advanced why YOU should wear BULL DOG SUSPENDERS, and the strongest one is

They Outwear Three Pairs of the Other Kinds.

They're sold in all the best shops, so please ask your dealer; but if necessary we will mail them for 50c. the pair postpaid. In regular and extra lengths, light and heavy weights, and youth's sizes.

HEWES & POTTER
DEPT. 2 BY LINCOLN STREET, BOSTON, MASS.
Send for FREE Booklet—"Correct Dress and Suspender Styles."



**A HARVEST OF
GOOD POINTS.**

PAUL E. WIRT FOUNTAIN PEN

Combines all the good points of other fountain pens with a number exclusively its own. Does not leak, flows freely, writes smoothly.

The original fountain pen. The leader in merit for over 25 years.

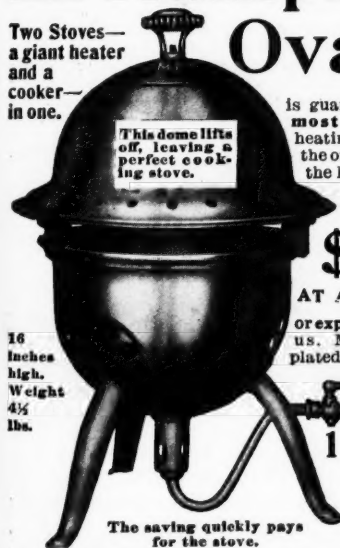
ALWAYS READY—ALWAYS WRITES.

Made in 100 styles to suit all. Sold by leading dealers everywhere. Send for illustrated catalogue to

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The Humphrey Oval Gas Stove

Two Stoves—
a giant heater
and a
cooker—
in one.



This dome lifts off, leaving a perfect cooking stove.

is guaranteed to be the most economical gas heating stove made, and the only one that forces the heat out along the floor where most needed.

\$2.50

AT ALL DEALERS or express prepaid from us. Made of copper plated, die-pressed steel, all heavily, beautifully nickeled.

10 Days Trial

The saving quickly pays for the stove.

dissatisfied with your purchase, return it at our expense and get your money back. Catalogs free. Write today.

HUMPHREY CO. — Dept. M 10 — KALAMAZOO, MICH.

Largest Manufacturers Instantaneous Water Heaters in the World. Write for Water Heater Catalog.

Buy Hopkins Book No. 7
FOR 25c. AND BUILD CHEAPLY.
THIS COTTAGE FOR \$800



FULL BLUE-PRINT PLANS, \$6.00

This is only one of the many low-cost dwellings shown in our new book. Size of this house is 26 ft. 6 inches by 31 ft. 6 inches over all. Rooms are well arranged and two chambers can be finished in attic if desired. Our new book contains many pretty and low-cost designs. Large views, floor plans and descriptions. Sent for only 25 cents. Other books consist of



Book No. 9, Artistic Stable Designs, 25c. Book No. 12, Colonial designs from \$2,000 to \$8,000, 50c. Book No. 1, designs costing \$500 to \$10,000, 50c.

Our set of Four Books sent for \$1.25.

HOPKINS & DAVIS, Architects
210 Porter Block, - - Grand Rapids, Mich.

The Wm. Bolles **"Standard"** *Self Filling Self Cleaning Fountain Pen*

Just open the barrel, dip the pen and squeeze the automatic filler.

No extra cap to lose, no button, no hump, no piston, no valve or twisted rubber.

Nothing to coax or tinker with.

**Fills Itself
This
Way**



The "STANDARD" Self-Filling Pen costs no more than the common kind. It has all the essentials—yet the fewest possible parts. Not one worry-maker left.

Every "Standard" Pen is guaranteed for two years.

This includes the automatic rubber filler.

NOW YOU SEE why it has no rival.

**No Ink dropper
Means**



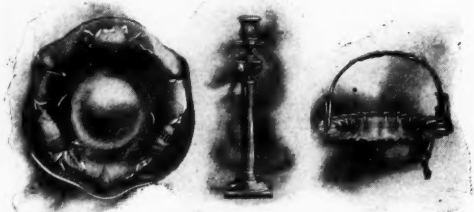
THEN WHY FOOL with an Ink Dropper? QUIT! Write today for our handsome booklet of new models, and name of our nearest dealer.

WM. BOLLES PEN CO.
1065 Jefferson Ave.
TOLEDO, OHIO

SUCCESSOR TO STANDARD SELF-FILLING PEN CO.

Tufts

"Better than Sterling"

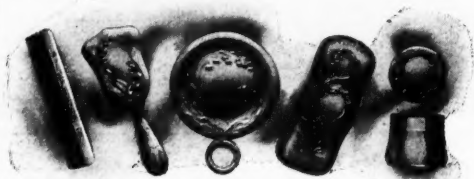


No. 4959, \$4.50

No. 3563, \$6.00

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Such prices as we quote here are only possible when some manufacturer, like Tufts, offers to let you buy from him direct at manufacturer's prices, offers to give you the benefit of the full retailer's and wholesaler's profits. This then is your opportunity.



No. 3754, \$1.25

No. 3754, \$2.50

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But furthermore, these "Tufts" prices include the cost of expressage. You have no expense—nothing to pay except the low factory cost. So by dealing with "Tufts" you can easily have a "collection" of silverware at the cost of only a few pieces at your jeweler's. Hundreds of these beautiful, artistic, new designs are shown in our 1906-7 Fall and Winter catalogue, just published. This catalogue is a veritable

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Write for this book and learn for yourself the new styles, the really artistic designs, that will be popular this Fall and Winter



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James W. Tufts Silverware Co.
288 N. Congress St., Boston, Mass.



\$5.00
to
\$8.00



Quality in a Stetson Shoe stands out all over it—you can see it—you can feel it.

Many men tolerate shoes of indifferent quality and fit because they think all makes are alike.

Before buying another pair, ask to see

THE STETSON SHOE

**The
Footwear
of a
Gentleman**

Look at it—feel the leather—examine the fine stitching. You know you are looking at a *better* shoe. The materials are selected for quality—the shoe is made for quality—and the shoe shows value that you can see at a glance.

In shapes, leathers and quality The Stetson Shoe is the footwear of a gentleman.

If not at your dealers, write us.
Style Book Free.

THE STETSON SHOE CO., South Weymouth, Mass.

To the Dealer: We will send a sample line to any reliable dealer wishing to take advantage of this advertising and to attract to his store men's fine trade.

WINSLOW'S

Skates




A splendid example of the superior quality of material and workmanship put into Winslow's Skates is found in the **College Hockey**—the finest hockey skate ever made. Every part is of the best hand forged iron and steel, nicked and buffed beautifully. The College Hockey is in truth "made for the game."

Winslow Roller Skates are now more popular than ever. Wherever there is a skating rink there you will find Winslow's Rollers. New styles, new models. Ask for them.

All dealers sell the various models and sizes of Winslow Skates. Send for our new illustrated catalogue—it's FREE. Tells all about skates, ice or roller. Send for it to-day.

THE SAMUEL WINSLOW SKATE MFG. CO.,
 Worcester, Mass.
 New York Office,
 84-86 Chambers St.




**Clothing
Made
to Order
at the
Mill
Save Half**

Buy your clothing direct from the mill. Cut out the dealer's profits. Get two suits for the price of one. All wool suits and overcoats

MADE TO ORDER

handsomely trimmed and guaranteed to give satisfaction. Many patterns to choose from.

Men's All Wool Suits

Overcoats and Raincoats

MADE TO ORDER

\$7.50 to \$15.00

**Ladies'
Fall
Dress
Patterns
in all
Shades**

Women's dress goods direct from the mill to the wearer at wholesale prices. All the newest styles and colors. Cheviots, Broadcloths, Brilliantines, Panamas, Henriettas, Shepherd's Checks, Mohairs, Silk-downs. Every yard guaranteed. **EXPRESS CHARGES PAID.** Write for samples and catalogue.

GLEN ROCK WOOLEN MILLS,
 209 Main St., Somerville, N. J.



The Foster

**HOSE
SUPPORTER**

PAT. DEC. 5, 1909.

**CORRECTS FAULTS
OF THE FIGURE**

Perfect with Dress or Negligee

HYGIENIC—ANTISEPTIC

Endorsed by leading physicians
physical culturists, ladies of fashion

Women who dress correctly know that much depends upon the *Hose Supporter*. Don't be talked into anything but the "Foster." If your dealer regards your satisfaction, he keeps it. If he has an eye to large profits, he keeps imitations.

For All Women, For All Wear, Price 50c. and up.

Guarantee with each pair. In many styles.

At reliable dealers, or Agents for U. S.

ARTHUR FRANKENSTEIN & CO.
 514 and 516 Broadway, New York

Send for Booklet "Supporter Dangers." It tells all **FREE** about many unknown troubles of imperfect Hose Supporters

"The Name is on the Buckles"

L. B. Kleinert Rubber Co., Toronto, Canada (Sole Agents for Canada.)

"Silver Plate that Wears"

Service over the tables of three generations has won for "1847 ROGERS BROS." silverware the title of **"Silver Plate that Wears."** To the honest quality standard strictly maintained since the year 1847 add the richest designs of present day skill and you have in

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

knives, forks, spoons, etc., the best in silver-plate. Sold by leading dealers everywhere. Send for Catalogue "X-34" showing latest designs to aid in making selections.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,
Meriden, Conn.
(International Silver Co., Successor.)

When Tempted With Kornlet

The Appetite Never Fails

Never to have used Kornlet is to have missed something unusual. Kornlet is the delicious portion of tender, succulent sweet corn with all the delightful freshness of the field. Kornlet is *not* canned corn, but the luscious "Heart of the Kernel"

KORNLET RECIPE BOOK
will be found inside of wrapper at top of each can. If you cannot obtain Kornlet at your grocer's, write us.

THE HASEROT CANNERIES COMPANY,
CLEVELAND, OHIO,
U. S. A.



Parker's Arctic Jacket

"Arctic" Trade Mark Registered.

Outside texture so closely woven it resists wind and wear alike. Lined with gray wool fleece that defies the cold. Snap fasteners, riveted pockets. Better than an overcoat for facing cold and work together. Warm, durable, comfortable. Ask your dealer or sent post-paid on receipt of \$2.95.

Parker's Arctic Vest

Trade Mark Registered.

Front and back of warm knitted fabric and lined with gray wool fleece. A most practical and serviceable garment for any man whose time is spent outdoors and who needs extra protection in cold weather. Vest has four pockets. For sale by dealers or by mail. All sizes. Price, \$1.25.

Parker's Arctic Socks

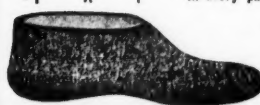
Trade Mark Registered.

Healthful for bedchamber, bath and sick-room. Worn in rubber boots, absorbs perspiration. Made of knitted fabric, lined with soft white wool fleece. Sold in all sizes, by dealers or by mail, 25¢ pair. Parker pays postage. Catalogue free. Look for Parker's name in every pair.

J. H. PARKER

Dept. 2

25 James St.
Malden, Mass.



Shoes fitted with



O'Sullivan's

Heels of New Rubber

Make Life of Men and Women Worth Living

Be calm and quiet, the clatter and clink of hard leather heels and nails are no longer tolerable. O'Sullivan heels are made of brand new rubber. That's why they give the elastic, bounding, comfortable, springy step of youth; that's why they outwear leather heels and all other rubber heels. More than likely you'll get O'Sullivan's when you order "Rubber Heels," for most dealers appreciate their superior qualities, but it is better to say "O'Sullivan's" to be sure of getting what you want. Scrap heap imitations cost the same, 50c. attached.

If your dealer hasn't O'Sullivan's, send 35c. and diagram of your heel to the makers.

O'SULLIVAN RUBBER CO., Lowell, Mass.



"THE FARM"

Write
for My
Circular and
Price List of

JONES DAIRY FARM SAUSAGES

Real old-fashioned farm sausage, made of dairy-fed little pig pork, pure spices and salt combined according to a recipe that has never been equalled. No adulterants, preservatives or fillers. If you want to try this sausage, and your dealer doesn't keep it, it is

SOLD ON APPROVAL
Express Charges Prepaid

I ship my products by express, prepaid anywhere. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Write for booklet to-day.

Jones Dairy Farm, Box 603, Fort Atkinson, Wis.
Pure Country Food Products.

Pony Rigs For Boys and Girls



This nobby Governess cart, one of the favorites in our famous Tony Pony Line, would give your little folks more pleasure than anything else you could buy for them. It is so strong, so roomy, so "comfy"—**high quality** through and through—made for **durability** as well as **appearance**. Let us tell you more about it and all the other up-to-date Tony Pony vehicles. **Our Pony Farm** is the best stocked in the West, and we make prompt shipments of pony rigs complete—pony, harness, cart and all the trimmings. We will send you our beautifully illustrated catalogue free. Address, Michigan Buggy Co., 78 Office Bldg., Kalamazoo, Mich.

GOOD CUTLERY.



from America's best Hardware House where the good knives come from.

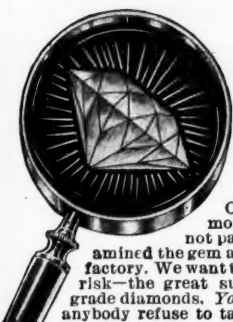
We make this extraordinary offer of a handsome sample silverware set as an inducement for your acquaintance with the quality of our goods.

This set is triple silver plate on a base metal of nickel silver; knife blades are $5\frac{1}{4}$ inches long, forks are four tines, the handles of both are solid, oval shape, either polished or satin finished. 6 knives, 6 forks, guaranteed for 10 years, complete with case, satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. **Price \$3.50.**

Send postal for Catalogue No. 94. It's free.

ORR & LOCKETT HARDWARE CO.,
Estab. 1872. **CHICAGO, ILL.**

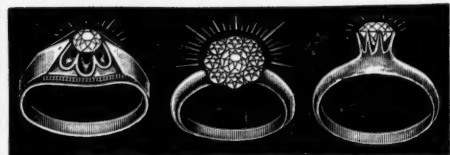
We are glad to open a 30 day account with responsible firms or individuals.



No Money Down

Order your choice of a diamond on approval prepaid. Do not pay a cent until you have examined the gem and found it absolutely satisfactory. We want to prove to you—solely at our risk—the great superiority of Marshall "F" grade diamonds. You risk nothing. Why should anybody refuse to take advantage of this offer?

LOOK at these



Special Offers on Diamonds

\$3.30 a Month buys this beautiful diamond ring in Belcher setting—a fine Marshall "F" grade diamond, far better than the so-called "highest grade" diamonds carried by most jewelers. Total price only: **\$33.00.**

The all-diamond cluster at \$8.50 a month, the beautiful Tiffany ring and other special offers are described in our circulars.

Remember—Comparisons prove—we send on approval prepaid—no money down—you risk absolutely nothing in ordering on approval.

Write Today for free catalog. Every careful buyer of diamonds and other jewelry ought to read this catalog before purchasing. Valuable information without charge. Don't buy until you have read the Marshall catalog and compared prices. Write today for free catalog.

GEO. E. MARSHALL, Inc.

W. S. HYDE, JR., President, A. S. TRUE, Secretary.
107 State Street, Suite 1077 Chicago, Ill.

Breed squabs to make money. Eat squabs—and ask for PLYMOUTH ROCK squabs, which are largest and best. Raised in four weeks, sell for \$2.50 to \$6 doz. No mixing feed, no night labor, no young to attend. Work for women which pays. We were first—our birds and methods revolutionized the industry and have been widely copied.

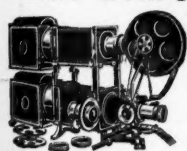
Visitors welcome at farm; correspondence invited. First send for our beautifully illustrated Free Book, "How to Make Money with Squabs."

PLYMOUTH ROCK SQUAB COMPANY,
302 Howard Street, Melrose, Mass.



FREE SQUAB BOOK

IT PAYS BIG To Amuse The Public With Motion Pictures



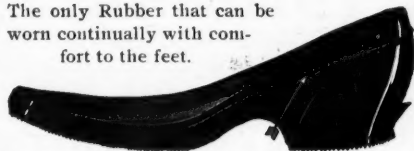
NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY as our instruction Book and "Business Guide" tells all. We furnish Complete Outfits with Big Advertising Posters, etc. Humorous dramas brimful of fun, travel, history, religion, temperance work and songs illustrated. One man can do it. Astonishing opportunity in any locality for a man with a little money to show in churches, school houses, lodge halls, theatres, etc. Fronts \$10 to over \$100 per night. Others do it, why not you? It's easy; write to us and we'll tell you how. Catalogue free.

AMUSEMENT SUPPLY CO., 459 Chemical Bank Bldg., CHICAGO.

The Rubber of Health

The only Rubber recommended by physicians

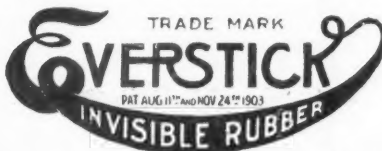
The only Rubber that can be worn continually with comfort to the feet.



Men's Everstick

None genuine without this cord

You cannot be healthy, you cannot be happy, you cannot be comfortable if your feet are cold or wet. You cannot have warm, dry feet with the common style rubber. It is impossible. They make the shoe air-tight, the foot cannot breathe, becomes inflamed, sweats excessively, pains, burns and swells. When you take the rubber off, the foot is immediately chilled, and you catch cold, but the



For Men

For Women

is the perfect rubber because, while giving full protection against cold and wet it does not impede the free circulation of air into the shoe or the breathing or flexibility of the feet.

You want them when it rains or storms; you want them in cold, dry weather, because they give thorough foot protection. Try a pair. Accept no substitute. Look for the name Everstick on the lining.

The Everstick is made in various styles to correctly fit every style of shoe worn by men and women. For women the Everstick comes in black, white and tan.



Women's Everstick

None genuine without this cord

Sold by all good Shoemen. If you cannot get a pair, write us. We'll tell you how to get a pair and send you our free book, "Foot Safety."

ADAMS & FORD CO., Manufacturers

101 Bank St., CLEVELAND, O.

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ON OUR OPEN ACCOUNT CREDIT PLAN America's Greatest Furniture House will outfit any home in any part of America—or sell any single piece of furniture or household goods desired to any one anywhere, on the easiest open account credit plan ever designed. No one is barred from this proposition. We guarantee to save you from 25 to 45 per cent, with freight charges added, on the lowest prices of your local dealer or the dealer in your nearest large city.

SEND US A POSTAL CARD for our free and richly illustrated catalogs of furniture, carpets, rugs, stoves, ranges etc., and learn of our great resources, remarkable prices and terms of credit. Every illustration in these books guaranteed an exact reproduction of the goods.

OPEN A MONTHLY CREDIT ACCOUNT BY MAIL, after you have examined these catalogs, and we will serve you as promptly on the same easy terms and same low prices as we serve our thousands of Chicago customers.

WE GUARANTEE FACTORY PRICES because we own and operate twenty great furniture factories and stove foundries, and have under contract for an indefinite period twenty more. Competition with us is, therefore, impossible. We give credit unreservedly to all parts of America, and furnish a guarantee that is as reliable as a government bond. We absolutely undersell all concerns including the general mail order houses, and we let you pay for your furniture while using it.

Terms fixed to suit your salary or means. Our plan does not disturb your savings account or living expenses and makes allowance for illness or accident. **Every article we sell positively guaranteed;** (if not precisely as represented your money will be instantly returned without the cost of a penny to you. Write to us. It means money saved in every case.

SEND A POSTAL CARD for our beautiful catalogs, which are **Free.** Catalog "C" includes furniture, carpets, rugs, lace curtains, portieres, oilcloths, sewing machines, crockery and lamps. Catalog "D" includes stoves, ranges, heaters and base burners. Say whether you wish one or both and you will receive them by return mail **FREE.**

And while you are about it investigate Spiegel's through any bank, business house or acquaintance in Chicago, and then you will open a charge account with this house and keep it as long as you live.

Spiegel's
769 South Sangamon Street
CHICAGO, ILL.



PRICE
\$4.75

Terms, 75c cash; 50c monthly

As an example of the wonderful values and our easy open account credit terms shown in our catalogs, we offer this high-grade fabricord leather rocker built of quarter-sawn oak, finished golden, handsomely polished and upholstered—guaranteed fabricord leather with full roll arms, roll seat and roll head exactly as illustrated in every detail for \$4.75, on terms 75c cash, 50c monthly. We will ship it to you promptly on approval on receipt of 75c first cash payment.



THAT DAINTY MINT COVERED
CANDY COATED
CHEWING GUM

Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

At All the Better kind of Stores
5 cents the Ounce
or in 5¢, 10¢ and 25¢ Packets

If your neighborhood store can't supply you send us 10c for sample packet.
FRANK H. FLEER & COMPANY, INC., Philadelphia, U. S. A., and Toronto, Can.

The Florsheim SHOE

LOOK FOR NAME
IN STRAP



The Bancroft

For the Man
Who Cares

Full,
Extreme,
Freak
Shape.
Winter-
weight
Sole.

French Calf
Button Boot.

The calm confidence of the man who knows he's correctly shod, plus the luxury of complete foot comfort, make a sum of satisfaction you can't express in dollars. But you can buy it with dollars—say five or six—in Florsheim shoes. For the man who cares.

Style Book shows "a fit for every foot." Send for it.
Most Styles sell for \$5.00.

Florsheim & Company
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

MOVING PICTURE MACHINES STEREOPTICONS



You Can Make **BIG MONEY**
Entertaining the Public.
Nothing affords better opportu-
nities for men with small capital.
We start you, furnishing complete
outfits and explicit instructions
at a surprisingly low cost.

THE FIELD IS LARGE
comprising the regular theatre
and lecture circuit, also local
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Lodges and General Public
Gatherings. Our Entertainment

Supply Catalogue and special offer fully explains everything, **Sent Free.**
CHICAGO PROJECTING CO., 225 Dearborn St., Dept. X, Chicago.

Holeproof Hosiery

**Guaranteed to Wear For
Six Months Without Holes**

IN addition to being the most comfortable,
best looking and best fitting hosiery made
anywhere, each box of six pairs is sold
with our binding guarantee, which says:

"We guarantee to any purchaser of
Holeproof Sox or Holeproof Stockings
that they will need no darning for 6
months. If they should, we agree to
replace them with new ones, provided
they are returned to us within 6
months from date of sale to wearer."

Holeproof Hosiery is not an ex-
periment—it has stood the test for
years. If you wear holes in your
hosiery the first or second time they
are worn, and you have decided that
darning is a "necessary evil," you
should get acquainted with Hole-
proof Hosiery.

Men's Holeproof Sox

Fast colors—Black, Black legs with
white feet, Tan (light or dark), Pearl,
and Navy Blue. Sizes, 9 to 12.

Egyptian Cotton (medium or light
weight) sold only in boxes containing six
pairs of one size—assorted colors if
desired—six month's guarantee ticket
with each pair. Per box of six **\$1.50**
pairs.....

Women's Holeproof Stockings

Fast colors—Black, Black
legs with white feet, and Tan.
Sizes, 8 to 11. Extra reinforced
garter tops.

Egyptian Cotton, sold only in boxes
containing six pairs of one size—assorted
colors if desired—six month's guarantee
with each pair. Per box of six **\$2.00**
pairs.....

How To Order

Most good dealers sell Holeproof
Hosiery. But if you have the least diffi-
culty in obtaining them, we will supply
you direct upon receipt of price. We
pay all shipping charges. Don't let some
dishonest dealer tell you that some other
hosiery, on which his profit is larger, is
just-as-good. Insist on Holeproof—if
your dealer won't supply you, we will.

Handsome Booklet Free

Our booklet contains full information regarding
Holeproof Hosiery and the testimony of numerous
wearers. Write for it today—it's free for the asking.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY
508 Fowler St., Milwaukee, Wis.

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ALL volumes of THE ARGOSY previous to April, 1896, are out of print.
The remaining volumes, all neatly bound in cloth, are veritable treas-
ure houses of entertaining fiction. 75 cents apiece, plus 25 cents post-
age, except Vols. XXII and XXIII, which cost \$1.00, plus 30 cents postage.

THE FRANK A. MUNSEY COMPANY, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York.

In answering any advertisement on this page it is desirable that you mention MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

Plush Pillow Top GIVEN AWAY

To get our 1906-7 Pyrography Catalogue before new customers. Send your name today with 25 cents to pay cost of stamping, shipping, etc., and we will send you free this beautiful

Real Plush Pillow Top, stamped with Foot Ball Boy or Indian Maiden design so that anyone can burn it with handsome effect. Choice of old gold, tan or light green plush; size 17x17 ins. Same burned, \$1.50.

Only One Free
Top to One
Address



SPECIAL Our No. 97 \$2.50
Outfit, only - - \$1.60

This splendid outfit, shown above, is complete for burning on plush, wood, leather, etc. Includes fine **Platinum Point, Cork Handle, Rubber Tubing, Double-action Bulb, Metal Union Cork, Bottle, Alcohol Lamp, two pieces Stamped Practice Wood** and full directions, all in neat leatherette box. Ask your dealer, or we will send C. O. D. When cash accompanies order for No. 97 outfit we include **free** our 64-page Pelican Instruction Handbook (price 25c), the most complete pyrography book published.

New 1906 Pyrography Catalogue, No. B57 - -

FREE

Contains 92 pages (12 in three colors), with 2,600 illustrations, including actress heads, designs by Gibson and other good artists, on articles of wood, leather and plush of every description; also shows our extensive line of **Pyrography Outfits and Supplies.** The largest pyrography catalog ever issued. Write for it today.

THAYER & CHANDLER,

160-164 W. Jackson Boulevard, Chicago.

"Largest Makers of Pyrography Goods in the World."



LADIES

The old adage that "Beauty is only skin deep" is a trifle, and doubtless a true saying. However this may be, it is an absolute certainty that **TRYPHENA TOILET CREAM** gives a skin of child-like purity. It feeds and nourishes impoverished, shrunken skin and cellular tissues. Insures a perfect complexion. Banishes all imperfections, redness, roughness, tan and sunburn. Its effect is a A to cover up imperfections but to so correct them and their cause by its purifying and emollient properties as to leave the skin exquisitely soft, pure, and in its natural healthy condition. A dainty toilet necessity of surpassing luxury and incomparable richness. Sample box sent free. Endorsed and used by Meses. Emma Eames, Suzanne Adams, Johanna Givski, Eugenie Mantelli, Misses Henrietta Crossman, Amelia Bligham, Alice Fischer, Mabelle Gilman and hundreds of other celebrated artists in the operatic and theatrical professions. Address, **FOWLER, MAN'G CHEMIST, New London, Conn.**



MacLagan's Suburban Homes

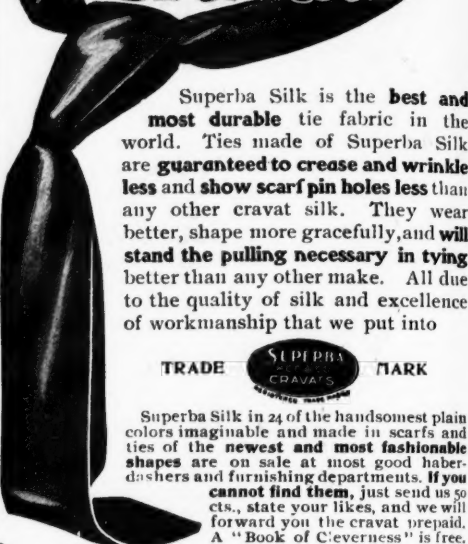
New Edition
of 200 up-to-date building plans and interior views of Suburban and Country Homes, actually erected, costing from \$400 to \$10,000.

Price 50c.

all charges prepaid.
The Best book on home building published.

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Superba Silk Cravats



Superba Silk is the **best and most durable** tie fabric in the world. Ties made of Superba Silk are **guaranteed to crease and wrinkle less and show scarf pin holes less** than any other cravat silk. They wear better, shape more gracefully, and **will stand the pulling necessary in tying** better than any other make. All due to the quality of silk and excellence of workmanship that we put into

TRADE MARK
SUPERBA
CRAVATS

Superba Silk in 24 of the handsomest plain colors imaginable and made in scarfs and ties of the **newest and most fashionable shapes** are on sale at most good haberdashers and furnishing departments. If you **cannot find them**, just send us 50 cts., state your likes, and we will forward you the cravat prepaid. A "Book of Cleverness" is free.

H. C. COHN & CO., 214 Andrew St., Rochester, N. Y.

"Money, I Must Have Money!—More Money
Than I Can Get For My Labor—What
Shall I Do to Get It?"

Money Getters

Gives Pointers to Underpaid People

If you—man or woman—old or young—are unemployed or working for less than you earn—if you are tired of drudging all your life for a mere existence while others grow rich—if you would like to be your own boss, have a business of your own—even just a small one, that you may make and handle your own undivided profits—if you want to be independent and be somebody with a future to look forward to—write to us now.

WE WILL SEND FREE

the Introductory Chapter, a beautiful Souvenir and complete description giving synopsis of 40 straight, clean, up-to-date plans, methods and schemes by which every day people (not millionaires) make money for themselves. All of them are the actual experiences of clever men and women. Full details are given as to how each was begun and carried on. You can start and succeed on little or no capital—the main thing is to know how.

40 Chapters Like These:

ARTICLE I. Tells of a business that an enterprising man or woman may start with \$10.00 in any large city or town. Good for \$1,000.00 yearly.

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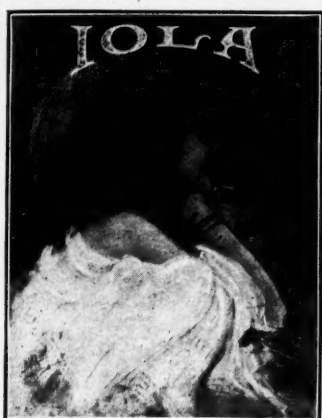
SECTION 2, ARTICLE I. How to start and conduct a mail order business on \$100 basis. This article alone is worth more than the price asked for the book of anyone's money, be he successful merchant, advertising man or beggar.

The Price of "MONEY GETTERS" is \$1.00

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In answering this advertisement it is desirable that you mention MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.



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"I Wonder if your Heart is still the same"
—"Everybody gives me good advice" (coon song)—"Silver Heels" (popular Indian ballad by Moret & O'Dea)—"A Little Chauffeur" (big song hit in the "Vanderbilt Cup")—"Traveling" (great comic song)—"The Poor Old Man" (comic song)—"Could you read my Heart"—"Down in the Everglade"—"My own Girl"—"When the Mocking Birds are Singing in the Wildwood"—"Elaine" (ballad)—"I like you, too"—"If I only had the nerve."

25c. EACH; 6 FOR \$1.00

WHITNEY-WARNER PUBLISHING CO.

THE LATEST IN MUSIC

FREE We want to send you absolutely free, postage prepaid, our new and beautifully illustrated catalogue which has just been published especially for the benefit of those who seek "the latest in music" and are obliged to make their selections by mail. This free music book will familiarize you with our new songs, marches, two-steps, waltzes, etc. A few of them are mentioned in this advertisement. Mail Orders promptly filled; **25 cents per copy, 6 for \$1.00** postage prepaid.

"Iola"—the only intermezzo two-step ever written that rivals the beautiful melody and rhythm of "Hiawatha." Also published as a song.



"Dixie Blossoms" two-step—ideal for dancing and easy to play.

"Hearts and Nuts"—a new waltz of rare merit.

"Why Don't You Try?"—our famous topical song; 10th edition now in print.

"Dance of the Demon"—grand concert gallop by Edward Holst. We paid seven thousand dollars for it. Price 35c, not included in our combination offer.

"Breath of a Rose"—new waltzes by a celebrated composer of dance music.

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"Cheyenne" Song—latest success by the writers of "Navajo," etc.

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"What's the use of Knocking?" "Camp Meeting Time,"

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"Autumn"—a new classic by Neil Moret, composer of "Hiawatha."

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"Evening Shadows"—the latest three-step by composer of "The Troubadour."

"Heartsease"—a reverie written by Neil Moret; a sure winner.

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New Star Dance Folio No. 6, just out, including "Cheyenne," "Why Don't You Try?" "Allee, Where Art Thou Goin'?" "Sympathy" and other big hits, per copy, 40c.

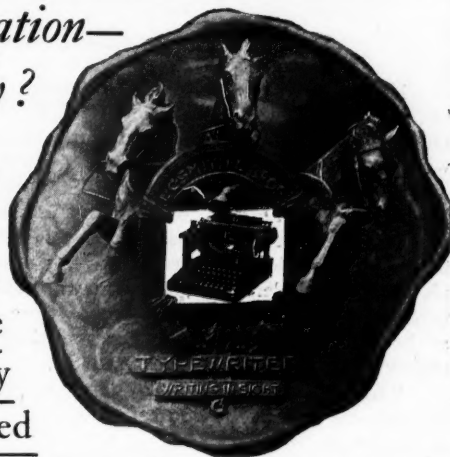
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Remick's Collection of Classical Music, containing 27 compositions, 50c.

WHITNEY-WARNER PUB. CO., JEROME H. REMICK & CO., Props.,
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*Orders cared for in rotation—
Will yours be filled early?*

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out in their first year of active manufacture) was sold before it was completed, and we are still far behind our orders.

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Let us send you the Illustrated Catalogue.

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AS PROOF CONCLUSIVE—the
OLDSMOBILE

Offers ten, and more, convincing reasons (actual facts) why it is the most economical to buy—the most satisfying to own—and why you
drive a winner when you drive an Oldsmobile.

First. All the qualities essential in touring—demonstrated by the Perfect Score made on the Glidden Tour in competition with cars costing double its price.

Second. The 505 Mile Non-Stop run made by the same car from Bretton Woods, N. H., to New York City, without any adjustments or alterations, immediately after completing the Glidden Tour. The run was made through *rain and mud* in the record time of 21 hours and 30 minutes, under the official observation of the A. A. A. Committee.

Third. Brake reliability—demonstrated in winning the brake contest at the Open Air Show in New York.

Fourth. Vibration test won at Open Air Show by carrying a pail of water, brimming full, on the tonneau floor for 200 yards from a standing start, spilling but $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch on the way.

And further reasons furnished by the "man at the wheel"—ask him or write us for details of any of the above. **Address Dept. M.**

Fifth. Motor endurance—demonstrated by the 100 hour non-stop test made in Chicago.

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Tenth. The records of the past five years made in this country and abroad.

Member of Association Licensed
Automobile Manufacturers.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS
Lansing, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian trade supplied from Canadian
Factory, Packard Electric
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Peerless



*Perfect Score 30 H. P. Peerless Touring Car
Driven Successfully on Glidden Tour.*

Twelve Hundred Miles Without Adjustment

This is the record of Model 14, the 1906 Model of Peerless touring car. No replacements or adjustments made while running on schedule time between controls. Passengers did not alight from car for any repairs or any reason whatever between controls. Each control reached ahead of schedule time. Average running time of last day's run of 124 miles was 20 miles an hour. Examined by experts at close of contest was declared to be in perfect running condition.

The Peerless Models for 1907, Models 15 and 16, contain all the best features of the 1906 Model, as well as many improvements to make the car the acme of perfection for the person who wants a touring car capable of speed up to fifty miles an hour, and to climb hills with ease on high gear with four or five passengers. Chrome nickel steel and drop frame used in construction.

1907 Models

Model 15—\$5,000

Model 16—\$4,000

A demonstration will convince you of the simplicity and dependability of the Peerless direct drive touring car. Full information will gladly be sent to you on request.

THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR CO., 28 Lisbon St., Cleveland, Ohio

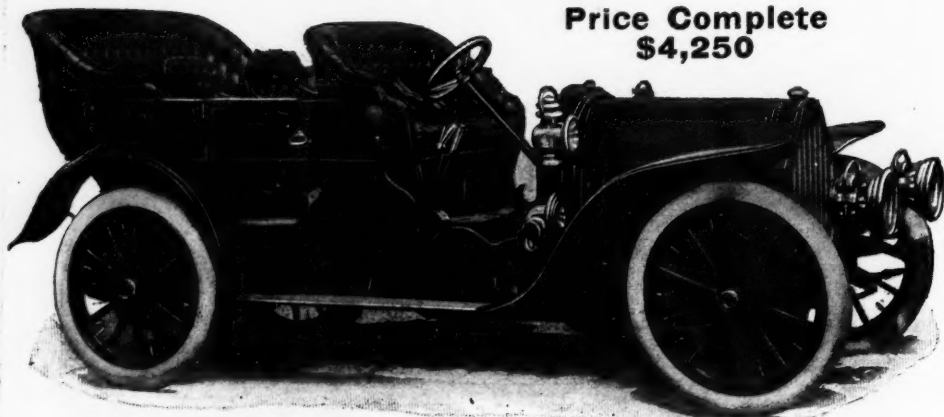
Member A. L. A. M.

THE NEW TYPE XV 50 H. P.

CHROME NICKEL STEEL

POPE-TOLEDO

Price Complete
\$4,250



NO American manufacturer has ever even attempted to put into an automobile the material, special features, finish and workmanship embodied in the Type XV 50 H.P. Pope-Toledo. This car has chrome nickel steel construction and genuine imported Deutsche Waffen Fabrik bearings, of liberal dimensions, throughout; four speed selective transmission; multiple disc metal clutch, running in oil tight case; 36 inch wheels; wheel base 115 inches. The motor is four cylinder, copper jacketed, with mechanically operated valves, located in cylinder heads, and operated by double acting walking beam, by means of one set of cams and push rods. Three point bearing chrome nickel steel crank shaft, running on genuine imported Deutsche Waffen Fabrik bearings. Ignition is jump spark by high tension, gear driven, Magneto; gravity feed from dash. Axles one piece chrome nickel steel I beam section. Steel body, with roomy side entrance, seating seven adults. Aluminum hood of new design. Extra large flaring aluminum guards.



We make Coupe, Landaulet, Limousine and Runabout bodies. Prices on application.

Pope Motor Car Company

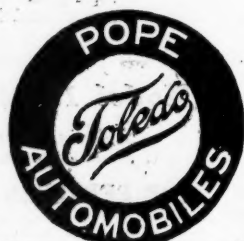
A. L. A. M.

TOLEDO, OHIO

NEW YORK, 1733 Broadway

BOSTON, 223 Columbus Av.

WASHINGTON, 819 14th St., N. W.



San Francisco to New York in a Franklin—4000 miles by road— in 15 days, 2 hours, 12 minutes.

No one can now deny that Franklin horsepower is real—full of going power and hill climbing; that Franklin air-cooling keeps the engine at the right temperature; and particularly that Franklin high-grade, light weight, non-jarring construction with wood sills and full elliptic springs allow fast going on the roughest roads and make the cars stand up under the hardest test.

It took a Franklin to beat the previous Franklin 33-day record of two years ago. Other cars have taken months instead of days. No other car in the world could have made that trip so fast and come out alive — ENDURANCE.

The car that made this remarkable record is the Franklin six-cylinder 30 h. p. touring-car; but every Franklin car is built on the same lines and shares the lessons of this great performance.

Send for book of this wonderful trip, also new 1907 Franklin catalogue.

Shaft-Drive Runabout \$1800 4-cylinder Touring-car \$2800
4-cylinder Light Touring-car \$1850 6-cylinder Touring-car \$4000

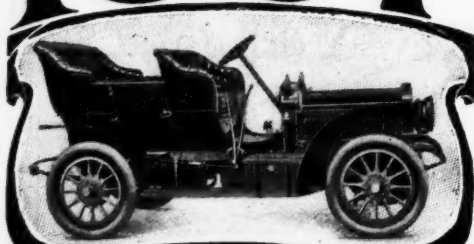
Prices in standard colors and equipment f.o.b. Syracuse
Special colors, upholstery and equipment extra



H. H. FRANKLIN MFG. CO.
Syracuse, N. Y.
M. A. L. A. M.

Type G Light Touring-car \$1850

1907



All motordom is agog over the advent of Model H, the brand new four-cylinder Cadillac for 1907, now ready for instant delivery.

In every particular this car is not only up to the minute, but is really *two years* ahead of any other machine on the market. Its many improvements, its mechanical completeness, its superior finish and design, make it imperative for you not to take another step in the purchase of a car until you have learned all about this wonderful

CADILLAC

—an automobile whose smooth and well-balanced action is almost marvelous when compared with that in what has heretofore been accepted as the highest type of motor car. The new and exclusive double acting steering gear greatly increases safety of riding; surprising ease of control is gained through the perfect planetary transmission; a new marine type governor regulates the speed of the engine under all conditions, minimizing vibration and fuel consumption; the independent steel suspension for engine saves wear and strain.

These and a dozen other reasons why you ought to choose the Cadillac will be explained by your nearest dealer. His address, also finely illustrated booklet G, will besent on request.

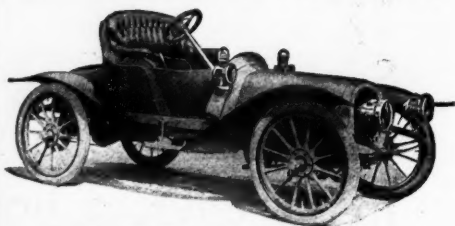
Model H will accommodate five persons; 30 horse power; capable of 50 miles an hour. Price \$2,500.

Other Cadillac models are: Model K, Runabout, \$750; Model M, Light Touring Car, \$950. All prices f. o. b. Detroit, and do not include lamps.

**CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY,
Detroit, Mich.**

Member Asso. Licensed Auto. Mfrs.

Aerocar



**1907 Model C
Touring Runabout**

Artistic, graceful, unique in design. Every line typifies fleetness. 36 inch wheels. Resilient springs. Luxurious upholstery. Silent, smooth running—next to flying—50 miles an hour. Without a peer in all around excellence. \$2,000 f. o. b. Detroit.

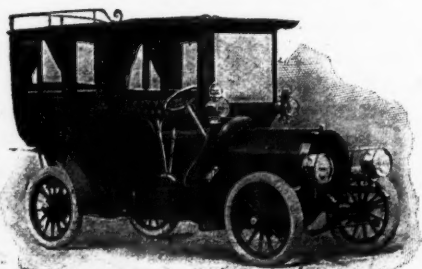
Model A, Five Passenger Touring Car. Winner First Prize at One Gallon Efficiency Test at Minneapolis, doubling the distance of many competitors, proving beyond doubt the economy and efficiency of the powerful air-cooled motor. F. o. b. Detroit, with Lamp and Horn, \$2,500—with Complete Touring Equipment, \$2,800.



Ten sold in New York the hottest week in August after competitive demonstrations.

The Aerocar Co., Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.
Members American Motor Car Manufacturers Association.

THE QUIET ROYAL LIMOUSINE



**LUXURY RIDES EASILY
SAFETY 40 H. P. 7 PASSENGER**

ASK AN OWNER

ROYAL

Write for full description and prices.

**The Royal Motor Car Company,
Cleveland, Ohio**

Member A. L. A. M.



The axle construction of a high power touring car is a matter of vital importance.

By exhaustive tests, cold drawn steel tubing, as used in the Rambler cars, has been proved far superior to any other construction.

Rambler front axles are reinforced by a vertical center wall pressed into place before the tube is bent.

Steering knuckles are drop forgings fitted with adjustable taper spindles and ball thrust bearings.

The rear axle of Model 15 (side chain drive) is formed from one piece of steel tube forged to a solid taper at the ends, thus forming a one piece axle without joints or welds.

This is simply one of many special features that make the Rambler *the car of steady service*.

The second edition of our 1906 catalogue fully describes six models, ranging in price from \$1,250 to \$3,000. It is at your service.

Thomas B. Jeffery & Company
Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wis., U. S. A.

Branches:

Chicago, Milwaukee,
New York Agency, 38-40 W. 62nd St.

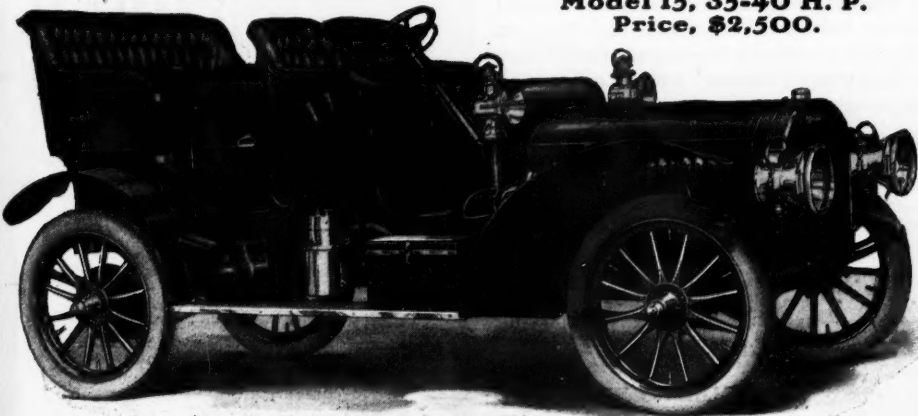
Boston,

Philadelphia,


San Francisco.

Representatives in all leading cities.

Model 15, 35-40 H. P.
Price, \$2,500.



**"A BLESSING
ON YOUR
HEAD"**



**ED. PINAUD'S
HAIR TONIC** (Eau de Quinine)

What is so alluring as a wealth of beautiful hair? Women everywhere realize the fascination it exerts, but do not know how easily it is attained.

If the hair be lustrous and heavy, ED. PINAUD'S Hair Tonic will keep it so. If it be thin, weak and lacking life, nothing will revive and beautify it so thoroughly as ED. PINAUD'S Hair Tonic.

Use it freely, massage it well into the scalp and good results are sure to follow.

Men everywhere recognize ED. PINAUD'S Hair Tonic as the best hair-dressing obtainable. Its refreshing, fragrant odor leaves an aristocratic stamp whenever used, while as a *dandruff* remedy it has been pre-eminent for upwards of 100 years.

Used daily it will prevent falling hair and the inevitable consequence—baldness.

Just as ED. PINAUD'S Hair Tonic (the original Eau de Quinine) proves its superlative merit over all imitations, so are all the other ED. PINAUD'S preparations held in *highest esteem* by people of culture.

ED. PINAUD'S Extracts have been awarded the *greatest honors* wherever exhibited; they are noted for their remarkably lasting and delicate odors. "Brise Embaumée Violette" and "La Corrida" are two pronounced PINAUD favorites in the world of fashion of today.

ED. PINAUD'S Lilas Vegetal is distinguished for its delightful fragrance, and is equally desirable for the handkerchief, atomizer and the bath. *It is a*

great comfort to men after shaving, being far superior to witch hazel, bay rum, etc.


SEND 10 CENTS for sample bottle of either ED. PINAUD'S Hair Tonic or ED. PINAUD'S Lilas Vegetal. Please state your choice plainly and ask for copy of our booklet "Messages from the Stars." Kindly name your dealer when writing.

PARFUMERIE ED. PINAUD
Dept. 63

**ED. PINAUD BUILDING
NEW YORK**



American Offices of
Ed. Pinaud, Paris



**EASY
GOING**

The lubrication of the automobile engine, is not a thing to be trifled with. Engines of different construction, working at different speeds, temperatures and loads, require oil exactly adapted to each. The *right* oil means "easy going;" oil that is merely "good" may mean disaster.


**VACUUM
MOBILOIL**

is unequalled for the safe and scientific lubrication of every style and type of automobile engine.

Write for booklet listing every automobile made, and indicating grade of Mobiloil exactly adapted to it. Hundreds of valuable auto hints, and track records to date.

Mobiloil in cans with patent pouring spout, is sold everywhere. Booklet sent anywhere. Ask for it.

Manufactured by
VACUUM OIL CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y.



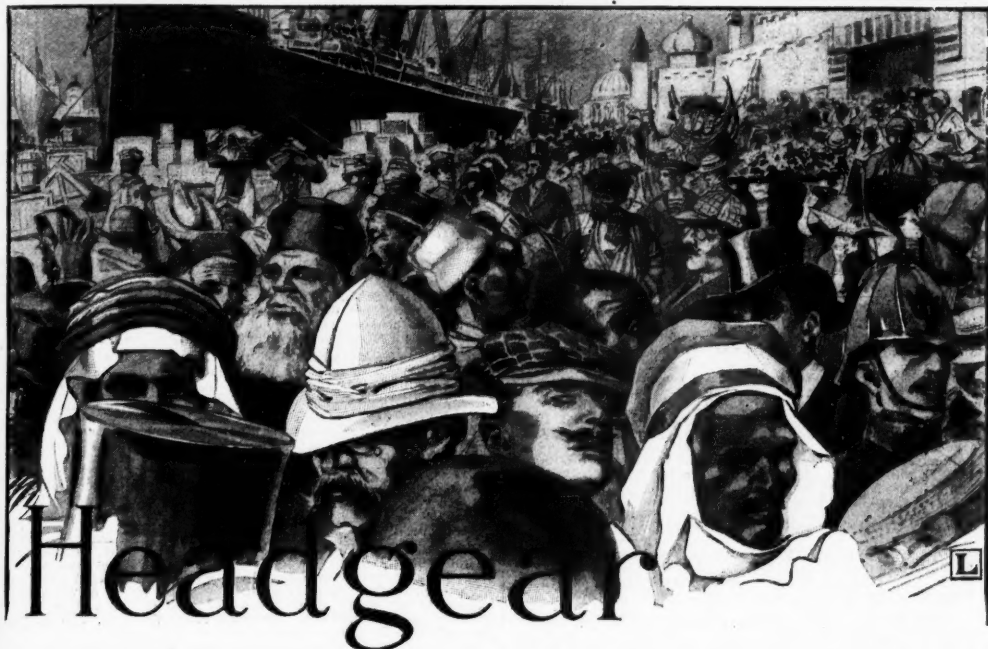

**THE
McCLAMROCH
CRAFTSMAN
ART
MANTEL**

THIS illustration shows the Craftsman's ideal perfected along our unswerving principle of building Art Mantels only, no matter what the style. This particular creation is absolutely without a peer in its class.

However, it matters not what your selection may be, you are always safe in accepting any McClamroch Mantel as the standard of all that is elegant and correct in design, and sterling in material and construction.

If you contemplate building, or refitting your home, write immediately for catalog.

McCLAMROCH MANTEL CO.,
Dept. G, - 248 Elm St., Greensboro, N. C.



—the *distinctive* part of dress, in all ages and nations. That is why gentlemen have always been so particular about their hats. Whether you spend the Winter in New York, Paris or Cairo you will find the



KNOX HAT

quietly asserting its supremacy in good taste and high quality,—a quality as fixed as the price.

Knox agents are showing the Fall and Winter styles in Men's and Women's Hats in all the principal cities of the United States.

The DAISY Air Rifle



Our beloved President is a man who not only thinks acutely, but acts promptly. He believes thoroughly in rifle practice as an educational training for the young. In a recent book he says: "When able to practice in a rifle range, one can feel that the enjoyment is warranted by considerations of national ethics. We have been able to fix a rifle range at Sagamore. The children take to shooting naturally."

Any healthy boy or girl will get present enjoyment and a splendid training for the future with a DAISY AIR RIFLE. It teaches accuracy, concentration, and develops a cool nerve and a steady eye. Give your boy a "DAISY" and teach him to use it.

The "DAISY" is a real gun modeled after the latest hammerless rifle and shoots accurately, using compressed air instead of powder. No smoke, no noise, and perfectly safe in the hands of any boy.

1,000-Shot Daisy, an automatic magazine rifle, \$9.00.
Other Daisy models \$1.00 to \$1.75.

Sold by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or delivered from factory anywhere in the United States on receipt of price. The "Daisy" book telling all about them free; write for it.

DAISY MFG. CO., 282 UNION ST., PLYMOUTH, MICH.



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NEW ENGLAND FARMS, summer homes, hunting camps and country real estate of every description. Illustrated circular free upon receipt of address. Dept. 22, P. F. LE-LAND, 113 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.

VIRGINIA FARMS AND PLANTATIONS for Sale; also Timber and Mineral Lands. Farms from \$500 to \$60,000. Catalog and prices on application. Address **MAGIE BROS.**, Waynesboro, Va.

HOMESEEKERS—INVESTORS—New plan, better than installments. Own your land while you pay for it. \$10 per acre. No mortgage, no forfeit. Write at once. **FRANKLIN BENNER**, 584 Bank of Commerce, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

LET US SHOW YOU HOW TO MAKE MONEY. No matter where you are located or what your former occupation, if you are honest and ambitious, we will teach you the Real Estate, Insurance and General Brokerage Business thoroughly by mail, appoint you Special Representative of our Company and assist you to become a prosperous and successful business man with an income of \$3,000 to \$5,000 annually. Unusual opportunity for men without capital to become independent for life. Valuable Book and full particulars free. Write today. Address either office. **NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE REALTY CO.**, 185 Maryland Bldg., Washington, D. C., 185 Athenaeum Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

PROFITABLE FARM, near cars, on boat to Boston. 287 acres, cuts 135 tons hay; milk sales \$5000, 625 fruit trees, imposing buildings. Illustrated catalog postpaid. **CHAPIN FARM AGENCY**, 294 Washington St., Boston.

NEW YORK CITY REAL ESTATE. Safest investment on earth. For Sale, a piece of property, heart of New York City, pays 9 per cent on equity of \$45,000. Will accept country property in part payment. **DAVID H. KNOTT**, 103 Waverly Place, New York.

CASH for your farm, business, home, or property of any kind, no matter where located. If you desire a quick sale send us description and price. **NORTHWESTERN BUSINESS AGENCY**, 366 Bank of Commerce Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

INVEST your money near a great and growing metropolis. Building lots in Boston's Suburbs at \$10 each to introduce. On new electric car line, near factories, stores, schools, etc. **BOSTON SUBURBAN LAND CO.**, 28 School St., Boston, Mass.

"The World Moves." Unique Plan. The **WESTERN HOMESEEKERS ASSOCIATION**, Los Angeles, Cal., successfully assists homeseekers and investors to buy small farms. One third usual cost. Easy terms. Big profits. Free information.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., REAL ESTATE WANTED. I sell this property exclusively, and can sell yours. Send price and full particulars at once. Absolutely no charge unless sale is effected. Write today. **Now. RAY L. GODFREY**, 26 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

CALIFORNIA land, \$1 an acre; balance entire purchase \$1 week for each 5 acres; no taxes; no interest; 5-acre tracts; level; rich; clear; ready to plow; under irrigation; perpetual water right; immediate possession given; particulars, maps, photographs for 2-cent stamp. **STEVENSON COLONY**, Room 24, 703 Van Ness Ave., San Francisco.

HOW TO PROFITABLY INVEST in Real Estate. An interesting booklet mailed free upon request. Invaluable to investors and real estate owners. **STOKES & KNOWLES**, Realty Investments, 176 Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y.

EVERY TRAIN TO TEXAS carries crowds of homeseekers looking for lands. We got there first, before the rush began, and are selling best farm lands in Texas at lowest prices. 50,000 northern farmers are buying Texas land this year. Who buys now doubles his money quickly. Land is a bank that is always sure. There will never be another crop of land in the United States; therefore prices must always advance. Ask **GEO. H. HEAFFORD**, 277 Dearborn St., Chicago.

FOR MEN

IF we told you we could save you one-half on smoking tobacco and furnish better tobacco than you ever smoked before, wouldn't you be interested? Certainly. Then write for booklet. **WILDA TOBACCO CO.**, Dept. M, Chatham, Va.

GOLDEN Pippin Havana Stogies, hand made, long filler. Very mild, rich and mellow. 5 inches long, \$1.50 per hundred. Express prepaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned. **The J. A. RIGBY CIGAR CO.**, Dept. X, Mansfield, O.

HELP WANTED

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN can make from \$8.00 to \$20.00 a week by occasionally speaking a good word for our cards. Particulars and samples free. **GRAY STATIONERY CO.**, 101 Fulton St., New York.

FACTORY REPRESENTATIVE for world-famous household necessity. Output doubled in six months. Hustling salesmen make \$150 monthly and upwards. **COLONIAL CO.**, Dept. 6, Wellsville, N. Y.

RELIABLE SALESMEN to handle high-grade standard article as side line for stationery, drug and jewelry trade. First class proposition to good men. Reference required. State Territory. Address **MACMANUS-KELLEY CO.**, Toledo, O.

REPRESENTATIVES WANTED to handle high-grade dividend-paying investment securities. Men who can earn from \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year. **A. L. WISNER & CO.**, Bankers, 78-80 Wall Street, New York.

WANTED MEN, EVERYWHERE. Good pay; to distribute circulars, adv. matter, tack signs, etc. No canvassing. Address **NATIONAL ADV. AND DISTRIBUTING BUREAU**, Suite P, Oakland Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—Good man in each county to represent and advertise Hardware Department, put out samples, etc. Salary \$21.00 weekly. Expense money advanced. Dept. M., **THE COLUMBIA HOUSE**, Chicago.

SALESMEN for our protection for men and women; \$1,000 policy pays \$5 a week, with \$100 emergency benefit; cost \$2 a year; handsome black seal wallet given free with each policy; good salesmen earning \$100 a week; excellent side line; write today for renewal or contract, with liberal commission. **GERMAN REGISTRY CO.**, 215 N. Seventh St., St. Louis, Mo.

SALESMAN WANTED who can show good record in any high grade line; straight salary or salary and commission to right man. Call, write. **HARGOODS**, 305-307 Broadway, New York.

WE WANT an energetic, honest man or woman who desires to increase their income during spare moments or after working hours to represent us in each city and town where we have no local representative; considerable money can be made with little effort, as we have the largest and finest selection of diamonds and jewelry in the country. Write at once and have territory reserved. **MITCHELL & SCOTT CO.**, 1130 Champlain Bldg., Chicago.

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\$3,000 TO \$20,000 YEARLY EASILY MADE in real estate business; no capital required; we will teach you business by mail, appoint you special representative of leading real estate company, list with you readily salable properties, cooperate with and assist you to permanent success; valuable book free. Address THE CROSS CO., 313 Reaper Bldg., Chicago.

WRITE US TODAY for free sample copy of *Opportunities* describing positions now open for Salesmen, Executive, Clerical and Technical men at \$1000-\$5000; state experience. HAPGOODS, 305-307 Broadway, New York.

PUBLISH a magazine in your town. We furnish 64 pages illustrated matter and colored cover monthly. You select your own title, insert local reading and advertising, and put magazine out under your name as editor and proprietor. Particulars and samples for postage (10c.). Address Dept. M, BROOKS MAGAZINE SYNDICATE, St. Louis, Mo.

WANTED—Local manager in every town willing to take small financial interest in New York State Corporation, conducting a mercantile business. Splendid opportunity to secure a paying investment and independent position. References exchanged. MERRILL, 68 Broad St., New York.

I CAN SELL YOUR PATENT. My new method brings quick results. Send for booklet. O. J. HAEGLER, 14 S. Broad St., Phila., Pa.

MONEY MAKING SECRETS—100 of them; every one a winner. Best business for yourself. 64 pages. 10c. CINCINNATI SUPPLY CO., 611 Prospect Place, Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS—Mail Order People. New catalogue eight hundred specialties, furnished with your imprint thereon. Orders filled direct. Send for free booklet, "Secret to Mail Order Success." PRASE MFG. CO., Dept. S, Buffalo, N. Y.

START mail-order business. Sell goods by mail; cash orders, big profits. Conducted by anyone, anywhere. Our plan positively successful. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed. Write for free book. CENTRAL SUPPLY CO., Kansas City, Mo.

BANK BY MAIL—We pay 4 per cent compound interest on every dollar deposited. Booklet "M." containing full details, sent on request. Capital and surplus—\$2,500,000.00. COMMONWEALTH TRUST CO., Pittsburgh, Pa.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES— Continued

"ADVERTISER'S MAGAZINE"—THE WESTERN MONTHLY should be read by every advertiser and Mail-Order dealer. Best "School of Advertising" in existence. Trial subscription 10c. Sample copy free. THE WESTERN MONTHLY, 893 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

I SELL PATENTS. To buy or having one to sell, write, CHAS. A. SCOTT, 889 Mutual Life Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

A PERMANENT business offer. \$50 to \$150 per week and upwards positive. Representatives wanted everywhere to operate sales parlors for the best, most rapid-selling Ladies' and Gents' Dress shoe known; no risk; reply quick. KUSHION KOMPOR SHOE CO., 55 Lincoln, N., Boston, Mass.

MONEY TO LOAN—SEND YOUR OLD DIAMONDS, OLD GOLD, OLD WATCHES, AND OLD SILVER TO US, and we will lend you the money or we will buy it from you at the highest cash price. Our references, The American National Bank, El Paso, Tex. INTERNATIONAL LOAN BANK, 106 El Paso St., El Paso, Tex.

TOYS GAMES AND ENTERTAINMENTS

GAS ENGINE for \$3.00. Attach a rubber tube to gas burner and light the gas. It will run several toy machines at once. An air-cooled motor. Send for circular. PARADOX GAS ENGINE CO., Hartford, Conn.

THE ENTERTAINMENT SHOP, 99 Fourth Ave., New York, is headquarters for Games, Favors, Cotton Novelty, Plays, and Entertainment Supplies. No Halloween Party complete without "Shadow Circus," 60c., "Ghosts," 50c., and Freak Postals 6 for 15c. Catalog free.

BRIDGE WHIST. "Bridge That Wins" in advance of any other book and the best authority. Full instructions in every department of the game, latest laws, thirty illustrative deals. Written by Metcalfe, Whist Editor, Chicago Tribune. Cloth, 131 pages, gilt. Sent by mail on receipt of price, \$1.50. J. N. HATHAWAY, Publisher, A-156 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

PRINTERS

TO introduce our good printing, we offer 1,000 business cards, neatly printed, postpaid to any address for \$1.60; envelopes, billheads, statements and tags, \$1.30 per thousand up. Get our price-list and estimates for other work. FINK & SONS, Printers, 5th, below Market, Philadelphia, Pa.

FRENCH SCRIPT is the correct style for engraving this season. Engraved plate and 100 cards, \$2.00. Weddings and announcements. Samples on request. Oldest engravers in Michigan. IRLING BROS. & EVERHARD, 235 E. Main St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

FOR THE DEAF

FOR THE DEAF. An efficient aid to hearing sent on trial absolutely free of expense. Address Z. TIEMANN & Co., 107 Park Row, New York.

THE ACOUSTICON MAKES THE DEAF HEAR INSTANTLY. No trumpet, unsightly or cumbersome apparatus. Special instruments for Theatres and Churches. In successful use throughout the Country. Booklet, with endorsement of those you know, free. GENERAL ACOUSTIC CO., 101 Browning Bldg., 534 6th Ave., New York City.

MACHINERY AND MOTOR CYCLES

IN YOUR TOWN, responsible representative to profit by the amazing demand for Yale-California Motor Cycles, the cycle craze over again. Strong references required. Exclusive agency. THE CONSOLIDATE MFG. CO., Toledo, O.

IF YOU WANT to buy a machine, engine, boiler, power equipment, electrical, steam, pneumatic or any other machinery—anything in the machine line—Tell Us what you want and we will see that you get full descriptions, prices, catalogs, etc., from all the first-class manufacturers in that line. We charge nothing for the service. Address: MODERN MACHINERY DAILY NEWS, Security Bldg., Suite 19, Chicago.

HOME-FURNISHINGS ON CREDIT SMALL MONTHLY PAYMENTS

From Eastern Maine to Western California this great institution is furnishing homes for the people by mail on credit and giving everybody from 12 to 15 months in which to pay for the goods they order. It matters not where you live or what your income may be, we'll furnish your home complete or sell you a single article and give you more than a year in which to pay for your goods. It is absolutely and positively the most generous proposition you ever heard of.

Let Us Explain Our Plan This giving of unlimited credit to people all over the United States without any charge for interest is a modern progressive business policy of this great concern. There are too many helpful features to it to be fully described in this small advertisement. We want you to learn of them—to learn what it means to be able to establish a credit with this great institution—to realize what a wonderful convenience this generous credit help will be to you. Ours is a strictly confidential credit arrangement and there's no charge for interest—no extras of any kind. Permit us to explain our wonderful proposition to you.

Largest Complete Home Furnishers on Earth We are manufacturers selling direct to you. We have twenty-two big retail stores located in the largest cities of the United States. We operate great factories and contract for the entire outputs of some of the largest furniture industries and stove plants in America. We are able to reduce the cost of production to the minimum and to put the best homefurnishings made into your home at regular manufacturers' prices, meaning a saving to you of 50 to 60 per cent.

Two Big Catalogues Sent

Two Mammoth New Catalogues—the most elaborate catalogues ever sent out by any homefurnishing concern in the country

Catalogue No. 70.—A beautifully illustrated catalogue of furniture and carpets, showing carpets in all their various colorings, faithfully reproduced, showing furniture in the different woods and the different finishes, showing the colorings even of the upholstering of parlor goods—certainly the most beautiful and expensive catalogue of its kind ever published.

Catalogue No. 40.—A large illustrated catalogue of stoves and heaters—all illustrations being fine half-tone engravings with the most complete and minute descriptions of all the goods illustrated.

Write for these catalogues today—they're free—learn all about this most generous proposition which we have to offer you. We repeat **write today.**

HARTMAN FURNITURE & CARPET COMPANY

Capital and Surplus \$1,800,000—Largest, most substantial and most reliable Homefurnishing concern in America.

Main Store & Headquarters

223-225-227-229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.



This Solid Oak \$8.75
Morris Chair 8.==

TERMS: \$1.00 Cash; 75c Monthly

It Needs A Book To Tell It

Having the book that describes CONKLIN'S SELF-FILLING FOUNTAIN PEN is the next best thing to having the pen itself.

We want you to know how it is possible to fill the CONKLIN PEN as easily as dipping a common pen into an inkstand. We want to tell you why it is the only fountain pen that is never in trouble.

Book
Sent
Free.

Think of a fountain pen being filled instantly by one pressure of the thumb! And not only filled but cleaned as well. If you ever expect to need a fountain pen, you should have this book. Beautifully illustrated, and well worth writing for. A postal card will do.

CONKLIN'S Self-Filling Pen

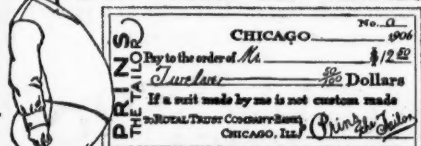
SOLD BY DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

The Conklin Pen Co.

514-516-518 JEFFERSON AVE., TOLEDO, O.

98 Reade St., New York.
1655 Curtis St., Denver.
529 San Pablo Ave., Oakland, Cal.
28 Shon Lane, West St., London, E. C. Eng.
47 Market St., Melbourne, Aus.

Save this \$12.50 check



THE BANK WILL PAY IT

IN CASH if a suit I make for you is not Custom Made; besides you keep such suit FREE OF CHARGE.

If you are a new customer I will accept your first order for a
\$25.00 Custom Suit for \$12.50

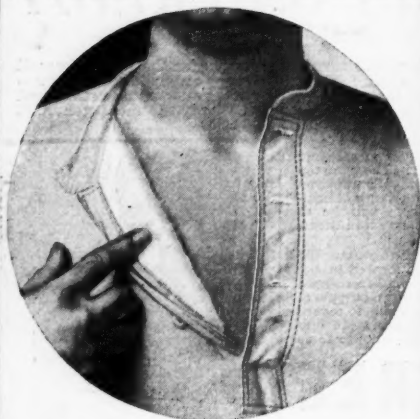
This Liberal Offer is Made to Obtain New Customers. I want to serve men who appreciate good tailoring, for I make the best custom tailored suit at \$25.00 that can possibly be produced—using only the best cloths, linings, trimmings.

YOU WILL BE PLEASED TO WEAR MY TAILORING

Write me. By return mail I will send you latest Fall and Winter samples, fashion plate, self-measuring chart, etc., FREE. Address,

PRINS THE TAILOR THE WELL-KNOWN
\$25.00 SUIT TAILOR
254 E. Van Buren Street, CHICAGO

EVERYBODY IN CHICAGO knows me and my \$25.00 SUITS



Unusual Underwear

Vellastic Utica Ribbed Fleece is the name of an unusual underwear sold at an unusual price. It is made by a wonderful patented machine which knits a ribbed elastic fabric with fleece of downy softness next to the skin. Heretofore such an undergarment has been sold for \$1.50 and upwards.

Vellastic Underwear combines all the desirable features of high-priced health underwear, but sells at a popular price—50 cents a garment.

VELLASTIC UTICA

Ribbed Fleece Underwear

is the ideal under-garment in every way. The elastic ribbed fabric affords a snug, comfortable fit, while the fleece next the skin keeps the body warm, and at an even temperature, at the same time allowing sufficient ventilation necessary for health. Vellastic Underwear will not shrink in washing, nor will the fleece mat or rumple.

Made in all sizes—men's and women's garments, 50c. Ladies' union suits, \$1.00 each. Boys', girls' and children's separate garments, 25c; union suits, 50c.



Every garment bears the trademark, Vellastic Utica Ribbed Fleece. If your dealer does not have them, write us, giving his name. Booklet and sample of fabric free.

UTICA KNITTING CO.
Utica, N. Y.



The Man Who Cares

for his personal appearance finds *Flexo* GARTERS as necessary as clean linen.

Flexo GARTERS give guaranteed satisfaction.

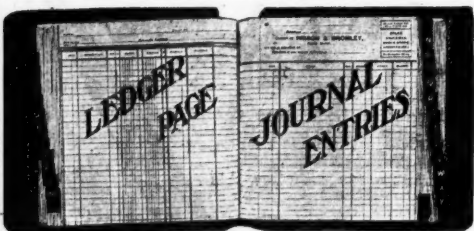
Flexo GARTERS lie flattest to the leg—they adjust themselves to every position—they always keep the socks without a wrinkle—they never bind.

Flexo GARTERS will wear out eventually, but they'll outwear any other supporter you ever bought.

At your dealer's, or sent on approval for 25 cents, postpaid, if he is out.

Beautiful ribbed silk for 50 cents, in any color.

A. STEIN & CO., 308 Franklin St., Chicago



Are-and-be

Combined Detachable Leaf Ledger Journal and Monthly Statement Book

The right hand page shows how all journal entries are made in duplicate by means of a sheet of carbon paper—the original being torn out at the end of the month and mailed as a statement of the customer's account. The amount shown on the duplicate is then posted as a debit to the ledger leaf at the left, with a corresponding credit posting to the sales or merchandise account.

FOR \$18.75 (cash with order), we send you prepaid the complete outfit for this system, regular price is \$28.36.

Write for Information and Catalog G.

The Richmond & Backus Company
Detroit, Michigan

New York Office
346 Broadway

Boston Agency: Dunn & Co.
170 Summer Street



The house of melody where the rhythmic patter of sandalled feet and the ring of fresh voices swings to some gay measure—after all, the music that touches us closest isn't grand opera nor great pianists. It's *home* music.

The Packard Piano

is the last word in a home piano—one in which you would wish nothing changed. Here is "the singing tone" with a quality as pure and winning and sweet as that of some famous old song. The action is most beautiful. On the score of durability the Packard offers an unchanging source of pleasure for years and years.

Write us. Wherever you live we will arrange for you to hear the Packard.
Our special plan of selling enables you to buy on convenient terms.

THE PACKARD COMPANY,

Dept. J,

Fort Wayne, Indiana.

EAGLE FLASH

SELF-FILLING

PENS

\$1⁵⁰

EAGLE "FLASH" No. 25



Since

the fountain pen is a necessity, and its usefulness in-

dispensable, why don't

you get a self-filler com-

bination like the Flash? As

simple as a lead pencil, with even

the trouble of sharpening eliminated.

The Flash is the simplest idea possible

—it's patented so that no other self-filler

can be like it. The Flash hasn't any more

parts than an ordinary fountain pen, and even

these are so constructed as to prevent leakage,

breakage and overflow.

To fill the Flash, any ink-well will answer. The

button at the top is pulled out, the pen inserted in

the ink. Then press the button, and the pen

automatically takes the ink and stops the instant

the reservoir fills. **It's all done in a Flash.**

No spilling, or staining of fingers and clothes. All

the disadvantages of fountain pens you used to

know are completely done away with in the Flash.

There can be no higher perfection. Every Flash,

irrespective of price, is supplied with an Eagle 14 Karat gold

pen point, guaranteed as fully and as liberally as any fountain

pen on the market to-day. The Flash is especially

guaranteed to **write the instant it touches the paper,**

requiring no shaking whatsoever.

The Eagle Flash Fountain Pen at \$1.50

will give you more satisfaction than you have ever known.

All stationers, jewelers, druggists and general dealers

ought to have it on sale.

If the dealer in your city hasn't, send us

\$1.50 and we will fill your order direct

Flash, medium size, plain - - \$1.50

Flash, medium, gold band - - \$2.50

Flash, large size, plain - - \$3.00

Flash, large size, gold band - \$4.00

EAGLE PENCIL COMPANY,

379 Broadway, New York

14 Fove Street, London, E.C., Eng.

Mfrs. of gold fountain and steel pens, lead pencils, etc.

You Don't

**UNSCREW
THE
PEN**



You Don't

**NEED A
SQUIRTER**



You Don't

**OVER-FILL
THE
BARREL**



You Don't

**REPLACE
THE
PEN**



You Don't

**SOIL
ANY-
THING**



In answering this advertisement it is desirable that you mention MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

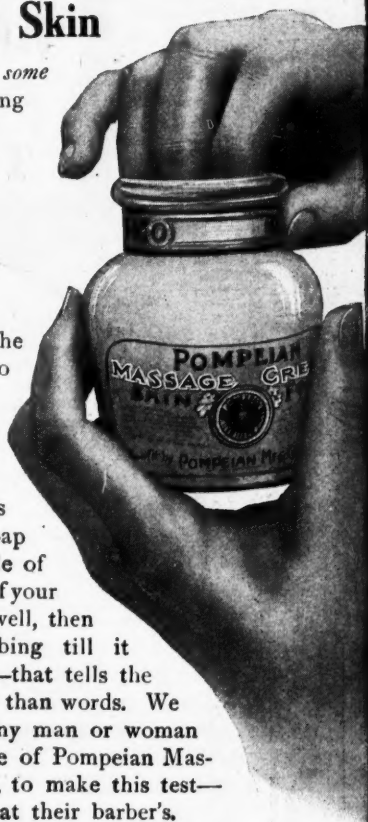
Get All the Dirt Out of Your Skin

There's a great deal of difference between *getting some of the dirt off* and *getting all of the dirt out*. Washing will take off surface dirt. Only massage with

Pompeian Massage Cream

will take out the dirt that is in the pores—below the surface. It's this pore-dirt that it is most necessary to remove, because that is the cause of blackheads, bad complexions and unhealthy skins.

To prove how washing leaves the pore-dirt in, and just how Pompeian Massage Cream gets it out, wash your hands as thoroughly as you can with soap and water, then rub a little of the cream on the back of your hand. Rub it in well, then keep on rubbing till it comes out—that tells the story better than words. We will send any man or woman a liberal sample of Pompeian Massage Cream, free, to make this test—or men can try it at their barber's.



Only a Postal Is Necessary to Send for Generous Sample—Free

and our illustrated book on Facial Massage, showing how to keep the skin in a natural, healthy condition, free from black-heads and other imperfections.

Ladies appreciate Pompeian Massage Cream because it gives a bright, clear complexion, by stimulating the circulation, and keeping the pores free from dust and dirt, which mere soap and water can only partially remove.

Gentlemen find Pompeian Massage Cream is a great relief after shaving; it takes away the after-shaving discomfort, and tends to make the skin stronger and less sensitive. Your barber has Pompeian Massage Cream—insist on a *hand* massage and don't let him use a substitute.



This is the jar the druggist sells for home use.

We prefer you to buy of your dealer whenever possible. Do not accept a substitute for Pompeian under any circumstances. If your dealer does not keep it, send us his name, and we will send a 50-cent or \$1.00 jar of the Cream, postpaid on receipt of price.



This is the jar the barber buys.

Pompeian Mfg. Co., 123 Main Street, Cleveland, O.

Pompeian Massage Soap is a delight to any one who appreciates a soap of the very highest quality

Book on Household health sent free, if you mention the name of your Plumber.

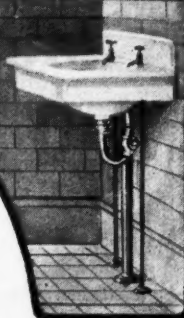
What Your Closet Should Be TO BE SAFE

Book on Household Health sent free, if you mention the name of your Plumber.



A closet should be first of all, free from the odors caused by imperfect cleansing, or shallow water seal, permitting escape of sewer gas. It should be of perfect construction, and not of material subject to rust, corrosion, under-surface discoloration, or cracked and chipped surface enamel, such as porcelain enameled iron.

If your closet shows any one of the faults mentioned, you are exposed to a direct and dangerous menace to health. If examination or past experience shows your closet to be defective, replace it with the perfect sanitation embodied in



Sy-CLO
TRADE MARK

The Closet of Health

Unlike the ordinary closet, the "Sy-Clo" has a double cleansing action, a combination of flush from above and a powerful pump like *pull* from below. The downward rush of water creates a vacuum into which the entire contents of the bowl is drawn with irresistible syphonic force.

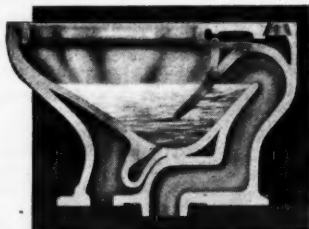
The material of the Sy-Clo Closet is heavy white *china*, hand moulded into a single piece without joint or seam; its surface cannot chip off nor crack, and is unaffected by acid, water or wear.

The name "SY-CLO" on a closet guarantees that it is made under the direction and supervision of the Potteries Selling Company, of the best materials, and with the aid of the best engineering skill, and has the united endorsement of eighteen of the leading potteries of America.

Booklet on "Household Health" sent free, if you mention the name of your plumber.

Lavatories of every design made of the same material as the SY-CLO Closets.

POTTERIES SELLING COMPANY,
Trenton, N. J.



President Suspenders

THEY MOVE
NONE SO EASY

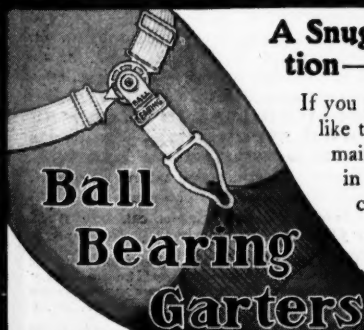
The greater freedom with which you can move about at work or play, when wearing **President Suspenders** will hold your liking for them—you'll not go back to the older kind, that's certain.

Binding of shoulders and pulling of trousers are discomforts of ordinary suspenders. **Presidents** rest lightly on the shoulders—no straining—no constant stretching. The back slides quickly and gracefully with every move. The braided cords pass smoothly through little nicked tubes, lessening the tension at every point. They're so easy you can't feel them, and your trousers **always** hang evenly and stay smooth.

Any dealer will let you try on **President Suspenders** before you buy them. Put them on and get into action. That's the way to learn how good they are. If your dealer has none, buy of us. Send 50c. for a pair. You can wear them 2 or 3 days; if you don't like them, send them back & we will return your money. Light, medium & heavy weight. Ask for the weight that suits you. A guarantee for wear on every pair—read it.

CHRISTMAS. For 75 cents you can get a pair each of **President Suspenders** and **Ball Bearing Garters** in a handsome Combination Box with a colored picture cover. A splendid Christmas present. There are four different cover pictures—Julia Marlowe as Juliet; Viola Allen as Viola; Edith Wynne Mathison as Rosalind; Maxine Elliott as Portia. Ask your dealer to get these for you, if he won't, then buy of us.

THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO. 517 Main Street, Shirley, Mass.



A Snugly Dressed Leg Gives a Satisfying Sensation—The Gait is Firm and Walking Enjoyable

If you need Garters now, try the new **Ball Bearing** kind. You'll like them. The Ball Bearing Swivel separates the sockhold from the main legband of these garters, and firmly holds the socks smoothly in place. These garters cannot bind, slip or loosen. There's no constant stretch—no tension. In hitting upon the Ball Bearing Swivel, which lessens the strain, we hit upon something that adds life to garters. You will be pleased with the amount of wear you can get out of these. 25c. a pair. If your dealer has none, buy of us. But most stores have them.

THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO., 517 Main Street, Shirley, Mass.

Return reverse half of Guarantee Ticket with 10c. for pack of President Playing Cards.

In answering this advertisement it is desirable that you mention MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

"EVER-READY" SAFETY RAZOR & 12 Blades \$1⁰⁰—



**Ever-Ready Safety Razors Sell for \$1. Complete.
Every other twelve bladed razor set costs you \$5.**

We guarantee the only difference is in the price. It's a guarantee that routs all doubt and proves the absolute folly of anyone paying \$4 too much to profit-greedy makers and retailers who "whack up" between them. The simplicity of the safety frame, the full dozen tested, perfect blades, that can be stropped for unending service, and the clean, easy safety shaving—are advantages possessed by the "Ever-Ready" that aren't to be equaled at any cost. The price of new blades makes it even **economical to do away entirely with resharpening and stropping.** Just send us six dull blades and **25 cents** any time for **six brand-new blades.** Here's what you get for your dollar—an "Ever-Ready" silver-nickeled safety frame—12 "Ever-Ready" blades—hand stropping blade holder, all compact in an attractive case.

Men already owning "Gem," "Star," or "Yankee" Safety Razors can buy six special "Ever-Ready" blades for **50 cents** or **12 for 75 cents.**

"Ever-Ready" Dollar sets are sold by **Hardware, Cutlery, Jewelry** and **Department Stores** throughout America and the world. Beware of **profit-greedy** dealers who might try to "palm off" substitutes. All blades stamped "Ever-Ready." Guaranteed to shave any beard, or money cheerfully refunded. Mail orders, prepaid upon receipt of dollar. *Canadian price, \$1.25*

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CO., 299 Broadway, New York
Norvell-Shapleigh Hardware Co., Western Wholesale Distrib., St. Louis, Mo.





Back to Town

The migration to town after a healthful and enjoyable outing at seashore or mountains is not without pleasurable anticipations. The delights of city life to those who know how to live will be again taken up. Among these, Londonderry Lithia Water will play an important part. Its absolute purity, together with its great absorbent properties, make it a valuable adjunct to good living. No other water assimilates so well with a meal, perfect digestion attending its use. Nothing can equal "Londonderry" as a diluent for wines and liquors, enhancing the enjoyment of, and preventing harm from their use.

Its pleasure-giving, healthful properties are well known to those who make a study of how to get the most and best out of every-day life, whether at home or abroad.

Londonderry Lithia Water is served at all first-class hotels and clubs, and is sold by druggists, grocers and wine merchants. The Sparkling comes in quarts, pints and splits; the Still in half-gallon bottles.

Our booklet entitled, "CHEERS," being a collection of carefully prepared receipts for cheering concoctions, both temperance and otherwise, will be mailed free to any address on request.

LONDONDERRY LITHIA SPRING WATER CO.

41 Elm St., Nashua, N. H.

A GUIDE TO RIGHT FURNITURE BUYING

KARPEN'S BOOK "I"—SENT FREE



70691. Karpen Genuine Leather Couch



80444. Karpen Genuine Leather Couch



50791
Sleepy-hollow Chair,
leather and solid Cuban
mahogany



40391.
Arm Chair, carved,
solid Cuban mahogany

This book—Book "I"—is the largest and most complete guide for purchasers of upholstered furniture. It pictures, describes and gives prices on upholstered furniture for every room in the home and for every conceivable purpose. Let us send it to you. It will cost you **nothing** and will tell you the difference between honest furniture and the mass of shoddy stuff shown in most stores. You will see in Book "I" over 500 beautiful creations of the only dependable upholstered furniture made. Designs of all style periods to harmonize with furniture you already possess and with any interior decorative scheme.



90748.
Karpen Library or Hall
chair, carved mahogany
and Genuine Leather

KARPEN Guaranteed Upholstered FURNITURE



80385.
Arm Chair, solid Cuban
mahogany



90789.
Karpen Turkish Rocker,
Genuine Leather



90132.
Rocker, solid Cuban
mahogany

is the only furniture branded with the name of the maker and his guarantee of satisfaction or money back. It is therefore not safe to buy any not bearing the Karpen name. Karpen Furniture has the best known spring construction in the world. It has stood the test of years. The U. S. Government specifies this construction in all its upholstered furniture.

Write for the name of a dealer who will quote you **Special Discount** on your first purchase. Sold by leading dealers from Maine to California who are authorized to refund your money without quibbling if you are ever dissatisfied. Write today for free Book "I."

S. KARPEN & BROS. Est. 1880

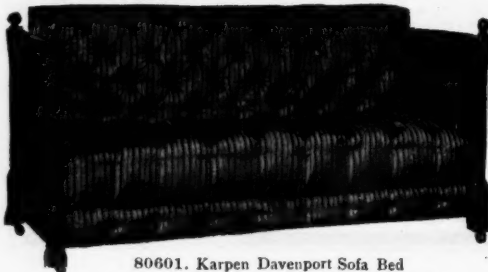
Karpen Bldg., 155-157 West 34th St., New York

Karpen Bldg., 187-192 Michigan Ave., Chicago

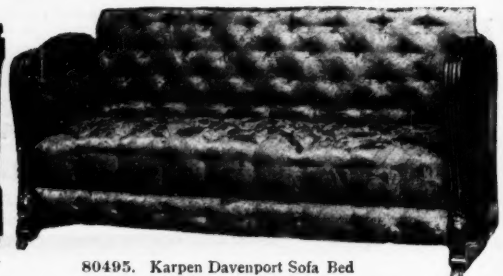
World's Largest Makers of Fine Upholstered Furniture



Karpen Davenport Sofa Beds can be changed from a beautiful Sofa to a comfortable Bed in a few seconds. A child can operate it. Each of our fifty styles is guaranteed perfectly made. Send for special illustrations.



80601. Karpen Davenport Sofa Bed



80495. Karpen Davenport Sofa Bed

In answering this advertisement it is desirable that you mention MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

The Murphy Varnishes

The Varnish that lasts longest.

The Varnish that lasts longest, on new floors or old floors or close-grained floors or open-grained floors, is "Murphy's Transparent Floor Varnish."

Our pamphlet on "How to Finish Floors, and how to Care for Them" tells you all about it. Send us a postal, and we'll send you the pamphlet.

A Floor Varnish that WEARS is one of the glories of a house: and one of the problems which has brought despair to varnish-makers and distress to architects.

"Transparent Floor Varnish" is made for use on floors—for no other use. Our claim for it is forty years of study to make it EXACTLY RIGHT. Our patrons, all over the world, are kind enough to assure us that it IS right.

MURPHY VARNISH CO.

Newark, Boston, Cleveland,
St. Louis, Chicago.

HEINZ

Wide-Open Kitchens

Man has not devised a more perfectly appointed, a more cleanly and sanitary establishment than that in which Heinz Foods are prepared.

Sunlight everywhere; spotless floors and walls; tables snowy white; shining utensils—all reflected in the excellence of



From beginning to end the work of preparing the Heinz 57 Varieties is clean by system, carried out with conscientious care by the neatly-uniformed "Girl in the White Cap."

Furthermore, every Heinz Product is pure in the strictest sense of the word. They are made not only to conform to but actually exceed the requirements of all State and National Pure Food Laws.

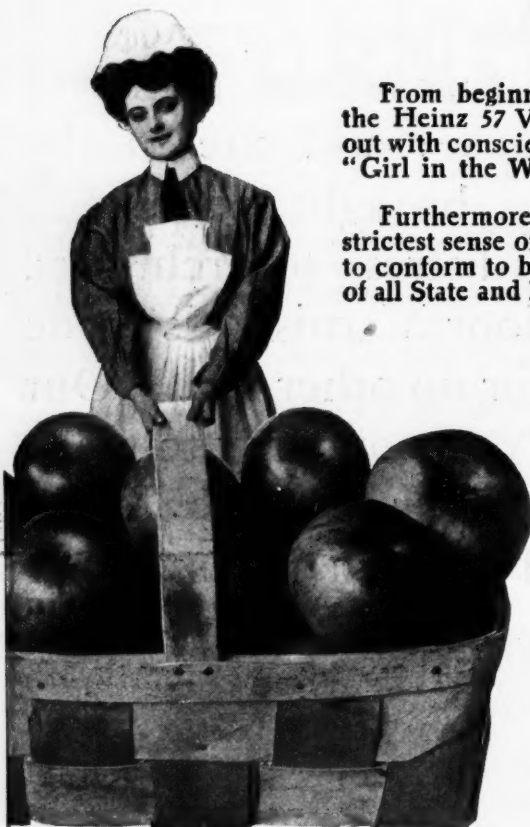
For a real treat—and an inviting example of Heinz goodness—get from your grocer a convenient-sized crock or tin of

HEINZ Apple Butter

Tart and piquant—not as sweet as preserves. Delicious on bread for the youngster; a luncheon appetizer for the grown-up folks. It is made of choice, selected apples; contains none but spices of our own grinding and pure granulated sugar.

Let us send you a copy of our booklet, "The Spice of Life."

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY,
New York Pittsburgh Chicago London





THE
MUSIC MASTER
is delighted with the
marvelous tone quality of

THE COLUMBIA RECORDS

LISTEN! I have discovered the soul of the Columbia Graphophone—it is the record. The machine—that is the body. The Record—that is the soul, the life.

It is like this: The Columbia Record, it is a **tone photograph**—minute, exact, delicate, artistic. These other records, they are like tin-types—flat, inartistic.

It must be that my neighbor has of that kind. There comes to me an idea. I will announce to him, my neighbor, that these Columbia Records fit the machines of all makes; they will fit his machine and make him to play the better music.

Me! Always I am annoyed that any choose the tin-type when at their command is the tone photograph so perfect, of the Columbia Record."

The price of Columbia Gold Moulded Cylinder Records is 25 cents each. If you pay more for other cylinder records, you waste your money.

The price of Columbia 10-inch Disc Records is 60 cents each. Remember that the best operatic and vaudeville artists are found on the Columbia list.

Hear the Columbia and Cylinder Records in any of the Company's stores in all the large cities, or at the regular dealers everywhere, and compare with the same selections of any other make, and you will be convinced, like the Music Master, of the superiority of the Columbia records. Write for catalogue of Columbia Disc or Cylinder Records.

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, General

90 and 92 West Broadway, New York

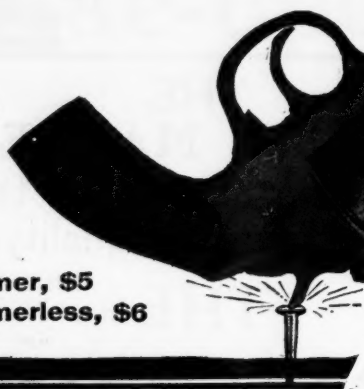
Grand Prix, Paris, 1900

Double Grand Prize, St. Louis, 1904

Hammer the Hammer

or Drive a Nail
with an

Hammer, \$5
Hammerless, \$6



Iver Johnson SAFETY AUTOMATIC Revolver

but don't try it with *any* other. The Iver Johnson is equipped with our automatic safety lever that *must be in place before the hammer can touch the firing pin* and the lever cannot be in place unless you purposely pull the trigger all the way back.

Pull the trigger and an Iver Johnson is just as sure to fire as it's sure *not* to go off any other way.

For absolute reliability, accuracy, finished protection in every detail of material and workmanship, the Iver Johnson has few rivals and no superiors. It is made and guaranteed by the largest manufacturer of revolvers in the world. We make and sell almost as many revolvers as all other American makers combined. The quality of our goods is the reason.

Send for Our Booklet "Shots"

It's full of firearm lore; gives important facts that every owner of firearms should know, and goes into the details and illustrates by sectional views the peculiar construction of the Iver Johnson.

Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver

3-inch barrel, nickel-plated
finish, 22 rim fire cartridge,
32-38 center fire
cartridge . . . **\$5.00**

These revolvers can be fitted, at extra prices,
as follows: blued finish, 50c.; 2-inch barrels, no
additional charge; 4-inch barrel, 50c.; 5-inch
barrel, \$1.00; 6-inch barrel, \$1.50; Pearl stocks,
22-32 caliber, \$1.25; 38 caliber, \$1.50; Ivory
stocks, 22-32 caliber, \$2.50; 38 caliber, \$3.00.

Iver Johnson Safety Hammerless Revolver

3-inch barrel, nickel-plated
finish, 32-38 center
fire cartridge . . . **\$6.00**



For sale by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or will be sent prepaid on receipt of price if your dealer will not supply. Look for the owl's head on the grip and our name on the barrel.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS AND CYCLE WORKS
135 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

NEW YORK OFFICE: 99 Chambers Street
PACIFIC COAST BRANCH: P. B. Bekeart Co., 2330 Alameda Ave., Alameda, Cal.
EUROPEAN OFFICE: Pickhuben 4, Hamburg, Germany

Makers of Iver Johnson Bicycles and Single Barrel Shotguns





Quaker Oats

The fact that Quaker Oats is "better every way" than any other kind of rolled oats, is the reason why you will like Quaker Oats best.

Quaker Oats

contains only the finest quality of selected, pure, white oats; the process of manufacture is the result of years of constant progress; the Quaker Mills are models of cleanliness and purity.

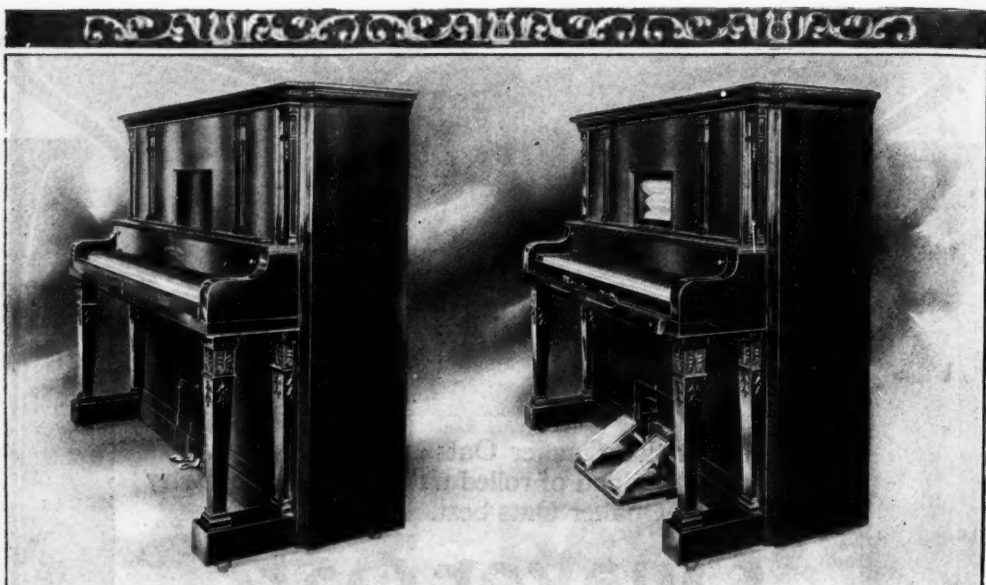
You will never order common oats once you have used Quaker Oats. Better try Quaker Oats today.

Large package 10c. At grocers everywhere.

Made by the Quaker Oats Company, Chicago, U. S. A.

*Have Breakfast
with me*





THE EMERSON-ANGELUS

Perfect Playing with the Touch of Human Feeling

TO many, music is a pleasure, the source of which must always be in the hands of another.

The EMERSON-ANGELUS, however, brings to unskilled fingers the power to give perfect technical rendering of simple or complicated music. More than this—by its sympathetic, sensitive touch it allows the player to put into the music his own feeling.

This elusive personal element need not be sought by the player, for unconsciously, as the music becomes familiar, he finds himself "shading" it in the way it appeals to him.

Here is a quality which has made the EMERSON-ANGELUS so highly valued by those who have had long training—they can play perfectly and yet without a noticeably mechanical effect.

Have you appreciated how much pleasure this EMERSON PIANO, so rich in its tone, combined with the ANGELUS, with its great possibilities, would bring to your home?

We will send, upon request, a copy of our free catalog, and the name of a dealer at whose store you can try the ANGELUS.

Purchased by Royalty and the World's Greatest Musicians. Descriptive literature upon request

THE WILCOX & WHITE CO., Meriden, Conn.

Established 1876

**"Standard" PORCELAIN ENAMELED
BATHS AND ONE-PIECE LAVATORIES**
are the keystone of domestic health
and cleanliness



**All that perfect sanitation can
contribute to domestic health, is present in
the bathroom equipped with "Standard" ware.**

The sanitary one-piece construction, the pure snowy surface and the artistic form of "Standard" ware, make it a delight to use and a constant source of pride to the possessor. Its presence lends dignity and beauty to the most luxurious as well as modest home.

For reasons of health to every member of the family, for its comfort and convenience, economy and increased value of the house, "Standard" Porcelain Enameled Ware is preferred by the well informed house owner as in a class unapproached by any other kind.

Our Book "MODERN BATHROOMS" tells you how to plan, buy and arrange your bathroom, and illustrates many beautiful and inexpensive as well as luxurious rooms, showing the cost of each fixture in detail, together with many hints on decoration, tiling, etc. It is the most complete and beautiful booklet ever issued on the subject and contains 100 pages. FREE for six cents postage, and the name of your plumber and architect (if selected). The ABOVE FIXTURES No. P-27, — described in detail among the others — can be purchased from any plumber at a cost approximating \$89.75 — not counting freight, labor or piping.

CAUTION: Every piece of "Standard" Ware bears our "Standard" "Green and Gold" guarantee label, and has our trade-mark "Standard" cast on the outside. Unless the label and trade-mark are on the fixture it is not "Standard" Ware. Refuse substitutes—they are all inferior and will cost you more in the end. The word "Standard" is stamped on all our nickel-plated brass fittings; specify them and see that you get the genuine trimmings with your bath and lavatory, etc.

Address **Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. Dept. Y, Pittsburgh, U. S. A.**

Offices and Showrooms in New York: "Standard" Building, 35-37 West 31st Street.
London, England, 22 Holborn Viaduct, E. C. New Orleans: Cor. Barrone & St. Joseph Strs.





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Wedding journeys don't last forever; and the girl who is married in October usually goes to housekeeping a month or two later.

There are two things she will do well to remember:

- (1.) All men enjoy good meals.
- (2.) Most men appreciate cleanliness.

They like clean table-linen, clean curtains, clean rugs, clean china and clean silverware. Above all, they like a pretty woman to make herself still prettier by wearing a gown that looks well, fits well and is exquisitely clean.

Here is where Ivory Soap comes to the assistance of the young housekeeper. It will clean anything that water will not harm—linen, woolens, rugs, curtains, laces, colored goods, cut glass, furniture, etc.

Everybody knows that Ivory Soap has no equal for the bath; and a great many people are finding out that for toilet purposes, it is infinitely superior to "toilet" soaps that sell for three, four and five times its price.

Ivory Soap - 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ Per Cent. Pure.

Libby's

(Natural Flavor)

Food Products

are not alone most convenient and economical to use—they are as clean, and as well cooked, and as thoroughly good to eat, as if prepared under your personal supervision in your own kitchen.

The most enthusiastic users of the Libby Canned Meats are those who have visited the Libby Establishment.

They **know** that Libby's Famous Hygienic Kitchens are clean, light and airy; they **know** that the Libby Chefs are expert in the selection and preparation of choice meats; they **know** that every detail of the cooking and packing is such as to insure a product of absolute purity, wholesomeness and delicious flavor.

126,000 visitors passed through the Libby plant in 1905. A talk with any one of them would convince you that the name "Libby's" on a can is, in the fullest sense, a reliable sign of

Good Things to Eat

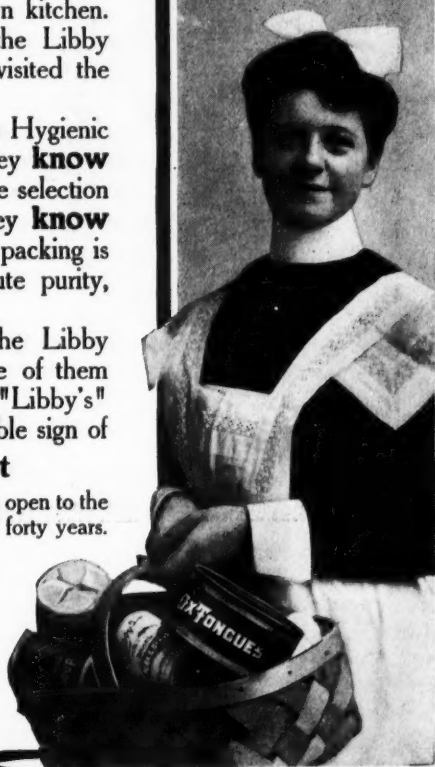
Every Department at Libby's is open to the public every day, as it has been for the past forty years.

Libby's Food Products are told about in a little booklet called "Good Things to Eat," that we will send you free, if you will write for it. It contains many good suggestions and will aid you in arranging menus for luncheons, suppers, and spreads indoor and outdoor.

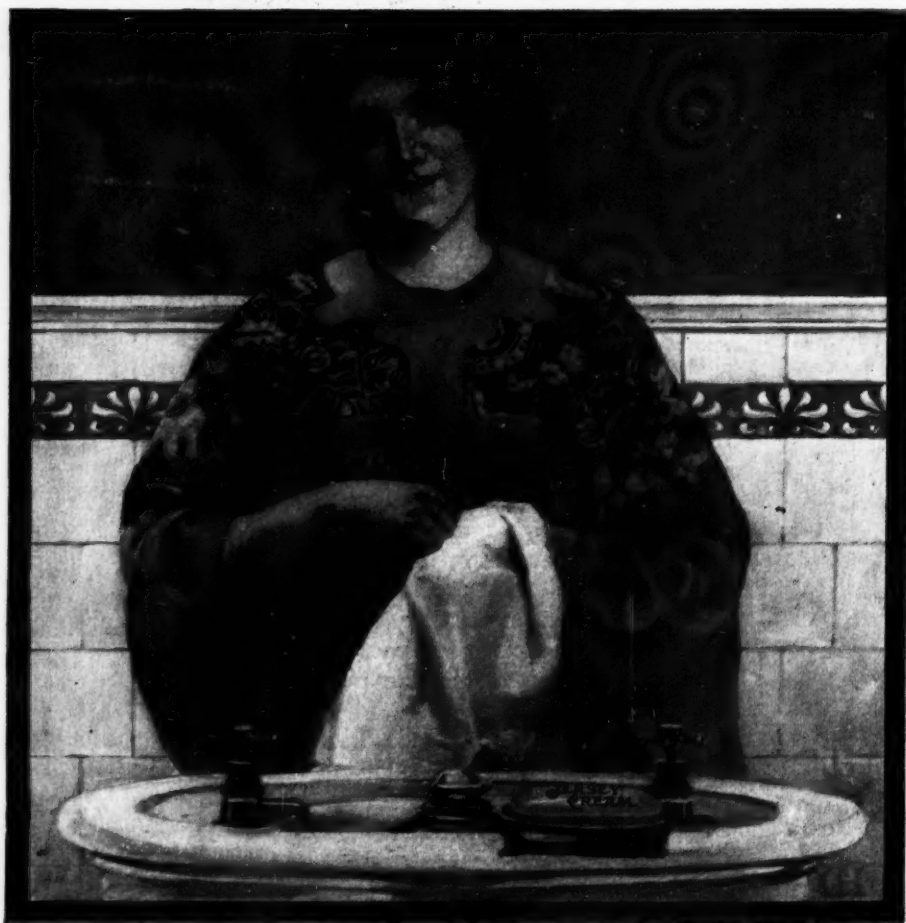
Ask your grocer for Libby's
—and see that you get Libby's

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago, U. S. A.

Good
Things
To
Eat



Williams' Jersey Cream Toilet Soap



Care of the Hands. Do you realize how important it is to use nothing but pure soap? If you had a slight cut on your hands and should wash them in contaminated water, blood poison would very likely follow. You are equally liable to such danger if you use impure soap; hence the importance of using a soap that you not only can rely on as being absolutely pure, but that is, by its very nature, mild, soothing and antiseptic.

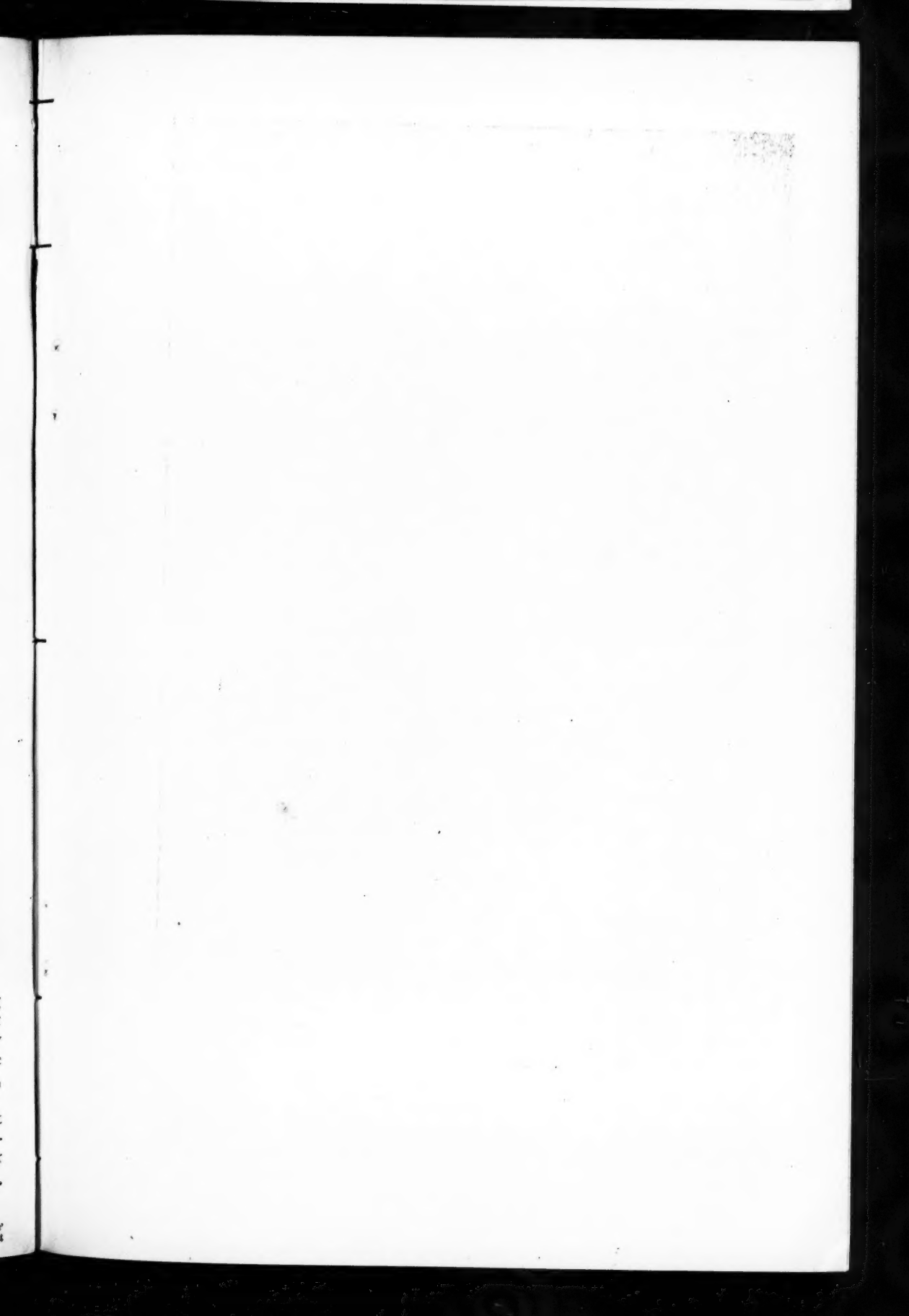
If you use Williams' Jersey Cream Toilet Soap, you will not only have the most delightful toilet soap that it is possible to make, but also the comfort and satisfaction of knowing that it is pure and safe. Jersey Cream Soap is as great a boon for toilet use as for over half a century Williams' Shaving Soaps have been for shaving.

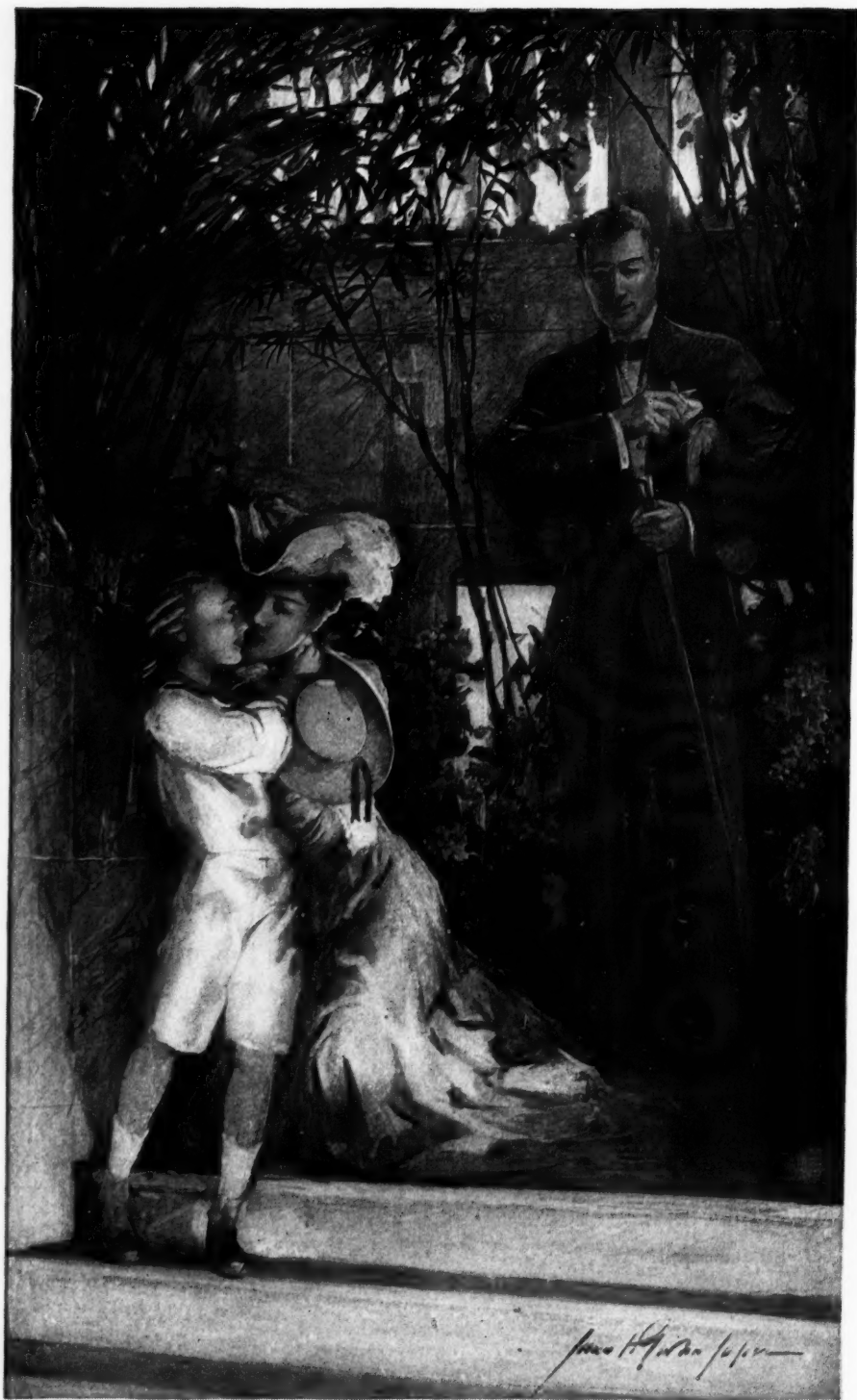
THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Department A, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.

LONDON: 65 Great Russell St.

PARIS: 4 Rue Chauveaux Lagarde.

Special Offer For 25 cents (in stamps) we will send a 25c. cake of Jersey Cream Soap, and in addition a 25c. can of Williams' exqui-ite Violet Talcum Powder. In this way the soap costs you nothing. We make this unusual offer that you may thoroughly try both these articles. Only one order accepted from same address and offer not good after December 31st, 1906.





SHE GAVE A LITTLE CRY AND CLASPED HER PLACID SON IN AN EMBRACE THAT CAUSED
HIM EVIDENT EMBARRASSMENT

[See story, "Guiding Horace," page 163]